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B From Bull's Foot

A STORY

By Caroline Gordon and Nash Buckingham

I LIVED at Coshock Plantation when I was a kid. That was in the old judge's day. He was a fine old fellow, weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds, with a Roman nose and white moustaches that were always stained with tobacco juice. Knew dogs and bred some good ones in his time. Coshock Gleam, Randall's Falcon, Coshock Prince, every one of those dogs came from the Coshock kennels and every one was a winner. He built that Falcon strain up right from the ground.

The head trainer was Uncle Joe Burden. They called him "Uncle" even in those days. A mountaineer, tall as the judge was short, bearded, hatchet-faced, with eyes that always reminded me of a gimlet. Some people said that it wasn't the Falcon strain that won the championships as much as Uncle Joe's handling. He had a lot of tricks, all right. Only man I ever knew that could half-way curb a bolting dog.

I can see him now, him and the judge, following the dogs over that south field. The judge sort of limping along—he was a fat man and had one game leg—Uncle Joe straight as an Indian and rangy, keeping always a little ahead. Bob Randall, the judge's boy, and I would be along too and we could hear 'em talking.

"Look at him, judge! D'y'ever see such action? Flits like a swallow."

And the judge, out of breath from the fast walking, snuffling through his moustaches: "Gits over the ground, Joe, but he ain't got bird sense. Bird sense. That's what it takes."

He'd been breeding those Falcon dogs for twenty years but I never heard him say a good word for any of 'em. "Speed demons. Don't know B from Bull's foot." That's what he always said about 'em and they were too much dog for the average handler, no question about that.

The judge let Uncle Joe have his way around the kennels but he always kept his eye on everything that was going on. Warm days in January when the dogs were still in training, he'd come down and take his place in that old split-bottom chair under the juniper tree. He'd sit there watching the dogs and smoking and Uncle Joe'd come up and tell him he was going to do this or that and the judge'd listen, nodding: "That's right, Joe," or "You know better'n I do, Joe." Sometimes he'd take his pipe out of his mouth and spit: "No, dang it! You're all wrong."

Uncle Joe would usually talk him around to seeing things his way, but there was one day when he didn't talk him around. One of those warm days we get sometimes in our country in February. The judge come down right after dinner and took his place on the south side of the kennels. I'd been raking up some leaves in the yard and was pretty hot when I finished, so I dropped down on the grass in the sun. Old Fancy—Falcon's Fancy out of Tribulation's Fact, and the most important matron in the kennels in those days—had curled herself up in a spot of sun in a corner of the enclosure, and the judge was sitting there looking at her, mumbling to himself the way old men

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do, when Uncle Joe came around the corner.

The judge took his pipe out of his mouth. "Joe," he said in that soft, mumbling voice of his, "I been thinkin' about it and I've decided to breed Fancy to that Flash dog."

Trigger Flash he was talking about, a little pointer from out in Kansas who had surprised the talent by winning the All Age the year before. Uncle Joe shook his head now. "I don't like that dog," he said. "Don't like his conformation. Don't like his action."

"He ain't much to look at," the judge said, "but he's out there all the time, finding birds. And that's what it takes." He put his pipe in his pocket and got out a plug of tobacco. Then he took his knife out and cut off a chew, slow, like a man trying to make up his mind about something. "Joe," he says, "I heard two men talking on the train the other day. One of 'em said he heard Judge Randall's bitch won the National and the other one said that bitch never won no National, Uncle Joe Burden won the National."

Uncle Joe had taken out his knife, too, and was whittling. He laughed now, sort of short. "War'n't a dog there in Fancy's class."

The judge nodded. "For style and speed, yes. But she'd been out of the running long before the finish if you hadn't buried her there for twenty minutes down side of that hill. You had outriders stashed, too, to get her back on the course if she bolted. I know your tricks." He sort of hitched his chair forward and looked up at the trainer. "Joe, you're the greatest handler in the world, but you ain't got anything to handle—yet. Them Falcon dogs are all right for speed and style, but they don't know B from Bull's foot. I'm goin' to fix that."

"How you goin' to fix it?"

"Brains," the judge said, "and handlin' sense. I'm goin' to breed 'em back into that Falcon line."

"What you goin' to do?"

The judge's voice was softer than ever. "I'm goin' to start out by goin' over your head. For the first time since we been together. . . . Joe, I'm goin' to breed Fancy to that Kansas dog."

Uncle Joe stood there looking at him. I reckon he could have knocked him out like a baby, hard as nails as he was and the judge fat from soft living. But I remember it was Uncle Joe I felt sorry for that day.

"If you do," he says, "you and me are through."

The judge sat there nodding his head up and down. His mouth was open and he was panting a little. "I know it, Joe," he said, "I was thinkin' about that. Last night."

Uncle Joe nodded too, sort of slow. "All right, Clem Randall," he says, "all right!" Then he whirls quick as an Indian and threw that knife straight at the judge. It missed him and sank quivering in the trunk of the juniper tree. The judge turned around and looked at it sort of surprised. Then he looked back. Uncle Joe was walking along the side of the run, past the sheds. As we watched he unfastened the gate and let himself out onto the big road.

The judge heaved himself up in his chair. "Son," he said, "you come over here and git that knife. Joe might want it when he comes back from his walk."

Uncle Joe never came back, though. A week or two afterwards we heard that he'd signed up with some rich Easterner, then later that he'd taken the man's string to the prairies.

The judge died that spring. Stroke of apoplexy. I figured that things would be different from then on and cinched the first job that came my way, travelling for a Memphis shoe firm. It took me out of the state and kept me on the road for the better part of ten years. I never was much of a letter writer and there wasn't anybody left at Coshock to write letters to, anyhow, so I never heard how things were going till one day a letter forwarded from half a dozen places finally reached me in Memphis. It was from young Bob Randall. He said he wished I'd stop by Coshock next time I was in Memphis. He had something to show me.

Willow Springs is ninety miles from Memphis—right in the heart of the bird country. I thought I'd like to see those old fields once more so I borrowed a fellow's car and rode out the next morning. There was nobody living at Coshock but Bob and his old aunt Lydia. The place was pretty dilapidated, holes in the gallery floor big enough to hide a horse in and the steps so shackledly you could hardly get up 'em. But Bob hardly let me get in the house. He took me straight to the kennels. They was in the same place but mighty run down, the roof caved in and the fencing of the runs patched with boards and barbed wire in a way that would have made the old judge turn in his grave.

There were only half a dozen dogs in the kennels, one old half-blind bitch and three or four derbies. I stood there looking at 'em and wondering what it was Bob had brought me down here to see and then all of a sudden I saw him. A big lemon-and-white pointer. I noticed his head first. Big bones and the bump at the back that can mean bird sense. A deep chest on him too and good, straight legs.

Bob was whistling. "Come here, Mike!"

He got up and came towards us, obedient, but putting those feet down slow like he didn't give a damn. He had Falcon eyes, a kind of moody yellow. The lemon spot that ran over one side of his forehead and half of one ear pointed straight towards the left eye. As he turned to walk off I noticed that he had a lemon saddle too.

"Lord," I said, "he's got Old Fancy's markings."

The kid nodded. "Falcon's Speed Boy by Speed Merchant out of Ensley's Flirt. Sam, I'm going to win the National this year with that dog."

"How'd you qualify him for the National?" I asked.

"Got away lucky with the 'Open' at Dardanellë," Bob said, "and I'll win another between now and Christmas."

"Let's see how he works," I said.

We took him out in the south field. Eleven years since I'd been there but it was all just the same—a couple of hundred acres of sedge with wild plum thickets breaking it here and there and ravines for 'em to feed towards, the finest piece of breakaway ground in the south.

Bob got down off his horse, propped the dog up and slipped the leash. He was off like a sprinter and in a minute he was just a white blur against the side of that ridge.

We got on our horses and saddled off. We rode past the first cover, as birdy a looking place as ever I saw but no sign of Mike. The kid was looking worried and then, "There he is!" he said all of a sudden.

We rode up. He was on a point on the south side of a wild plum thicket.

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I've seen style in my time—I was in the gallery when Henrico got the verdict from the saddle—but I never saw anything like this brute. He had what it takes. That tail and muzzle aloft—it was like a violin string had been stretched from the tail to the back of his head and somebody had reached down and pulled it taut.

I looked over at Bob. "He'll fetch the gallery, all right. Let's get on. I want to see him work."

He found again on the edge of a ravine. Bob let go with both barrels and made doubles. I never took my eyes off the dog. He was perfectly steady, all right, to both wing and shot. I began to feel funny inside. It don't seem right for a dog to have everything like that.

We rode on. There was another wild plum thicket just ahead of us. The dog was between us and it, cutting up the cover like all get out. I expected to see him point any minute when suddenly he lifted that muzzle of his and off he went, due north, away from the thicket.

We took out after him. When we got to the top of the ridge he was out of sight. The kid sat there a minute, then he kind of shook himself.

"Hell," he said, "let's go home."

When we got to the house there was a girl sitting in one of those big chairs on the porch, a slim little thing in riding rig with an old brown hat that looked like it might have been Bob's pulled down over a lot of yellow hair.

"Elly, you remember Sam Lockert," Bob said.

I looked over at her not knowing who she was from Adam and then all of a sudden it come to me that there used to be a Proctor kid over on the next place—little bit of a trick with the same big brown eyes and flyaway yellow hair. One of the niggers called Bob to see about something just then and he went on in the house, leaving me and the girl on the porch. She turns around, balancing on her toes with her hands in the pockets of her shooting jacket.

"Glad to be back?"

I told her that I was. We stood there a minute looking off over the ragged flower beds and the box hedges. "It's a pretty old place," the girl says and then she sighs. "Well, if Bob gets hold of any money he can fix it up."

We went in the house. I walked slow, thinking. If Bob won the championship in February he could fix up the place and marry the girl too. There was the cash prize to start with and the stud fees ought to run into the thousands later on. As we went in the dining room I looked over towards the kennels. The big lemon-and-white pointer was just coming in, loping easy along the walk. Championship material, all right. But I wondered. I never heard of anybody getting very far with an out-and-out bolter.

II

That was in October. I wasn't due to make another trip on the road any time soon so I decided to stay at Coshock and see how Bob came on with his dog. Hot as it was we gave him some pretty stiff exercise all that month. Most afternoons Miss Elly went along with us. I thought at first she come along just to be with Bob—anybody could see they was head over heels in love with each other—but I soon found out that that wasn't all there was to it. The girl was keen as mustard and she knew a good dog when she saw one. Sometimes I thought she'd take it harder than Bob if he didn't do well in the National.

It was tough going. Days, of course, when everything went as smooth as silk—you wouldn't ask anything better than to see Mike handle on one of his good days. Then the next day, maybe, you'd take him out and he'd be off after a rabbit or some deer—there just wasn't any accounting for him.

One day when we were coming in—Bob had gone on ahead to see to the night feeding—Miss Elly turned to me:

"Sam, what's the matter with that dog?"

"There ain't anything the matter with him," I says, "nothing, that is, that you can put your finger on. The way that I look at it he ain't come to himself. It's that way with a dog sometimes. Sometimes he don't never come to himself unless the right man gets hold of him. Why, I remember one time old Uncle Joe Burden was training a dog. . . ."

"Oh, Uncle Joe *Burden!*" she says, "Bob Randall's as good a handler as you'll find in this whole country. And you're not so bad yourself, if I do tell it to your face. Sam, that dog's *got* to win the National!"

"That's right," I said, and I was in for it, heart and soul. Still I figured that Bob Randall and me, good handlers as we was, was neither of us miracle workers. And I didn't see how anything short of a miracle could keep that speed demon on the course long enough to find the birds that'd win a championship.

That was on a Thursday. It was the next day something happened that struck me as pretty funny. I didn't say anything about it to Bob—a man can always walk up on enough trouble without his friends leading him to it—but I wondered about it a lot and I never could quite figure it out.

There was a rich Easterner named Phelps had come down two years ago and bought the old Fentress place. I was over there one day with a note from Bob about something. When Archy Phelps found out I was training a dog over at Coshock he took me out to see his kennels. They spread over half a field—there must have been fifty to a hundred dogs in those runs. Some of them looked to be good ones too. We was walking around looking 'em over when somebody came right quick around the corner of one of the runs. A woman. Miss Elly Proctor. She stopped short when she saw me, looking kind of surprised but she spoke up quick, mighty pleasant and the three of us went on looking at the dogs together.

"Archy," she says after a while, "you haven't shown Sam your best dog, the one that's going to win the National for you," and the little devil looks at me and grins.

Phelps give a laugh and steers us towards a run that was a little off from the others. "Come here, Sue," he calls.

A little setter bitch comes out. She was pretty, all right. Beautiful conformation, good head and intelligent eyes. He played with her a few minutes, then looks up at me. "Well, how does she strike you?"

"She looks like a mighty smooth article to me."

Miss Elly had been pulling the dog's ears and making over her the way women do. "Her manners ain't any too good," she says. Then she walks over to me cool as a cucumber. "Sam, if you're going home now I'll ride with you as far as our gate."

Phelps begged us to stay longer, said

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we'd go up to the house and get some tea but Miss Elly said no, she'd promised to be back early and take her mother for a drive. We rode through Phelps's big stone gates on to the road —the scoundrel had it gravelled for two miles east and west of his house. Miss Elly didn't say anything for a while, then she looked over at me: "Well, what did you think of her?"

"She looked like she could step off some mighty fast tracks."

"She can," she says. "You ought to go over some time and see her work."

I didn't say anything to that and we rode along, two, three miles. All of a sudden I looked up and saw a couple riding ahead of us on that sandy road —an old man and a half-grown boy. The boy was on a mule and the old man rode a rusty-looking gray horse that couldn't have stood fifteen hands. He had on a plaid mackinaw. His legs was dangling too long for the stirrups. The five-gallon hat he was wearing made him look even taller than he was. He was talking to the boy in a high, cracked voice.

I pulled my horse up short. "Miss Elly, who is that?"

"Why, that's old Uncle Joe Burden," she says, "lives on Mr. Phelps's place."

"You mean he trains for him?" I asked.

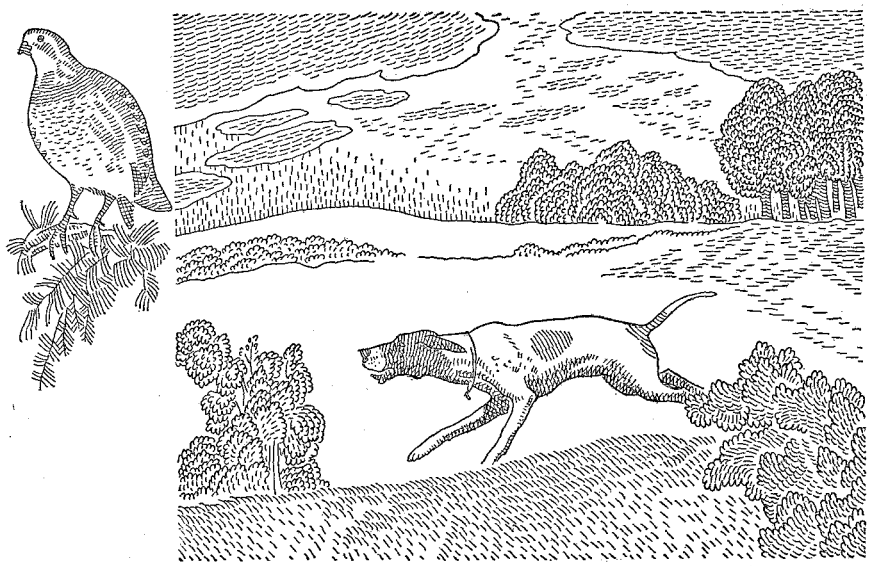
She threw back her head and laughed. "He don't even speak to him when they meet in the big road."

"That's Uncle Joe, all right," I said. "What does he live on his place for if they don't speak?"

"Oh, there was some dispute over a boundary. They had a lawsuit over it and the court decided in favor of Mr. Phelps. But Uncle Joe said possession was nine points of the law so he built a cabin right on the line that was in dispute. Mr. Phelps could have put him off, of course, but he never did. The poor old soul lives there all by himself in a little shack. Most people think he's crazy."

I shook my head. "He ain't crazy. He's ornery. But that old coot knows more about dogs than you and me'll ever know if we live to be Methuselah. Why, that's the greatest handler ever lived riding down that road on that spindle-shanked pony."

Her face lit up. "If he's all that good why doesn't Bob get him over to train Mike?"



This time it was me threw back my head and laughed. "He wouldn't train that dog to save your neck, or mine either. He quarrelled with the old judge like he did with everybody else. I reckon it's been fifteen years since he set foot on the place. . . ."

"What did they quarrel about?" she asked.

"Oh, about the breeding of some dog," I said and it was a fact that for a few minutes I couldn't remember how it all happened. I could just see that knife quivering in the old juniper tree and the judge turning around to look at it. Then it all come back to me and I chuckled, thinking how foolish a grown man can act when he gets his dander up. "Too bad, ain't it," I says, "when a man is all that talented and don't know what to do with it. . . ."

She was looking off to where them two was just going around the bend of the road. I thought she was thinking about something else when she said, kind of slow: "Yes, it's too bad."

That was around the last of November. It was the next week that Bob broke his leg, getting up on the scaffolding of a new barn they was building. They brought him in towards dark, on a barn door. Compound fracture of the leg and two ribs broken, the doctor said. He finished up about eight o'clock and went home. Miss Elly and I were standing at the foot of the bed when the kid opened his eyes all of a sudden. He smiled at her, then he looked at me: "Sam," he says, "you ain't going off and leave us now?"

"No, you fool kid," I says, "I'm going to stick around."

He grinned. "You heard him, Elly?" Then he shut his eyes and went off to sleep.

Well, I turned the dog over to Miss Elly the next morning and started in overseeing that place. I was right pushed with the farm work. There was two or three weeks when I didn't even have time to think about that dog. But bless goodness if Miss Elly didn't ease up to Illinois and cap a win with that bolter. At that, the press notices weren't any too enthusiastic. Then one afternoon Miss Elly come in and asked if I could take a little time off to watch him work. We went out in the south field, Mike following along meek as a lamb. I thought from the looks of him that this would just about be one of his bolting days, but I got the surprise of my life. He was off like the wind as usual but instead of getting over half the course before he found first scent he got right down to business. Found his first covey this side of the plum thicket, quartered his ground and came to another point. As pretty a performance as ever I saw and all the time the same style and speed that he'd always shown. Well, I didn't say much. I didn't believe he could go on like that. But it was the same story the next afternoon, and the next he was steadier if anything.

Finally I broke down: "Miss Elly," I said, "would you mind telling me how you ever won?"

She looked up, her face kind of pink. "Sam, you think he's improving?"

"It ain't improvement," I says. "He ain't the same dog. I've known good handlers in my time—once when I was

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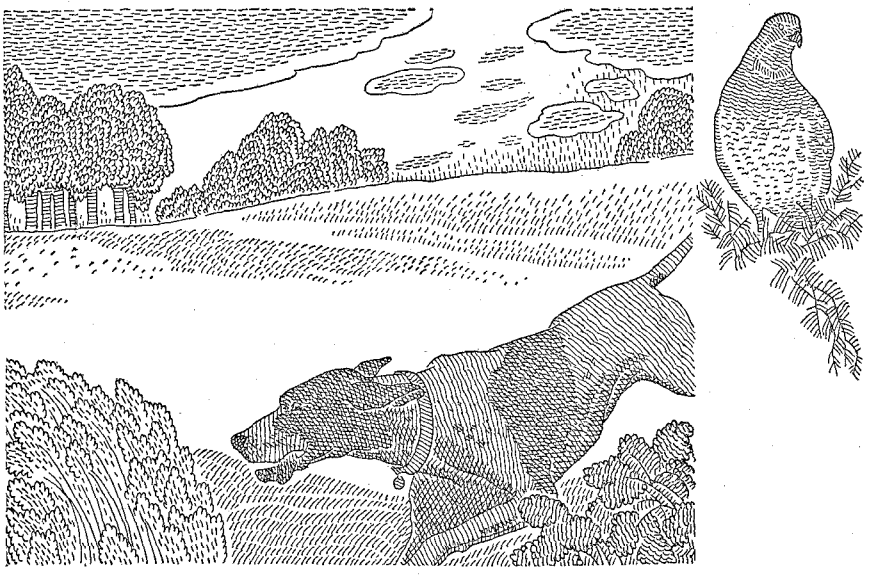

a kid I worked under the greatest handler ever lived—but I'm here to tell you that anybody that can take this Mike dog and pull him together in three weeks like you've done has got a great future ahead of him—ahead of her, I mean."

Her face got pinker. "It don't matter about me. It's Mike. Sam, if he keeps on like this do you think he's got a chance at the National?"

"Chance?" I says. "Any judge that didn't give him the award 'd be mobbed before he got out of the saddle. The dog's got everything, I tell you."

"Sam," she says, "will you do something for me? Just let me go on using my—my method till time to enter him?"

"Listen," I says, "will you do something for *me?* Just go on like you been doing."

January come. The boy's leg set up some kind of funny business and the doctor said he might have to have another six weeks in bed. That meant he'd miss the National. We all felt pretty sick about that, though I couldn't help noticing that Miss Elly didn't take on over it quite as much as I'd expected her to. Still nobody could say she neglected Bob. She come over every afternoon right after dinner and sat with him awhile before she took Mike out and she'd stop by every evening to report how the dog had worked out that day. There was one thing puzzled me, though. She'd stopped using the south field for exercise, said she wanted him to get experience of different kinds of country and every afternoon she used to take him in her car and drive off with him. Well, the Randalls had been working their dogs in that south field for fifty years and I knew there wasn't a better piece of breakaway ground in the south. Still, I didn't see any use arguing with her. After all she was training the dog.

It was about this time I was passing the Phelps place one day and saw Miss Elly whizzing out of them big stone gates in her little roadster, Mike on the seat beside her. I got to wondering then whether it was there she went every day and I couldn't help feeling sorry for the kid. It was bad enough for him to be losing the National—and right there I saw it go glimmering—without having his girl go back on him too.

III

Well, January went by and half of February and the day we'd all been waiting for come. Miss Elly and I started out early in the afternoon and got to Grand Junction at five o'clock. She had arranged quarters for us at the old McClellan House. We bedded the dog down fine in the barn, ate supper, then went into the parlor of the hotel where the drawings was held. Miss Elly had ridden those trials ever since she was old enough to sit a horse, I reckon, but she hadn't been in at a drawing before. She looked kind of funny when she got to the door and saw that crowd of men but she walked right through 'em and took her place near the counter where the secretary was shaking the slips that held the dogs' names in a hat. He was a fat man and he called the dogs' names out at the top of his voice. It looked like there was going to be a lot of 'em in the running:

"Falcon's Speed Boy!"

Miss Elly walked over, cool as a cucumber, and plunked her fifty dollars on the barrel head.

"He goes!" she said.

"And who's going to handle him?" the secretary asked.

"I guess I'll try it."

Gorsite, the field trial reporter, broke out in a laugh. "Well, there goes one record," he says. "First woman ever to handle a dog in the National."

They went on with the drawings. Sixteen dogs was braced a day. Four days. The Falcon dog was to run the fourth day.

It was over. We made our way out through the crowd. "Well," I says, "that means we'll have to keep him in shape three days."

"I've already made arrangements to exercise him every day on the old Hunt place," she says, "if you'll just follow the trials and give me a report on which dogs we've got to beat."

I rode them trials three days. The first evening I went back and told Miss Elly that Squire's Don had stepped out a pretty fast heat for dogs of that class. The next day nothing showed any better than Don. But on the third day Phelps's Sweet Sue shoved that Don dog right out of the running. Miss Elly turned kind of pale when I told her about it. "I've been afraid of her all the time. Sam, you think we got a chance?"

"Sure," I says. "Everything's going to be all right."

But that evening after Miss Elly had gone to bed I sat down and I done some tall thinking. If I was any judge of dogs that Sweet Sue was going to be a tough proposition. She didn't handle any too well. Kind of back looped at times. Once or twice she didn't make her birds any too quick, either, and shabbied the gun. But she was working every minute and she was the very devil for finding birds.

Mike's brace mate was a big black-and-white ticked setter named Munger's Joe. He looked rangy. What I was praying for was that he wouldn't be one of those durn-fool, barking blue-streaks that'll run a dog off his feet,

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then leave him and go on about his business. There was some deer on that afternoon course too. I didn't like to think about them—I'd already seen one or two aspirants go A. W. O. L. But the toughest ordeal of all was a long S turn through some woods. "Handle him through that, Miss Elly," I said, "and the worst is over."

Saturday come. Miss Elly rode with me that morning. Damned if that fellow Phelps didn't stick along with us a good part of the time. But Miss Elly didn't pay much attention to him. We was watching that morning's brace for all it was worth. A setter from North Carolina and a big circuit pointer from somewhere up East. They looked good at the breakaway but forty minutes afterwards the setter had flushed two coveys, had two false points and had begun to potter. An hour later the pointer began to fold up and look around for his trainer.

"It's still Sweet Sue to beat," I whispered to Miss Elly and then looked around and saw Phelps smiling and knew he was thinking the same thing.

We hurried back after the morning brace, gave Mike a run around, ate our lunch and was back on the course by one o'clock. The gallery was already gathering. Miss Elly was pale as death. I thought what a howdy-do it'd be if she quit on us now. "Sit down on that running board," I told her.

"All right, Sam," she says, meek as a lamb, and she sits down, holding on to Mike's leash.

I was standing there seeing to her girth when the old fellow rode up. On a rusty-looking gray horse, wearing his five-gallon hat and old plaid mackinaw, and whiskered to the eyes.

They were calling for the dogs but Miss Elly wasn't even looking at the judges. Her eyes was on the old fellow.

"Falcon's Speed Boy and his handler!"

I jogged her arm. "Get going, Miss Elly. They're waiting on you."

But still she didn't move.

The old fellow in the five-gallon hat was coming towards us. I could see them gimlet eyes snapping through the fog of whiskers. He was down off his horse like a two-year-old. "All right, little lady."

The dog was jumping all over him like they was old friends. He took the leash, handed Miss Elly his horse's bridle and walked out in front of the judges. "Howdy, Judge. I'm handlin' this Falcon dog. Miss Proctor here'll do my scoutin' for me."

I was watching the judges. Two of 'em didn't even know who he was but the senior judge, Old Man Alcott Lloyd, blinked and started like somebody had stuck a pin in him.

The old man was turning to Miss Elly. "Climb up on your horse, girl."

He stooped down like I've seen him do a hundred times and stroked his dog's back and propped him up like a sprinter waiting for the gun. "Go on, boy!"

Old Man Alcott leaned forward and threw up his hands: "Let 'em go!"

Uncle Joe was blowing his whistle—that same old ivory whistle. I bet he'd had it around his neck on the same buckskin string for fifty years. Mike had beat the Munger dog to the breakaway, then independent like he always was he cast to the right, skimming the alfalfa like a swallow and heading for a corn patch and some distant woods. The Munger dog made off across the open territory in front of us.

The judges rode off, the gallery pelting behind 'em. Old Man Joe loped that pony of his off to the rim of a hog back pretty well down the course and pulled up short. A moment later Mike broke out of the woods going a mile a minute, then checked all of a sudden. Old Man Joe stood in his stirrups, snatched off that five-gallon hat of his and waved it. Mike gave one look over his shoulder and started off. Down across the hill he raced with that skimming style of his that seemed too good to be true. Right at the foot of the hill where some low tumble weeds met a spearhead of thicket he whirled and broke into a point so hot it smoked. Back across the ridge floated that peculiar high treble call I hadn't heard since I was a kid: "PO—I—NT, JUDGES!"

The gallery was crowding close when I got there. Old Man Joe was already out of the saddle. He didn't have any quirt to menace the dog with or any of those cap pistols they fire off nowadays to keep 'em steady to wing and shot. He marched out in front of the dog the old-time way, his gun ready—it was the old Greener—and up went a magnificent bevy. He let go with both barrels, then turned and grinned at the judges—the old scoundrel knew by this time that he had the gallery going—"Always shoot over my dogs," he says, and clucks Mike back on the course.

The next find was a mean one, the birds scattered, feeding, and Mike half in and half out of the alfalfa—one step too many would have ruined everything. But it was the same story of style and steadiness.

It was just then that Quiggins, the Munger handler, hollered "Point" for the first time. It was a false point, though, and after beating the bushes for fifty yards around he took his dog by the collar and flung him back down the course.

Miss Elly rode up. She was panting and she had a big red streak across her cheek where a briar had scratched her. "Sam," she says, "if we can get him through that S turn!"

"He's doing all right," I says. Still I thought that S turn would be the place he'd break if he broke at all. I hurried on. The woods was pretty thick but I could see Joe's old gray pony flashing in and out of the trees. A minute later I heard that long-drawn "Who—oa, Man!" and before we could catch up he'd yelled "Point" again.

I gave Miss Elly a look. Women are funny. Now he was doing so good she was looking two shades whiter'n she'd been when we started. "Brace up, girl," I says. "You going to have to do some scouting here in a minute."

We galloped on. There was a lot of shouting on in front. Mike had found another bevy just as he got out of the woods and the gallery went wild. There was an hour went by there when I was kind of in a daze. It was "Point, Point, Point!" till you was hard put to keep up with 'em. I don't mean that Mike found 'em all either. The Munger dog had settled down to business and did some mighty pretty work though he was still way behind Mike in finding.

I wasn't feeling any too good, though. The real test was coming. That open country we was heading for would tempt a bolter if any country ever did. I could tell Old Man Joe was worried too. He was bending over that pony's neck and watching him every jump. "But name of God," I says to myself, "nobody else could have got him this far."

I looked up. Mike was just a streak

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across that field. Then I couldn't see him. I knew what had happened. He was swinging through those far-off boundary woods. I looked over at Old Man Joe. He was sitting straight as an Indian looking right in front of him. I knew what he was thinking. That boundary wasn't a quarter of a mile from where we sat and beyond it was acres of scrub oak and gullies deep enough to lose a hundred dogs in. The gallery knew what was up too. The judges had stopped a hundred feet from the wood's edge. The gallery clattered to a halt behind 'em.

Off on the rise Old Man Joe was calling "Who—oa, Boy, Who—oa. . . ." His voice sounded thin. It come to me that he must be seventy years old if he was a day. He had turned around and was waving to Miss Elly. I heard her speak to one of the judges and then gallop off towards the north and disappear in the woods. The gallery swept past, all but one of the younger judges. I could hear some of the talent talking as they went by: "Be hell if he got lost now with the championship in his lap," and another man: ". . . known that Falcon strain for twenty years. It's late coming out in him, that's all. . . ."

We sat there. It was three minutes to go now. We was all watching the same part of the course, that far corner where the woods ended. All of a sudden I saw Miss Elly's horse break from the cover and come to a rearing halt. She flung up her arm. I could hear her "Po—oint, Judges!"

Old Man Joe flung his hat in the air and let out that treble yell of his. Me and that judge that had laid back had a terrible race. I don't know but what I beat him to it a little. Five or six stragglers from the gallery come loping up. Well, them that got there saw a picture they'll never forget.

There was Mike, deep in one of those gullies, on the finest point of the day. Uncle Joe was walking in on them birds, the old Greener raised. And on the edge of the gulley looking down at 'em was Old Man Alcott Lloyd. It seemed a year—it couldn't have been more than two seconds—before his voice rang out:

"Burden, take up your dog!"

Uncle Joe gave Mike a spank that helped him up over the edge of that gulley. The gallery was off after the dog and the judge. Miss Elly and I and Uncle Joe rode on together sort of slow. We couldn't have said nothing to each other if we'd wanted to, the gallery was yelling so hard. When we caught up with 'em time was up and Uncle Joe called Mike and put him on the leash.

The judges were still on the field instead of going back to headquarters to telephone the decision in the way they usually do. In a minute Old Man Lloyd comes riding towards us.

"Burden," he says, "it's from the saddle. Your Falcon dog wins the stake."

There was a lot of hullabalooing after that. Phelps was the first man to congratulate Miss Elly and I believe the fellow was actually glad Mike had won over his dog! Then the newspaper men came crowding up. Miss Elly wouldn't listen, give one fellow a push that sent him winding. "Sam," she says, "let's get out of this."

We got to Coshock eight o'clock that night. The boy was sitting up in bed playing Set-Back with one of the niggers to keep his mind off the trials. He looked up when we come through the door but nobody needed to say anything. Miss Elly rushed around to one side of the bed and plumped herself down crying like we'd lost the championship instead of won it. And that Falcon dog was jumping up on the bed with his muddy paws and licking Bob's face. Uncle Joe hadn't said a word since he come in the room, just stood there at the foot of the bed looking down at them.

I figured I wouldn't be needed around there for quite a while so I went out on the porch and walked up and down, smoking and going over that course in my mind. After a while Miss Elly come out and fell into step beside me.

"Love feast over?" I asked.

"They're talking business now, Sam. It won't be the Coshock kennels from now on. It'll be Randall and Burden."

"And is Uncle Joe going to keep on living in his mansion on the Phelps estate?"

She laughed. "He says he won't live in the house with any newly-weds. But he's going to move into the old office. Next week."

I stopped and faced her. "Miss Elly," I said, "would you mind telling me just how you worked it?"

She'd stopped too. I could see her face in the light from the window. There was a puzzled look on it like she was still trying to figure things out herself.

"I don't know," she says, "I just took him over the first time on a hunch . . . you know that time you saw me going through the gates?"

"Yes," I says, "I was dropped on the head as a kid and ain't never been very bright since. Go on. . . ."

"Well, he was just sitting there on the porch. I asked him if he'd mind my exercising the dog in that field in front of his cabin and he said I could exercise him all over hell if I wanted to."

"Mmmh," I says, "and him talking to a lady!"

"He didn't know there was a lady there. He wasn't thinking about anything but that dog. Sam, from the first minute he set eyes on him—well, I can't tell you—it was like he'd been sitting there all that time waiting for him. . . ."

I looked out, past the open spaces of the walks and over the box trees. The moon was up but the shadows was thick under the old juniper tree. If I hadn't known that dark mass there to the right was a stump I'd have thought it was a chair and a fat old man sitting in it, bent forward. He would be nodding and spitting, fanning himself if the day was hot. I could hear his drawling voice:

"You're the greatest handler in the world, Joe . . . but you ain't got anything to handle . . . I'm goin' to fix that. . . ."

"Well," I said, "he fixed it, all right."

The girl had fallen into step beside me, her hand on my arm. "What's that you're saying, Sam?"

"Nothing," I said, "just thinking about old times."

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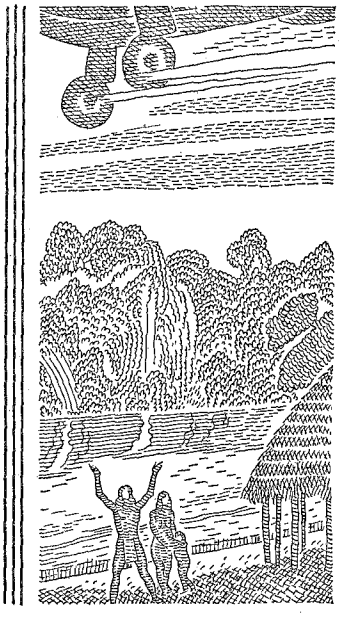
Report on Redfern

By Desmond Holdridge

PART II

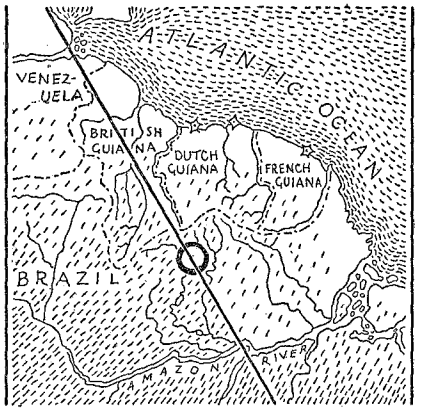
The latest rumors concerning Paul Redfern, American aviator lost in Brazil in 1927, have been tracked down by Mr. Holdridge. The first part of Mr. Holdridge's adventures in that region was told in the July SCRIBNER'S. *Here he gives his further exciting experiences and discoveries*



I TOOK one look at the shyly smiling newcomers and gave Duffy a shove out the back door.

"Topside Indian," I told him. "Tell Buddy to come quick and talk for me."

After a few uncomfortable minutes spent in smiling at each other, both myself and the Indians were relieved to have Buddy make a leisurely entrance and provide us with a common tongue. Introductions were short and grunted. The Indian said his name was Alimí, that he was an Ulukuyana from Maripa village, in the high Tapanahoni, and that his wife, the little creature who crouched behind him, was Mariuá, of the same tribe and place of residence. And there we were, the three main branches of the human race, seated on small wooden benches decorated with snakes and phallic symbols, sharply aware of each other's bizarre stinks, and all of us politely making believe that we smelled nothing. But from the Djukas rose the heavy, musky smell of Africa, from the two Indians an acrid, oily one that made me wonder about their diet, and from my two-day-old shirt the effluvium of a whole locker room on a winter afternoon. Formal chatter went on, the Djukas communicating with the Indians by the curious trade language that has been developed between the two peoples, a compound of three parts Djuka and one part Indian. But the formalities were wearing on Alimí and Mariuá; their eyes lingered over each box and bag of my possessions, and finally they asked to see things.



Trade goods were exhibited, the marvels of a compass demonstrated, the excellence of a rifle shown, and then pictures of the white man's country, for I wanted them to accustom themselves to the idea of my camera and its purpose. The Djukas became bored with these proceedings and left the well-mannered young couple poring over the photographs. Some they would turn upside down, some sideways, and some right side up, but they appeared to recognize the picture of any familiar object, regardless of how they held it. They had no trouble in recognizing a picture of me, held upside down. They continued to thumb through the pictures without a great deal of interest and soon Mariuá tired of the amusement. Suddenly Alimí stopped and gazed intently at the picture in his hand.

"Mariuá!" he called in a low voice. *"Ah-ah-plan."*

It was an electric shock to me, for *ah-ah-plan* is the Djuka word for airplane—they see the Pan-Air Clipper down on the coast and once two French planes made a flight in the lower Marowyne. I quickly stepped to his side and looked over his shoulder; in his hand he was holding a picture of an airplane.

Again my shout for interpreters disturbed the peace of the village, and in came Buddy and Duffy with several of the village elders.

"Ask this boy how he knows that's an airplane," I told them.

The question was put to him, and after a moment's hesitation he commenced to talk in a rather straightforward fashion. Several times he pointed off to the southwest. The recital was rather long and I noticed that the Djukas became thoroughly uneasy, as they had when the old woman had spoken of the Saluma.

"What is he saying, what is he saying?" I asked.

"Oh, this is just a little Indian," said Buddy. "He is of no importance. There is no use in asking him anything."

"But what did he say?" I insisted.

"Just nonsense," Buddy replied, stubbornly.

And nothing I could do would make him abandon his skillful evasions, but this was definite—they did not translate what Alimí had been saying, and he had been talking about an airplane to the southwest.

I had a hard time sleeping that night. That there was something the Djukas were concealing, I felt sure. But, between their automatic lying and their

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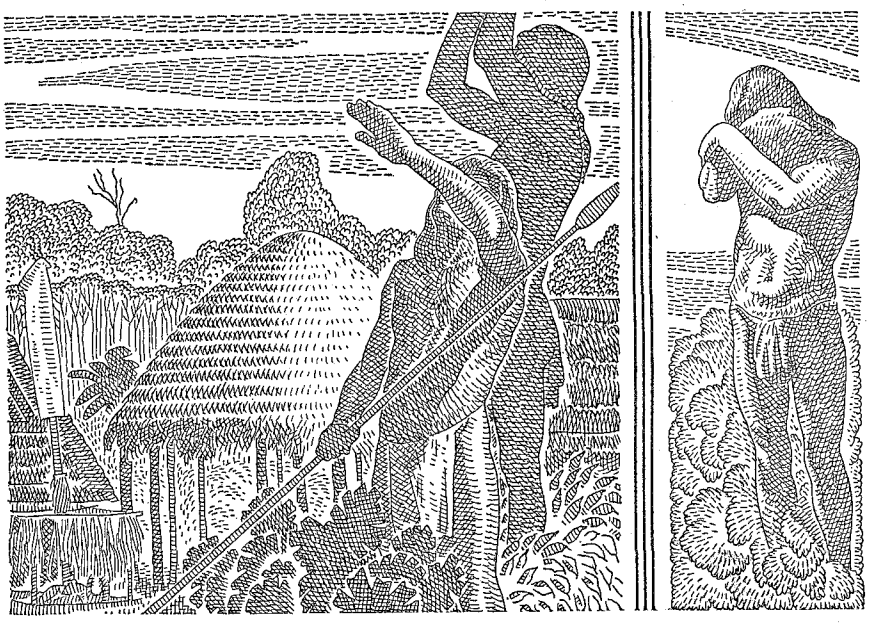

belief that you should never tell a stranger more than half of what you know, I did not seem to have much chance of extracting the truth. Still worrying the problem, I dozed off, only to come to wide wakefulness a couple of hours before daylight; in the next house some fool of a Djuka was having his god.

The uproar was terrific and I caught the words Africa, and Gedeonsu, Gedeonsu being a perfectly terrific god who seems to live in the tall silk cotton tree. On and on the hysterics raged and abruptly in another house a second great voice broke out in the thick, velvet darkness.

"Hoi! Hoi! Hoi! Hoi! Hoi!" it bellowed and went off into a rapid chattering.

The first time I heard this religious frenzy, down in the Marowyne, I was frightened. This time I was extremely annoyed, for that deep, two hours sleep before dawn is the very heart and kernel of a night's rest. I was just considering stuffing my blanket into my ears and resuming when I heard the word "Kromanti" in the second one's jibberish. At that dreadful word I sat up, reached into a bag, and brought out a gun, for the Kromanti god is the tiger spirit, the warrior spirit, and Djukas taken with it frequently become uncontrollably violent, hacking with cutlasses at objects, animals, and persons, climbing spiny trunked palms, rushing through thorny bushes, or diving over cataracts. They feel invincible when the spell is on them and firmly believe that no bullet or steel weapon can harm them. I felt the sweet weight of the hefty .38 in my hand and had to smile at this naïve belief. Not that I had any notion of shooting the temporary maniac as he came rushing out to do damage; I simply intended to fire into the air and let the noise frighten him out of his fit.

"Gawd, Gawd," said Duffy, "dem Djukas got jumby tonight!" and I realized that I was getting to like Duffy more and more; he was the nearest thing to a companion I had.

"Yes, they have jumbies all right," I replied. "Kromanti, isn't it?"

"Yes, Kromanti," whispered Duffy. "Dat de worst what dem gets. Mynheer, dese Djukas crazy."

"And so are their gods," I said. "I wish to goodness they'd left them in Africa, or brought quieter ones."

And while we discussed the utter ridiculousness of a god that gave you fits at 3:30 A.M., the uproar subsided, and some one came out of the next hut and urinated on the hard, sunbaked earth. It was as pleasing and human a sound, in the midst of this mumbo-jumbo, as had been the alarm clock at the other fracas, down on the Marowyne.

The following day we spent in Granbori, since the Djukas wanted to pray to the gods for safety in the upper river. The day went by, however, without a single thing done in a religious way. There were three shrines with long banners, made much in the same shape and draped in the same manner as the Nazi banners used in German political meetings. Bottles of rum and a rock nestled at their bases. But all day they were untended. However, on the morning after, when we were ready to depart the *felanti* succeeded in wasting three hours by having his *"talkee go-doo"* then.

The *felanti,* the four canoemen, and myself went in turn to each shrine with half a bottle of my rum. Crouching over the rocks at the base of the shrine's banners, the ape-like old *felanti* voiced an invocation to his rather shabby deities and then a bottle of water, not rum, was poured on the stone and we all clapped our hands and said *"Gran danki, gran danki!"* By the time we got to the second shrine it occurred to me that I was mixing my gods, for in my pocket I had a little medallion of St. Theresa given me by Melchers, who said it was big medicine. However, she lay quiet while I publicly thanked the gods of Africa for promising me a pleasant trip and privately damned them for getting half a bottle of rum away from me. At the last shrine an infinitesimal drop of rum was poured on the god's rock and then there was a round of drinks for every one except myself. The rest of the rum was hustled off to the *felanti's* own house. The rum safely stored, the old faker lovingly deposited me in the canoe and we were off.

Now it had been my custom to let the Djukas strictly alone in the handling of the boats. That was their specialty and there is little point in hiring specialists if you do not intend to give them a free hand. But they loafed and chattered and performed the minimum amount of work. The paddles were laid across the gunwales as much as they were in the water. It was plain that it would take me three or four weeks to reach the Indians at the rate they were going and, since I was getting to know my Djukas better, I realized that they were simply striving to extract as many days' pay from me as possible.

"Duffy," I called, after a particularly long and animated palaver, "what on earth are they talking about?"

"Dey talk about things to eat, mynheer," said Duffy, promptly.

I lay back in the thatched shelter, utterly disgusted, for their bellies were already bright and tight and protruding with Asidiri's notion of a ration.

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In order to keep my mind off the exasperating conversation outside I began to read. That, of course, was a failure. The end of the day as far as travel was concerned came at three o'clock and I protested, but the Djukas unconcernedly made believe they did not understand.

The following day went off with the same kind of nonsense and so infuriated did I become at this bland exploitation of my helplessness that not even stopping at one of Ryan's camps made me feel better. The rapids were getting worse and worse as we advanced upriver, and soon we began to meet falls where it was necessary to drag the canoes for hundreds of yards over bare granite bones of the earth, exposed by the falling waters.

I was almost pleased at meeting these stretches of fast water, for here, at least, the Djukas worked. Once in the smooth water above, the aggravating, carefully planned loafing invariably ensued. There was only one thing for it; I was simply relearning for the eighth or tenth time the important lesson that all white men who deal with raw Negroes learn—you cannot treat them well, at first, without earning their contempt. "Tomorrow," I resolved, as I lay in my hammock, so peeved I could scarcely eat, "I am going to set up a totalitarian state!" And I did.

They loafed elaborately in making their breakfast and it was nearly eight o'clock before we were under way. Almost at once, another of those long, epicurean discussions began, during which the canoe practically stopped and started to drift downstream. My speech was carefully planned, and I was quite ready for the worst. I came out of the shelter, rifle in hand.

"Akaba talkee," I shouted. *"Talkee 'tori no campo."*

This was sound. Stop talking. Tell stories in camp.

"A talkee no kissee banknoto," I went on. *"A walkee kissi banknoto!"*

You're paid to work, not talk.

And with that, I threw the bolt of the rifle and shot a cartridge into the chamber.

"So me talkee!" I concluded, for it is with these words that Djuka chieftains close their declarations.

The hot air was tense with the clash of wills; if I shot one of them it meant going clear through to the Amazon, but I had given up all thought of consequences; nothing could have been worse than this servitude to a handful of arrogant young Negroes. But the sinister sound of sliding metal as the cartridge entered the chamber did the trick.

After a split second, the Djukas looked as if a large, white rabbit had suddenly divested itself of its skin and disclosed a fierce and ravening jaguar. Not a word did they say, but the rest of the day the paddles dug deep and unceasingly and we passed two of Ryan's camps. Apparently, his Djukas were working the same racket on him.

From that point on the careless lack of consideration for my wishes that had characterized the ascent went underground and I had to hound it carefully down and punish it. They gave themselves great airs of patient suffering, and their every glance and gesture proclaimed that they conceived themselves to be gentlefolk who had unwittingly entered the service of an uncouth bully.

We shot, with bow and arrow, a good many fish at the base of Allemandidon Fall; from there to the first Indian village, the Tapanahoni tumbled over steps more or less perpendicular, twenty or thirty feet high, and laboriously the heavy canoes had to be dragged over rollers placed in the portages and then heartbreakingly hauled over open rocks, made into a rough but effective species of frying pan by the blazing sun overhead.

With my face stiff from looking fierce, and the rifle constantly in my hand, I would sit in the cool shade of the nearest trees and eat watermelons while the Djukas dragged the canoes, for I was determined that I was going to extract enough work from them to make up for all the deliberate soldiering they had done when I treated them decently. At only one point did I help them and that was over a quarter-mile-long stretch of sizzling rock and an uphill pull through a tunnel piercing the forest.

There had been some disposition on the part of the Djukas to regard the rifle which maintained my studied tyranny as shiny and impractical, but a monkey hunt ended that. Just above this fall, we heard the scream of a big coatá monkey deep in the forest and, anxious for fresh meat, two of the Djukas jumped out with me and we plunged into the vegetation on the bank. Immediately back of the river it cleared considerably and we were in endless aisles of tall trees, a misty vastness of green and brown where anything but the clumsiest sounds were deadened and things that did not move were invisible.

About a mile back from the river we located the coatá, big black monkeys almost four feet long but so spindly in construction that they weigh little. I spied one, high in the branches of a great tree, and the first shot smashed his shoulder. With a perfectly human shriek, he fell through the leafy vault, made his way sideways for a short, hotly pursued distance and finally hung from a branch, only half conscious, about eighty feet above the ground. These animals are so tenacious of life and furnish such excellent meat that we had no intention of letting him escape, so I fired another shot which was intended to be a *coup de grâce*. It blew away his posterior and left a yard of intestine hanging out but, at least, he stopped shrieking and after a while one of the Djukas climbed up and shook him down. He surveyed the work of two .30–'06 shells.

"O gono ogee," he said. It is an evil gun.

"That's what the coatá says," I told him, and after the other Djuka came back from missing three perfectly good shots at other monkeys, the story was retailed to the other canoe hands; with one exception, not a bit of insolence or disobedience did I suffer the rest of the trip.

At length, the last cataract was laboriously surmounted and on the northern bank a group of the same tawny people as Alimí and Mariuá stood forth from a dark hole entering the deep forest. It was the first Indian village, but there was a bigger one farther up and there was still an hour of daylight, so on we pushed, the cockles of my heart warming gratefully as I listened to the Djukas desperately damning my soul to the uttermost depths of some Djuka hell, and seriously assuring each other that I was attempting to kill them with work. They had made six portages that day, carrying every bit of baggage and provisions around the falls and dragging the heavy canoes around each one.

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Just before night fell, we tied up to the Ulukuyana landing. This was Maripa village. A broad, well-kept trail—almost a road—led back to the village and I strolled along it, now and then tapping on a tree trunk to give notice of my coming. Alimí and Mariuá, who, in an offhand kind of way, had accompanied us, had already been sent ahead to announce us. Presently I came out in a wide clearing in which stood ten or twelve big communal dwellings. A few children ran to their mothers at the sight of me, but otherwise there was not the slightest stir. Alimí gave me a bench, I sat down, and a long, uncomfortable silence commenced.

When the Djukas came there was a little talk but not much. The people were neither friendly nor hostile. The men coming in from work on the clearing of new gardens were met by their wives and told of the arrival of a white man. They would change their loin clothes, apply fresh paint, don feather headdresses, and come to meet me with a great air of nonchalance, put over mainly by smoking cigarettes. Alimí had just brought the makings from the Djuka country and, I might add, they finished the whole supply that same evening. There was no curiosity to see my baggage, which was very unusual. No one put any food before us, which was equally unusual. On the other hand, no attempt was made to send the women and children out of the village, which would have been the case had they been afraid or hostile.

The Djukas are said to tell these people that white men are cannibals in order to prevent them from coming in contact with the whites, for the Djukas make a good deal by acting as middlemen. It may or may not be true, but whatever was wrong, no one was particularly nice to us and no one particularly nasty.

Night closed down almost at once and while I drank the two cocktails which made the dried fish and rice actually attractive, I watched the naked families standing about the flickering fires, smelled the smoky smell of the leaf roof over my head, looked at the outlines of hammocks turned red from contact with the painted bodies of their owners and realized that it was entirely possible for a man to be up here in this far-away world, utterly lost to the twentieth century.

At early dawn something of this peculiar atmosphere of indifference had faded and to break the ice I commenced to trade, beginning negotiations with a woman who had a beautifully woven apron of small blue and white beads, the only one in the village. While I was arranging for its purchase, I asked curiously where she got the beads. Buddy, who was translating, asked her, and in her answer I heard the name, Tukuyenu. And then I made a great mistake, for I betrayed my eagerness to know more of the mysterious Tukuyenu. Instead of approaching the matter in a roundabout way I said excitedly, "Ask her about Tukuyenu; find out all about him."

In part, her answer was quite satisfactory. Tukuyenu was a white man who brought them trade goods. They did not get it directly from Tukuyenu; they had to visit him or visit people who had visited him. But when it came to a matter of telling where he was and if I could see him, I ran up against a blank wall. They gave the most evasive and unsatisfactory answers. Finally one of the elders said, "Oh, Tukuyenu is just a man who came up many years ago." "De Goeje, or with De Goeje," added Buddy. De Goeje was a young Dutch naval lieutenant, the first white man to ascend this river, thirty years before my trip. The beads seemed too new for this to be the case but strive as I would I could get no more from them.

So, leaving the Tukuyenu discussion, I then took some photographs of the people, having explained carefully the purpose of the camera and shown them pictures.

"Hum, hum," I heard a voice remark, while I was taking a picture of a girl with a baby, *"ah-ah-plan."* They had the same picture that Alimí had recognized as being that of an airplane.

I had my lesson and this time I feigned indifference. Carefully I posed the picture of the girl and her rather absurd little baby. When the child thrust himself away from his mother's breast to stare at her in near-sighted astonishment, I dutifully laughed and clicked the shutter. I then patted the baby on the head and gave the mother to understand that he was one of the finest specimens I had ever seen. I felt rather like a political candidate, but behind me the voices continued to discuss the *ah-ah-plan*. I was controlling my excitement, but I decided not to pat the baby on the head any more; he had looked somewhat amazed at the strength of the last buffeting. Then I walked slowly to the middle of the village with my camera and took a thoroughly pointless view of several empty houses. "Now," I thought, "I get this story, and the only thing that is going to stop me from doing it is those Djukas lying and refusing to translate."

I clicked the shutter at something else and turned back toward the group. An old man with scraggly hair and a considerable ring-worm infection on one cheek was holding the picture of the *ah-ah-plan*.

"Duffy," I called.

"Jah, mynheer," he chirped.

"I am going to talk to these Indians about the white man. You see that they recognize the picture of the plane, don't you?"

"Jah, mynheer," said Duffy.

"I want you to tell Buddy," I continued, "that he must translate pretty-pretty or he shan't have a penny of pay when we get back to Albina. One little break and he has worked for nothing. Also, I don't want to hear that these are 'little Indians.' They all have ears, haven't they?"

"Jah, mynheer," said Duffy, emphatically.

Duffy inoculated Buddy with these ideas; apparently they were readily grasped.

"Come, friend," said Buddy, patting a couple of Indians on the back, *"krutu."*

The Indians snickered slightly. *Krutu,* apparently, was a standing joke with them.

Then translating began.

"Ask them," I said, "if they know what this picture is."

"The white man wants to know if they know what that picture is," said Duffy.

"The white man's servant says the white man wants to know if you know what that picture is," said Buddy.

"Yes, we do," said the Indians," it is an *ah-ah-plan.*"

"Well! Well!" said I.

And so the thing went. I spoke to Duffy in English and Duffy spoke to Buddy in the talkee-talkee which, by

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now, I could follow to a certain extent. Buddy spoke to the Indians in the trade language. In a way, the latter was easier for me to understand than the plain talkee-talkee.

The account that the Indians gave as the cross examination progressed was accompanied by graphic gestures and I noted down the account as I got it with the greatest possible care in translating; when I had the slightest doubt I made every one repeat the hazy detail. The exhausting struggle went on for an hour and a half, but when it was over I was able to read the story back to the Indians with gestures and have them say, "Yes, that is what we mean."

The old man was the spokesman and he prefaced the story this way. "You must understand that this is not something we have seen with our own eyes. It is a story we have heard. It may not be so. At first we thought not, but since we first heard it, the Djukas have told us that there really are machines that fly with white men in them, so perhaps it is so. Five years ago we first heard it. Some people came out from Sapukunu's village to trade dogs. They said that some Saluma had been to Sapakunu's village some time before and had told a very curious tale."

I interrupted at this point to find out more about Sapukunu. It turned out that he was an important chieftain because, to put it baldly, he was a broker. The Trio and Saluma fight a great deal but Sapukunu always remains neutral, consequently all trade between the two tribes is negotiated through him and he exacts a fee for his services. They gave the location of his village as on the Marapi River in Brazil and described him as being already an old man, a description in which the Djukas who knew him concurred. I also made a point of establishing the length of time that had elapsed since they first heard the story. This period—five years—was established by the number of times new fields had been cleared, an annual matter the proper time of which is determined by the position of the Pleiades.

"These Saluma," the old man said, when I had done with harassing him, "told Sapukunu that as often as they came to his country he had never come to theirs and they told him he must come. They said they had big villages and plenty of food and even had a white man with them. Sapukunu asked where the white man had come from and they said he had come in some kind of flying thing that came through the sky with a great roaring and had crashed on the savannah."

I have remembered ever since the phrase the Indians used for this—*"Ah-ah-plan a tro away na savannah"*—the airplane was thrown away in the savannah.

"The Saluma," the old man went on, "ran to see the machine and found the white man in it. The machine was broken but the man was alive. He only had a broken leg."

Here the old Indian rapped his shin bone sharply and said, *"A broko footo."*

"The Saluma took the white man out and kept him. When we heard about the matter he was alive."

We labored over that story, sentence by sentence, word by word. This is certain; this is the story the Indians were telling me and I was jumping to no conclusions. Nor had I asked leading questions.

One point that had seemed so simple the night before, watching the naked people living their distant lives, cropped up again in the broad daylight. Was it possible for a modern man to be lost in this half world and be unable to get out? But cooking a meal in one of the huts were an elderly woman and a middle-aged man whose skin and facial construction gave a convincing answer. Both in their lighter-colored skins and a subtle something in their faces they gave evidence of white blood—this in a place where no white men come. A French explorer had noticed the same thing among them fifty years before and recorded it.

The story is something like this. In 1770 or thereabouts, Doctor Patris, a French botanist, penetrated to the frontier. With him was one Mlle. Dujay, a young French artist. The expedition became famous at the time for Mlle. Dujay was carried off by the Ulukuyana; never again did the girl get out to civilization. And after six generations it is possible to see the results of this unwilling infusion of white blood;*

* Regarding this white blood having perpetuated itself over such a long period, it must be remembered that these tribes have a form of cousin marriage. You marry your father's sister's child or your mother's brother's child. The result is a constant pyramiding of family traits.

Redfern is not the first white person to be lost in the shadow of the mountains where rise streams that feed the Amazon and flood the Atlantic with mud, miles from the Guiana coast.

And now I pursued, finding out how you get to the country of the Saluma. They detailed the route; eleven days up the Paloemeu, a Tapanahoni tributary whose mouth was just above this village, four days to the savannah, ten days walking west in the savannah to Sapukunu's village, six days west to another river they called the Pandamá, a tributary of the Trombetas, and there, at a village called Mayui, a canoe would be made—ten days' time for that—then a ten-day trip down the Pandamá to a point where it joined the Trombetas. There the Ulukumaya tribe would pass the traveller on to the Saluma, but my informants knew nothing of the route after that nor how long it would take, though they expected it would take ten days, at least. Approximately sixty-one days, or a round trip of four months.

The answer was very obvious. I was in the wrong river. It would be far shorter to descend to the coast, go to Brazil, and ascend the Trombetas from the Amazon side. As for going to look at Sapukunu, Sapukunu was simply the first man to hear the story and could tell nothing more than what the Ulukuyana had told me.

It was a difficult matter to make a decision. Of this I was sure; it was impossible to make that four months' trip and the expedition up ahead would be equally unable to accomplish it. All of us who had come in from the Atlantic side were inevitably doomed to failure. I had come up to investigate the Redfern story and rescue the flyer if it were true and, if these people were telling the truth, I had failed. I had no doubt about their telling the truth; it was unmistakable, and the only logical thing to do was admit the failure, get out and try again in the Trombetas. But the temptation in such cases is always to go on and produce an impressive and gallant failure.

By continuing, I could have fever and bush yaws, lose a suitable number of pounds, come out duly emaciated, and be praised for having produced a failure that, to the casual eye, would have been gallant. But always I knew

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I would be conscious that it had been unnecessary and rather stagey.

So, to the astonishment of the Djukas, I hired four Indians to help the canoes through the cataracts and ordered the party down-stream, post haste. I questioned the Indians more about the matter on the down trip and received, again and again, the same story with no embellishments, but always I had the feeling that there was something more that they could tell if they would; that there was something wrong.

This is purely an intuitive implication that comes from a rather considerable experience with the Indians of Guiana and Amazonia. The feeling was this—the white man was dead and they were afraid to speak of the matter, lest they be involved in an attempt to revenge his murder, for none of these Indians can conceive of death as a *natural* process. It is always the result of violence, direct or by witchcraft.

The Indians saw us through the worst of the cataracts and then we drove downstream unceasingly, for I wanted to see Pajé. I was very fortunate in finding him at Drie Tabbetje and while a *krutu* was enabling my paddlers to tell of the horrible mistreatment they had undergone at my hands I sent for the missionary, Melchers. By the time he came over the *krutu* was finished, and having told Melchers something of what I had heard, I said to Pajé, "Would you care to paddle me over to the missionary's house?" Knowing what I had in mind, Pajé assented. A few minutes later we were in the mission.

"Now," I began, "in the river I read you a story that the missionary sent out, saying that you had told it to him. You said it was a lie. Here's the missionary; now what about it?"

Pajé looked uncomfortable. "I don't want to discuss it," he said.

"Why not?" I asked.

He was silent for a bit. "Well," he said at length, "the white man up there is an important one, and he's valuable. I want something out of it, too."

A quite enlightened, even civilized, attitude, you will perceive.

"Good," I told him, "I will make a bargain with you. If you tell me what you know of the white man up there and if your story leads to the discovery of the man, I will pay you a hundred guilders, and I will write a paper saying so."

"All right," said Pajé, "write the paper."

And then Pajé proceeded to tell me precisely the same story as I had heard from the Indians at Maripa village. There was, however, one important difference; Pajé had been given the account by Sapukunu himself, when he had visited his village, a year and a half before. Pajé also gave the same directions for reaching the Saluma villages.

"Did you tell McDonald about this?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "That man did not have enough provisions to go to Sapukunu's village, let alone the Saluma country. I want a good job out of this."

"What about Kapau? He was with McDonald and now he is with Ryan and Farrell. Has he told them anything?"

"He's telling a little but he's not telling much; he is afraid."

"Of what?"

Pajé shrugged. "I don't know," he replied, but the frankness went out of his face and no longer was he an honest informant; he was a Djuka fencing with a white man.

"Then Kapau is not likely to give correct information to Ryan and Farrell?"

"No," said Pajé. "Beside, those men are not asking the Indians much; they are going by what they heard from McDonald and Kersoud."

Later I went over the report with Melchers, for it differed considerably from the report he had given Lawton. But the differences were not hard to explain; he had been told that Redfern was ten or fifteen days from Mayui, on the Pandamá. Knowing nothing of Brazilian Guiana, he had reported that Redfern was ten or fifteen days from Majoli on the Paloemeu. Very similar, you will note, but it makes a difference of a hundred and fifty miles and four months of travel. Majoli is a Dutch spelling; it is pronounced "Mah-yo-lee" with the accent on the last syllable.

The rest was a kaleidoscope of falls, clouds, tattooed cheeks, rolling drums, and clunking paddles. The Djukas made up still more for the loafing they had done earlier on the trip and every day took us over a stretch of river it had required three days to pass on the upstream journey. The rainy season had broken and the sullen, wet clouds lay close above the tops of the tall trees; six or seven times a day they collapsed on us in blinding sheets of warm rain. Thinking of the giant's staircase between the country of the Djukas and that of the Indians, I watched the foot-a-night rise of the turbulent waters and wondered how Ryan and Farrell were going to get out. Ascending canoes gave us the gossip of the river, and we heard that the boundary commissions were suspending operations until the end of the rainy season. For three, perhaps four, months the great rains would beat the forest, flood the savannahs, make engines of destruction of the cataracts, keep Djukas in their houses carving wood and delight the fever-bearing anopheles with lovely breeding puddles.

But afterwards the sun would be brilliant in the bluest sky on earth, the fat white clouds would roll across it, and the Trombetas would be ready for me in all its fecund loneliness. In Manaos a powerful motor cruiser left over from a former expedition dozed at anchor, and I knew that with it I could come within less than a hundred miles of the Saluma villages.

In Albina I rushed to the English trader's to weigh myself, and found I had lost a little over a pound. The men who went with me were fatter and healthier than when they started. Not very gallant. But ahead of me was, not a hospital for tropical diseases, but another river; the right river.

Residua

Since coming down to the coast I have interviewed the members of every expedition that was in the field. Their findings almost completely corroborate the version of the Redfern affair that I have here set down, so I append them.

On December 6, 1935, "Art" Williams, American flyer working out of Georgetown, British Guiana, flew over the district immediately south of the Dutch and British Guiana borders. On this flight he located a number of Indian villages. On December 7, he made another flight in the same area. These

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flights provided him with the location of the villages and the knowledge that there was no landing place for aircraft of any type within the region over which he flew.

He therefore returned to the base camp of the British and Dutch Boundary Commissions and organized an overland expedition, Doctor Rombouts, medical officer of the Dutch Boundary Commission accompanying him as well as Harry Wendt, his co-pilot, and Edward Sill, a business associate. The party crossed the frontier, made its way south along the Marapi River and at length arrived at the village of a man who represented himself as Sapukunu.

Sapukunu was asked if he had ever seen a white man. A coastal Indian did the translating and for this purpose proved virtually useless. Sapukunu replied that he had and pointed to the sky and commenced to make a roaring noise. He then picked up a lance and holding it parallel to the ground and above his head, he circled about the village. There was no doubt about his imitating an airplane. By equally graphic means he informed them that the plane had come in the night and had circled about until dawn, when it flew off and crashed in the savannah. He promised to take the party to the wreck, but that night there was a large and excited conference among the Indians and in the morning Sapukunu said he knew nothing whatsoever about the affair.

Later on a young Indian informed the party that he could lead them to the wreck but precisely the same thing happened. Suffering severely from malaria, bush sores, and lack of food, the party was forced to retreat.

On January 31 Williams made another flight, this time going further south than he had on other occasions. On this flight he encountered a village where the inhabitants did not flee from the plane when it appeared. At every other village they had fled to the forest. One Indian stood out from the others and waved frantically for the plane to land, which was impossible. The flyer threw down two tin cans tied together; one can contained a map of the district and the other a letter to Redfern giving directions for reaching the Boundary Commission's base camp. The Indian picked up the cans and waved to indicate that he had them. Williams, who was circling only a little above the housetops, then left.

On February 6 he made another flight over the same village. This time an older man stood forth, waved for attention and after a moment walked into the northeast corner of the village, picked up a stick or lance and, holding it before him, went toward the southwest corner of the village. There he threw the stick down.

Roch and Pacht I have already discussed.

Ryan and Farrell, who were up in the Tapanahoni ahead of me, met with misfortune. At the Indian village, Yulu, Ryan decided not to go on, and turned back. Eight days later he attempted to pass the Maboga Fall when it was in a very dangerous condition, and he made the attempt when there was barely enough light to see the banks of the river. His canoe shot through the worst of the rapid and then grounded hard on a rock, stood on end and was flushed of cargo and men, while the second canoe went by entirely unable to help. Ryan, weighted down by his heavy boots, was last seen thirty feet below the canoe.

Though they searched for four days his body was never recovered; the *piranha* fish probably destroyed it in a very short time. The paddlers, wearing only loin clothes, managed to reach the bank and hang on until rescued by the other canoe.

Farrell, meanwhile, continued to Sapukunu's village, mainly, I think, because that is the task he set himself when he left Panama. He passed through the base camp of the Brazilian Boundary Commission and about two weeks later reached Sapukunu's village. Sapukunu told him that a plane had flown over the village, apparently eight or ten years before, because he indicated a boy of that age and said that it was about the time he was born. He said nothing about the plane crashing. Like Williams and Rombouts, Farrell took a picture of Sapukunu.

Farrell then returned to his canoes and proceeded to the coast. His photograph of Sapukunu was compared with Rombouts's picture of Sapukunu, and it developed that each party had talked with two entirely different men. The Williams-Rombouts Sapukunu was a man in the prime of life and his village was well south on the Marapi. The Farrell Sapukunu was an old man and his village was a good deal further north than the place where Williams and Rombouts had met their man.

I also found, on arriving at the coast, that Doctor Morton Kahn, in a newspaper interview, stated that he had heard in the Tapanahoni that there was a white man with the Saluma; Duffy was telling the truth, apparently.

Another interesting bit is contained in a radio message from Cavalcanti, head of a section of the Brazilian Boundary Commission, to Williams. This message stated that the Brazilians had encountered a half-witted Trio Indian who babbled English words, jumbling them together without regard for their significance. Cavalcanti speaks excellent English.

I will now attempt to reconstruct the Redfern affair in the light of the evidence at hand. Redfern passed over the Norwegian freighter, *Christian Kroghe,* just north of the Venezuelan coast in the afternoon. Flyers who knew him state that he was by no means a good navigator, and his behavior over the steamer would indicate that such was the case. He asked for a course and it was given to him by the steamer swinging her bow and making herself a kind of sign post for him. He continued and is reported to have been seen over the delta of the Orinoco. Proceeding on the course to Rio de Janeiro, at about midnight he was over the savannahs just south of the Dutch Guiana frontier. There he almost inevitably (for it was the dry season) saw the fires touched off by the Indians, who regularly burn the vast grasslands in signalling as they travel, in hunting, and to keep down snakes. I know from experience that savannah fires are of an exceptionally spectacular and deceptive appearance at night time. They can look remarkably like the lights of a fair-sized city or even like the brilliantly illuminated windows of a railroad train. Believing that he was over Santarém or Obidos, two Amazon cities 180 miles farther south, he circled until daylight, hoping to land as soon as there was enough light. But the rising sun disclosed a desolate and burning savannah of whose very existence he was ignorant. Attempting to land, he cracked up his plane on the

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savannah floor, which is littered with stones, hard clumps of grass, and cement-like ant-hills. He broke one or both legs and the Indians, attracted by the passing of the plane, picked him up and kept him.

As to his actual fate I have no evidence, but the manner of the Indians makes me think he is dead. The Brazilian Boundary Commission, on its way to the boundary, has cut straight through the heart of the country in which Redfern's plane crashed. It would be possible for him to be alive and for the Brazilians to have passed without having discovered it, but only if he is a prisoner or unwilling to return to civilization.

As to the oversupply of Sapukunus, either Sapukunu is Trio for Smith, or one of the two parties that visited him has been deliberately hoodwinked; both Farrell and Williams are perfectly sincere, and I think we may discount the possibility of any conscious distortion of the truth. To be discarded with equal safety is the idea that there are two Sapukunus. These Indians do not do that.

Personally, I think Farrell saw Sapukunu and Williams saw an impostor, because Williams locates Sapukunu's village farther south than the Djukas and Ulukuyana described it to be. Also they described Sapukunu as an old man. I think that Williams arrived at the village he believes to have been Sapukunu's and the people decided it might be worth while to deceive him. He would have had no way of knowing it had they done so. Accepting this theory, we explain why Farrell's Sapukunu saw a plane pass over and only heard the story, while Williams's Sapukunu actually claims to have seen it crash.

As for the signalling to the plane done by the people in the village over which Williams flew on his last two flights, my interpretation is this: it was a village in which Redfern had been and is well known, and through him the people are thoroughly acquainted with airplanes. They recognized the tin cans thrown down as white man's things. By the time the plane came back the second time they had made up their minds that it was seeking the only white man they knew and so they signalled the direction in which he was to be found—southwest, the country of the Saluma.

As to Tukuyenu, Doctor Rombouts, who read De Goeje's account of his ascent of the Tapanahoni, informs me that the Indians called him Tukuyenu; apparently the Ulukuyana were telling me the truth. Hernesi's white man with three children must be some one else. And there are only two possibilities: one is Redfern, the other is an escaped French convict. Both are rather incredible but there it is.

From the evidence here presented I conclude that:

1. A plane crashed in the savannahs of north Brazil prior to 1931.
2. The pilot was alive as late as 1931.
3. He is now dead, mentally unbalanced, or a prisoner.
4. The wreck of the plane is within thirty miles of the confluence of the Trombetas and Rio Pandamá.

I realize that the information given here is capable of sending a swarm of expeditions to Brazil and I therefore append this warning; for one life has already been sacrificed to the search. No underfinanced explorer should think of making any attempt to locate the wreck of the plane. I place the emphasis on money rather than brains or experience, for with money these things may be bought, but an underfinanced explorer is beaten before he starts.

In this our Department of State has a definite responsibility. They can prevent incompetent shoe-string expeditions from taking the field by the simple process of refusing to request customs' courtesies and the other features of official Brazilian cooperation. Let the Department of State ask to see the prospective explorer's money and his record, and if there is anything lacking let it refuse its assistance. The Brazilians will do the rest. For years they have suffered publicity circuses in their country, masquerading as scientific expeditions. Their patience is thoroughly exhausted and they will most certainly prevent any nonsense in the Redfern matter.

And here set down is all I know of it.

So me talkee!

OLDEST SOUND

By Marion Canby

THERE is a thunder too deep for the casual ear
Beneath the plunge of the breakers;
A swelling monotone sweeps under and out,
Turning the strong swimmer,
Slanting him roughly across the billowy lanes.
This is no voice of shore or sea—
It is the oldest sound,
The cosmic bass,
The embattled recoil of force on force;
The armies of the atom split asunder,
Electron repulses proton:
Once more life has encountered immobility,
And the clash resounds. . . .

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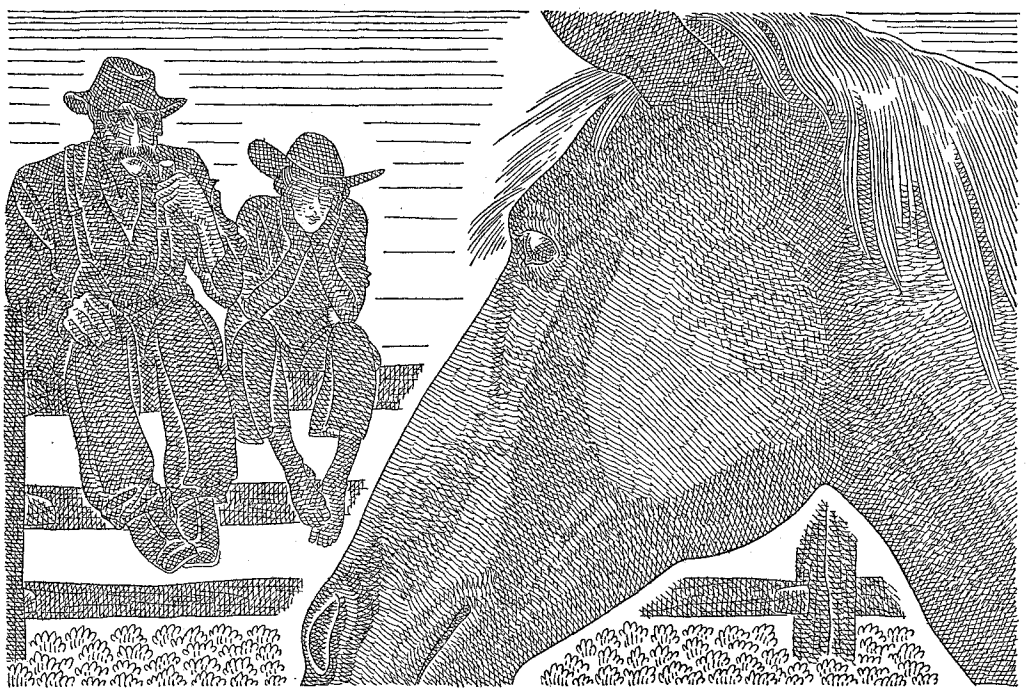

Fool About a Horse

A STORY

By William Faulkner

YES, sir. It wasn't Pap that bought one horse from Pat Stamper and then sold two back to him. It was Mammy. Her and Pat jest used Pap to trade through. Because we never left home that morning with Mammy's cream separator money to trade horses with nobody. And I reckon that if Pap had had any notion that he was fated to swap horses with Pat Stamper, they couldn't even have arrested him and taken him to town. We never even knowed it was Pat Stamper that had unloaded that horse on whoever it was Beasley Kemp got it from until we was halfway there. Because Pap admitted he was a fool about a horse but it wasn't that kind of a fool he meant. And once he was away from our lot and the neighbor men looking through the fence at whatever it was Pap had traded some more of Old Man Anse Holland's bob-wire and busted tools for this time, and Pap lying to them to jest exactly the right amount about how old it was and how much he give for it;—once Pap was away from there I don't reckon he was even the kind of a fool about a horse that Mammy claimed he was when we come up to the house that noon after we had shut the gate on the horse we had jest traded outen Beasley Kemp, and Pap taken his shoes off on the front gallery for dinner and Mammy standing there in the door, shaking the cold skillet at Pap and scolding and railing and Pap saying, "Now Vynie; now Vynie. I always was a fool about a good horse and it ain't no use you a-scolding and jawing about it. You had better thank the Lord that when He give me a eye for horse-flesh He gave me a little jedgment and gumption along with it."

Because it wasn't the horse. It wasn't the trade. It was a good trade, because Pap swapped Beasley a straight stock and fourteen rods of bob-wire and a old wore-out sorghum mill of Old Man Anse's for the horse, and Mammy admitted it was a good swap even for that horse, even for anything that could git up and walk from Beasley Kemp's lot to ourn by itself. Because like she said while she was shaking the skillet at Pap, even Pap couldn't git stung very bad in a horse trade because he never owned nothing that anybody would swap even a sorry horse for and even to him. And it wasn't because me and Pap had left the plows down in the bottom piece where Mammy couldn't see them from the house, and snuck the wagon out the back way with the straight stock and the wire and the sorghum mill while she thought we were still in the field. It wasn't that. It was like she knowed without having to be told what me and Pap never found out for a week yet: that Pat Stamper had owned that horse we traded outen Beasley Kemp and that now Pap had done caught the Pat Stamper sickness jest from touching it.

And I reckon she was right. Maybe

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to hisself Pap did call hisself the Pat Stamper of the Frenchman Bend country, or maybe even of all Beat Four. But I reckon that even when he was believing it the strongest, setting there on the top rail of the lot fence and the neighbor men coming up to lean on the fence and look at what Pap had brung home this time and Pap not bragging much and maybe not even lying much about it; I reckon that even then there was another part of his mind telling him he was safe to believe he was the Pat Stamper of Beat Four jest as long as he done it setting on that fence where it was about one chance in a million of Pat Stamper actually passing and stopping to put it to a test. Because he wouldn't no more have set out to tangle with Pat Stamper than he would have set out to swap horses with a water moccasin. Probly if he had knowed that Pat Stamper ever owned that horse we swapped outen Beasley, Pap wouldn't have traded for it at no price. But then, I reckon that a fellow who straggles by acci-dent into where yellow fever or moccasins is, don't aim to ketch fever or snakebite neither. But he sholy never aimed to tangle with Pat Stamper. When we started for town that morning with Beasley's horse and our mule in the wagon and that separator money that Mammy had been saving on for four years in Pap's pocket, we wasn't even thinking about horse trading, let alone about Pat Stamper, because we didn't know that Pat Stamper was in Jefferson and we didn't even know that he had owned the horse until we got to Varner's store. It was fate. It was like the Lord Hisself had decided to spend Mammy's separator money for a horse; it would have had to been Him because wouldn't nobody else, leastways nobody that knowed Mammy, have risked doing it. Yes, sir. Pure fate. Though I will have to admit that fate picked a good, quick, willing hand when it picked Pap. Because it wasn't that kind of a fool about a horse that Pap meant he was.

No, sir. Not that kind of a fool. I reckon that while he was setting on the porch that morning when Mammy had done said her say for the time being and went back to the kitchen, and me done fetched the gourd of fresh water from the well, and the side meat plopping and hissing on the stove and Pap waiting to eat it and then go back down to the lot and set on the fence while the neighbor men come up in two's and three's to look at Pap's new horse, I reckon maybe in his own mind Pap not only knowed as much about horse trading as Pat Stamper, but he owned head for head as many of them as Old Man Anse hisself. I reckon that while he would set there on the fence, jest moving enough to keep outen the sun, with them two empty plows standing in the furrow down in the bottom piece and Mammy watching him outen the back window and saying, "Horse trader! Setting there bragging and lying to a passel of shiftless men, and the weeds and morning glories climbing that thick in the corn and cotton that I am afraid to tote his dinner to him for fear of snakes"; I reckon Pap would look at whatever it was he had traded the mail box or the winter corn or something else that maybe Old Man Anse had done forgot he owned or leastways might not miss, and he would say to hisself: "It's not only mine, but before God it's the prettiest drove of horses a man ever seen."

II

It was pure fate. When we left for town that morning with Mammy's separator money, Pap never even aimed to use Beasley's horse at all because he knowed it probably couldn't make no twelve-mile trip to Jefferson and get back the same day. He aimed to go up to Old Man Anse's and borrow one of his mules to work with ourn; it was Mammy herself that done it, taunted him about the piece of crowbait he had bought for a yard ornament until Pap said that by Godfrey he would show Mammy and all the rest of them that misdoubted he knowed a horse when he seen it, and so we went to the lot and put the new horse in the wagon with the mule. We had been feeding it heavy as it would eat for a week now and it looked a heap better than it did the day we got it. But even yet it didn't look so good, though Pap decided it was the mule that showed it up so bad; that when it was the only horse or mule in sight, it didn't look so bad and that it was the standing beside something else on four legs that hurt its looks. "If we jest had some way to hitch the mule under the wagon where it wouldn't show and jest leave the horse in sight, it would be fine," Pap said. But there wasn't no way to do that, so we jest done the best we could. It was a kind of doormat bay and so, with Pap standing about twenty foot away and squinching first one eye and then the other and saying, "Bear down on it. You got to git the hide hot to make the har shine," I polished it down with croker sacks the best I could. Pap thought about feeding it a good bait of salt in some corn and then turning it to water and hide some of the ribs, only we knowed that we wouldn't even get to Jefferson in one day, let alone come back, besides having to stop at ever creek and load it up again. So we done the best we could and then we started, with Mammy's separator money (it was twenty-seven dollars and sixty-five cents; it taken her four years to save it outen her egg- and quilt-money) tied up in a rag that she dared Pap to even open to count it before he handed it to Uncle Ike McCaslin at the store and had the separator in the wagon.

Yes, sir. Fate. The same fate that made Mammy taunt Pap into starting out with Beasley's horse; the same fate that made it a hot morning in July for us to start out on. Because when we left home that morning we wasn't even thinking about horse trading. We was thinking about horse, all right, because we were wondering if maybe we wasn't fixing to come back home that night with Beasley's horse riding in the wagon and me or Pap in the traces with the mule. Yes, sir. Pap eased that team outen the lot at sunup and on down the road toward Frenchman's Bend as slow and careful as arra horse and mule ever moved in this world, with me and Pap walking up ever hill that was slanted enough to run water down the ruts, and aiming to do that right on into Jefferson. It was the weather, the hot day, that done it. Because here we was, about a mile from Varner's store, and Beasley's horse kind of half walking and half riding on the double tree, and Pap's face looking a little more and a little more concerned ever time our new horse failed to lift its feet high enough to make the next step, when all of a sudden that horse popped into a sweat. It flung its head up like it had been teched with a hot poker and stepped up into the collar,

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teching the collar for the first time since the mule had taken the weight off the breast yoke when Pap'd shaken out the whip inside the lot; and so here we come down the last hill and up to Varner's store and that horse of Beasley's with its head up and blowing froth and its eyes white-rimmed like these here colored dinner plates and Pap sawing back on the reins, and I be dog if it not only hadn't sweated into as pretty a blood bay as you ever see, but even the ribs didn't seem to show so much. And Pap, that had been talking about taking a back road so as to miss Varner's store altogether, setting there on the wagon seat exactly like he would set on the lot fence where he knowed he would be safe from Pat Stamper, telling Jody Varner and them other men that Beasley's horse come from Kentucky. Jody Varner never even laughed. "Kentucky, hey?" he says. "Sho, now. That explains why it taken it so long. Herman Short swapped Pat Stamper a buckboard and a set of harness for it five years ago, and Beasley Kemp give Herman eight dollars for it last summer. How much did you give Beasley? Fifty cents?"

That's what done it. From then on, it was automatic. It wasn't the horse, the trade. It was still a good trade, because in a sense you might say that all Pap give Beasley for it was the straight stock, since the bob-wire and the sorghum mill belonged to Old Man Anse. And it wasn't the harness and the buckboard that Herman Short give Pat Stamper: it was that eight dollars that Beasley give Herman. That's what rankled Pap. Not that he held the eight dollars against Herman, because Herman had done already invested a buckboard and a set of harness. And besides, the eight dollars was still in the county, even if it was out of circulation, belonging to Herman Short, and so it didn't actually matter whether Herman had it or Beasley had it. It was Pat Stamper that rankled Pap. When a man swaps horse for horse, that's one thing. But when cash money starts changing hands, that's something else; and when a stranger comes into the country and starts actual cash money jumping from hand to hand, it's like when a burglar breaks into your house and flings your clothes and truck from place to place even though he don't take nothing: it makes you mad. So it was not jest to unload Beasley's horse back onto Pat Stamper. It was to get Beasley's eight dollars back outen Pat some way. And so it was jest pure fate that had Pat Stamper camped right on the road we would take to Jefferson on the very day when me and Pap went to get Mammy's separator.

So I reckon the rest of it don't even hardly need to be told, except as a kind of sidelight on how, when a man starts out to plan to do something, he jest thinks he is planning: that what he is actually doing is giving the high-ball to misfortune, throwing open the switch and saying, "All right, Bad Luck; come right ahead." So here was Pat Stamper and that nigger magician of hisn camped in Hoke's pasture, right on the road we would have to pass to git to town, and here was Pap on the way to town with two live animals and twenty-seven dollars and sixty-five cents in cash, and feeling that the entire honor and pride of the science and pastime of horse trading in Yoknapatawpha County depended on him to vindicate it. So the rest of it don't even need to be told. I don't need to tell whether me and Pap walked back home or not, because anybody that knows Pat Stamper knows that he never bought a horse or a mule outright in his life; that he swapped you something for it that could at least walk out of sight. So the only point that might interest you is, what was pulling the wagon when we got back home. And what Mammy done when she said, "Where is my separator?" and Pap saying, "Now Vynie; now Vynie—" Yes, sir. When it come down to the trade, it wasn't Pat Stamper after all that Pap was swapping horses with. It was the demon rum.

Because he was desperate. After the first swap he was desperate. Before that he was jest mad, like when you dream you are right in the middle of the track and the train a-coming; it's right on you and you can't run or dodge because all of a sudden you realize you are running in sand and so after a while it don't even matter if the train catches you or not because all you can think about is being mad at the sand. That's how Pap was. For ever mile we made toward Jefferson, the madder Pap got. It wasn't at Beasley's horse, because we nursed it on toward town the same way we nursed it to Varner's store until it begun to sweat. It was them eight cash dollars that that horse represented. I don't even recollect just when and where we found out that Pat Stamper was at Jefferson that day. It might have been at Varner's store. Or it might have been that we never had to be told; that for Pap to carry out the fate that Mammy started when she taunted him about Beasley's horse, Pat Stamper would jest have to be in Jefferson. Because Pap never even taken time to find out where Pat was camped, so that when we did roll into town we had done already swapped. Yes, sir. We went up them long hills with Pap and me walking and Beasley's horse laying into the collar the best it could but with the mule doing most of the pulling and Pap walking on his side of the wagon and cussing Pat Stamper and Herman Short and Beasley Kemp and Jody Varner, and we went down the hills with Pap holding the wagon broke with a sapling pole so it wouldn't shove Beasley's horse through the collar and turn it wrong-side-outward like a sock and Pap still a-cussing Pat Stamper and Herman and Beasley and Varner, until we come to the three-mile bridge and Pap turned off the road and druv into the bushes and taken the mule outen the harness and knotted one rein so I could ride it and give me the quarter and told me to git for town and git the dime's worth of saltpeter and the nickel's worth of tar and the number ten fish hook.

So we didn't git to town until that afternoon. We went straight to Pat Stamper's camp in Hoke's pasture where I had done already passed it twice on the mule, with Beasley's horse laying into the collar sho enough now and its eyes looking nigh as wild as Pap's looked a hour later when we come outen McCaslin's back door with the separator, and foaming a little at the mouth where Pap had rubbed the rest of the saltpeter into its gums and with a couple of as pretty tarred bob-wire cuts on its chest as you could want and another one on its flank where Pap had worked the fish hook under its hide where he could tech it by drooping the rein now and then; yes, sir, turning into Hoke's pasture on two wheels and Pap sawing back on the reins and Pat Stamper's nigger run-

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ning up and grabbing the bridle to keep Beasley's horse from running right into the tent where Pat slept and Pat hisself coming outen the tent with that ere cream-colored Stetson cocked over one eye and them eyes the color of a new plow point and jest about as warm. "That's a pretty lively looking horse you got there," Pat says.

"Hell fire, yes!" Pap says. "It durn nigh killed me and this boy both before I could git it into that ere gate yonder. That's why I got to git shut of it. I expect you to beat me, but I got to trade. So come on and beat me quick and give me something I won't be skeered to walk up to."

And I still believe that Pap was right, that it was the right system. It had been five years since Pat had seen the horse, or anyway since he had unloaded it on Herman Short, so me and Pap figured that the chance of Pat's recognizing it would be about the same as for a burglar to recognize a dollar watch that happened to snag onto his clothes in passing five years ago. And it was the right system, to rush up and say we jest had to trade instead of jest drifting up and hanging around for Pat to persuade us. And Pap wasn't trying to beat Pat bad. All he wanted was to vindicate that ere eight cash dollars. That was it: the eight cash dollars' worth of the pride of Yoknapatawpha County horse trading, and Pap the self-appointed champion and knight doing it not for profit but for honor. And I be dog if I still don't believe it worked, that Pap did fool Pat, and that it was because of what Pat aimed to swap to Pap and not because Pat recognized Beasley's horse, that he refused to trade anyway except team for team. Or I don't know. Maybe Pap was so busy fooling Pat that Pat never had to fool Pap, like a man that has jest *got* to do something, who no matter how hard he tries he jest half does it, while a man that don't care whether he does it or not, does it twice as good with jest half the work. So there we was: the nigger holding the two mules that Pat wanted to swap for our team, and Pat chewing his tobacco slow and gentle and steady and watching Pap with them plow point eyes, and Pap standing there with that look on his face that was desperate not because he was skeered yet but because he was having to think fast, realizing now that he had done got in deeper than he aimed to and that he would either have to shet his eyes and bust on through, or back out and quit. Because right here was where Pat Stamper showed how come he was Pat Stamper. If he had jest started in to show Pap what a bargain he would be getting in them two mules, I reckon Pap would have backed out. But Pat didn't. He fooled Pap exactly like one first-class burglar would purely and simply refuse to tell another first-class burglar where the safe was at.

"But I don't want to swap for a whole team," Pap said. "I already got a good mule. It's the horse I don't want. Trade me a mule for the horse."

"No," Pat said. "I don't want no wild horse neither. Not that I won't trade for anything that can walk, provided I can trade my way. But I ain't going to trade for that horse alone because I don't want it no more than you do. What I am trading for is that mule. And besides, this here team of mine is matched. I aim to get about three times for the pair of them what I would get trading either of them single."

"But you will still have a team to trade with," Pap says.

"No," Pat said. "I aim to get more from you for them than if the team was broken. If it's a single mule you want, you better try somebody else."

So Pap looked at the mules again. That was it. They looked all right. They looked jest exactly all right. They didn't look too good and they didn't look too bad. Neither of them looked quite as good as our mule, but the two of them looked jest a leetle mite better than Beasley's horse and one mule of anybody's. That was it. If they had looked like a bargain, I reckon even I, a twelve-year-old boy, would have had sense enough to tell Pap to come on and let's git outen there. But Lord, I reckon we was doomed from the very second when Jody Varner told about that eight dollars. I reckon Pat Stamper knowed we was doomed the very second he looked up and seen the nigger holding Beasley's horse outen the tent. I reckon he knowed right then that he wouldn't have to try to trade, that all he would need to do would jest to say No long enough. So that's what he done, leaning against our wagon bed with his thumbs hooked into the top of his pants, chewing his tobacco and watching Pap going through the motion of examining them mules again. Because even I knowed that Pap had done already traded, that he had done walked out into what he thought was a spring branch and then found it was quicksand, and now he knowed he couldn't even stop long enough to turn back. "All right," he said. "I'll take them."

So the nigger taken Beasley's horse and the mule outen the wagon and put our new team in, and me and Pap went on to town. And before God, them mules still looked all right. I be dog if I didn't think that maybe Pap had walked into that Stamper quicksand and then got out again. Or maybe it was jest getting outen Stamper's reach with the harness left. Because when we got back into the road and outen sight of Stamper's camp, Pap's face begun to look like it would when he would set on the lot fence at home and tell the fellows how he was a fool about a horse but not a durn fool. It wasn't easy yet; it was jest watchful, setting there and feeling out our new team. We was right at town now and so he wouldn't have much time to feel them out, but we would have a good chance to on the road home. "By Godfrey," Pap said, "if they can walk home a-tall, I have got that ere eight dollars back, durn him."

Because that nigger of Pat Stamper's was a artist. Because I swear to Godfrey them mules looked all right. They jest looked like two ordinary not extry good mules you might see in a hundred wagons on the road. I noticed how they had a kind of jerky way of starting off, first one jerking into the collar and then jerking back and then the other jerking into the collar and then jerking back, and even after we was in the road and the wagon rolling good, one of them taken a spell of some sort and snatched hisself crossways in the traces like he aimed to go back, but then Stamper had jest told us that they was a matched team; he never had said they had worked together as a matched team, and they was a well matched team in the sense that neither one of them seemed to have any idea as to jest when the other one aimed to start moving or what direction it was going to take. But Pap got them straightened out and we went on; we was jest starting up that ere big hill into town, when they popped into a sweat jest like Beasley Kemp's horse done back yonder on the other side of Varner's store. But that was all right; it was hot enough; that was when I first

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taken notice that that rain was going to come up before dark; I mind how I was jest thinking how it was going to ketch us before we got home when this here sweat taken them mules. And that was all right; I didn't blame them for sweating; the trouble was, it was a different kind of sweat from the kind Beasley's horse had given us to expect. I mind how I was looking at a big hot-looking bright cloud over to the southwest when all of a sudden I realized that the wagon had done stopped going forward up the hill and was starting down it backward and then I looked in time to see both them mules this time crossways in the traces and kind of glaring at one another across the tongue and Pap trying to straighten them out and his eyes looking a right smart like the mules' eyes, and then all of a sudden they straightened out and I mind how I thought it was a good thing they happened to have their backs toward the wagon when they did, because I reckon they moved at the same time for the first time in their lives, for the first time since Pap owned them at least; and, gentlemen, here we come swurging up that hill and into town like a roach down a rathole, with the wagon on two wheels and Pap sawing back on the lines and hollering, "Hell fire, hell fire," and folks scattering, and Pap jest managed to swing them into the alley behind McCaslin's store and stopped them by locking our nigh front wheel with another wagon's and the other mules (they was hitched) holp to put the brakes on. So it was a good crowd by then, helping us to git untangled, and Pap led our team on to Uncle Ike's back door and tied them up close to the door handle and me and him went in to get the separator, with the folks still coming up and saying, "It's that team of Stamper's" and Pap kind of breathing hard and looking a right smart less easy in the face than when we had left Stamper's camp even, besides most all-fired watchful, saying, "Come on here. Let's git that durn separator of your mammy's loaded and git outen here." So we give Uncle Ike the rag with Mammy's money in it and me and Pap taken up the separator and started back out to the wagon, to where we had left it. It was still there. I mind how I could see the bed of it where Pap had drawed it up to the door, and I could see the folks from the waist up standing in the alley, and then I realized that it was about twice as many folks looking at our team as it had been when we left. I reckon Pap never noticed it because he was too busy hurrying that 'ere separator along. So I jest stepped aside a little to have a look at what the folks was looking at and then I realized that I could see the front of our wagon and the place where me and Pap had left the mules, but that I couldn't see no mules. So I don't recollect whether I dropped my side of the separator or if Pap dropped hisn or if we still carried it when we come to where we could see out the door and see the mules. They were still there. They were just laying down. Pap had snubbed them right up to the handle of Uncle Ike's back door, with the same rein run through both bits, and now they looked jest exactly like two fellows that had done hung themselves in one of these here suicide packs, with their heads snubbed up together and their tongues hanging out and their necks stretched about four foot and their legs folded back under them like shot rabbits until Pap jumped down and cut the harness. Yes, sir. A artist. He had give them to the exact inch jest enough of whatever it was, to get them into town and off the square before it played out.

And this here is what I meant when I said it was desperation. I can see Pap now, backed off into that corner behind Uncle Ike's plows and cultivators and such, with his face white and his voice shaking and his hand shaking so he couldn't hardly hand me the six bits. "Go to Doc Peabody's store," he says, "and git me a pint of whiskey and git it quick."

Yes, sir. Desperate. It wasn't even quicksand now. It was a whirlpool, and Pap with jest one jump left. He drunk that pint of whiskey in two drinks and set the empty bottle careful in the corner of Uncle Ike's warehouse, and we went back to the wagon. The mules was still up all right, and we loaded the separator in and Pap eased them away careful, with the folks all watching and telling one another it was a Pat Stamper team and Pap setting there with his face red now instead of white and them clouds were heavy and the sun was even gone now but I don't think Pap ever noticed it. And we hadn't eaten too, and I don't think Pap noticed that neither. And I be dog if it didn't seem like Pat Stamper hadn't moved too, standing there at the gate to his stock pen, with that Stetson cocked and his thumbs still hooked into the top of his pants, and Pap setting on the wagon trying to keep his hands from shaking and the team stopped now with their heads down and their legs spraddled and breathing like starting up a sawmill on a Monday morning. "I come to trade back for my team," Pap said.

"What's the matter?" Stamper says. "Don't tell me these are too lively for you, too. They don't look it."

"All right," Pap said. "All right. I jest want my team back. I'll give you four dollars to trade back. That's all I got. And I got to have them. Make your four dollars, and give me my team."

"I ain't got your team," Stamper says. "I didn't want that horse either. I told you that. So I got shet of it right away."

Pap set there for a while. It was all clouded over now, and cooler; you could even smell the rain. "All right," Pap said. "But you still got the mule. All right. I'll take it."

"For what?" Stamper says. "You want to swap that team for your mule?" Sho. Pap wasn't trading. He was desperate, setting there like he couldn't even see, with Stamper leaning easy against the gate and looking at him for a minute. "No," he says. "I don't want them mules. Yours is the best. I wouldn't trade that way, even." He spit, easy and careful, before he looked at Pap again. "Besides, I done included your mule into another team, with another horse. You want to look at it?"

"All right," Pap said. "How much?"

"Don't you even want to see it first?" Stamper says.

"All right," Pap said. So the nigger led out the horse, a little dark brown horse; I remember how even with it clouded up to rain and no sun, how the horse shined; a horse a little bigger than the one we traded Stamper, and hog fat. Yes, sir. That's jest exactly how it was fat: not like a horse is fat but like a hog: fat right up to its ears and looking tight as a drum; it was so fat it couldn't hardly walk, putting its feet down like they didn't have no weight nor feeling in them. "It's too fat to last," Pap said. "It won't even git me home."

"That's what I think myself," Stamper said. "That's why I am willing to git shet of it."

"All right," Pap said. "But I got to try it."

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"Try it?" Stamper said. Pap didn't answer. He jest got down from the wagon careful and went to the horse. It had a hackamore on and Pap taken the rein outen the nigger's hand and started to git on the horse. "Wait," Stamper says. "What you fixing to do?"

"Going to try it," Pap said. "I done traded a horse with you once today." Stamper looked at Pap again for a minute. Then he spit again and kind of stepped back.

"All right," he said. "Help him up, Jim." So the nigger holp Pap onto the horse, only the nigger never had time to jump back because as soon as Pap's weight come onto the horse's back it was like Pap had a live wire in his britches. It throwed Pap hard and Pap got up without no change on his face atall and went back to the horse and taken the hackamore again and the nigger holp him up again, with Stamper standing there with his hands hooked into his pants tops, watching. And the horse slammed Pap off again and Pap got up again with his face jest the same and went back and taken the hackamore from the nigger again when Stamper stopped him. That was exactly how Pap did it, like he wanted the horse to throw him and hard, not to try to hurt hisself, but like the ability of his bones and meat to feel that 'ere hard ground was all he had left to pay for a horse with life enough in it to git us home. "Here, here," Stamper says. "Are you trying to kill yourself?"

"All right," Pap says. "How much?"

"Come on into the tent and have a drink," Stamper says.

So I waited in the wagon. It was beginning to blow a little now, and we hadn't brought no coats with us. But there was some croker sacks in the wagon that Mammy made us bring to wrap her separator in and so I was wrapping the separator up in them when the nigger led out a horse and buggy and then Pap and Stamper come outen the tent and Pap come to the wagon. He never looked at me. He jest reached in and taken the separator outen the sacks and put it into the buggy and then him and Stamper got in and druv away. They went back toward town and then they went out of sight and I seen the nigger watching me. "You fixing to git wet fo you get home," he said.

"I reckon so," I said.

"You want to eat a snack of dinner until they git back?" the nigger said.

"I ain't hungry," I said. So he went on into the tent and I waited in the wagon. Yes, sir, it was most sholy going to rain; I mind how I thought that anyway now we could use the croker sacks to try to keep dry in. Then Pap and Stamper come back and Pap never looked at me neither. He went into the tent and I could see him drinking outen a bottle and then putting the bottle back into his shirt. I reckon Stamper give him that bottle. Pap never said so, but I reckon Stamper did. So then the nigger put our mule and the new horse in the wagon and Pap come outen the tent and got in. Stamper and the nigger both holp him now.

"Don't you reckon you better let the boy drive?" Stamper says.

"I'll drive," Pap said. "By Godfrey, maybe I can't swap a horse with you, but I can still drive it."

"Sho now," Stamper said. "That horse will surprise you."

III

It did. Yes, sir. It surprised us, jest like Stamper said. It happened jest before dark. The rain, the storm, come up before we had gone a mile and we rode in it for two hours before we found a old barn to shelter under, setting hunched under them croker sacks (I mind how I thought how in a way I almost wished Mammy knew we never had the separator because she had wanted it for so long that maybe she would rather for Uncle Ike to own it and it safe and dry, than for her to own it five miles from home in a wagon in the rain) and watching our new horse that was so fat it even put its feet down like they never had no feeling nor weight, that ever now and then, even in the rain, would take a kind of flinching jerk like when Pap's weight came down onto its back at Stamper's camp. But we didn't catch on then, because I was driving now, sho enough, because Pap was laying flat in the wagon bed with the rain popping him in the face and him not even knowing it, and me setting on the seat and watching our new horse change from a black horse into a bay. Because I was jest twelve and me and Pap had always done our horse trading along that country road that run past our lot. So I jest druv into the first shelter I come to and shaken Pap awake. The rain had cooled him off some, but even without that he would have sobered quick. "What?" he says. "What is it?"

"The horse, Pap!" I hollered. "It's done changed color!"

Yes, sir. It sobered him quick. We was both outen the wagon then and Pap's eyes popping sho enough now and a bay horse standing there where he had went to sleep looking at a black one. Because I was jest twelve; it happened too fast for me; I jest mind seeing Pap tech the horse's back at a spot where ever now and then the backband must have teched it (I tell you, that nigger was a artist) and then the next I knowed that horse was plunging and swurging; I remember dodging jest as it slammed into the wall and then me and Pap heard a sound like when a automobile tire picks up a nail: a sound like Whoosh! and then the rest of that shiny fat black horse we had got from Pat Stamper vanished. I don't mean that me and Pap was standing there with jest our mule left. We had a horse too. Only it was the same one we had left home with that morning and that we had swapped Beasley Kemp the sorghum mill and the bob-wire and the straight stock for two weeks ago. We even got our fish hook back, with the barb still bent where Pap had bent it and the nigger had jest moved it a little. But it wasn't until we was home the next day at daylight that we found the hand pump valve behind its off fore leg.

And that's about all. Because Mammy was up and seen us pass, and so after a while we had to go to the house, because me and Pap hadn't et since twenty-four hours ago. So we went to the house, with Mammy standing in the door saying, "Where's my separator?" and Pap saying how he always had been a fool about a horse and he couldn't help it and Mammy couldn't neither and that to jest give him time, and Mammy standing there looking at him and then she begun to cry and it was the first time I ever seen her cry. She cried hard, standing there in her old wrapper, not even hiding her face, saying, "Fool about a horse! Yes, but why the horse? why the horse?"

"Now, Vynie; now, Vynie," Pap said. Then she turned and went back into the house. We didn't go in. We could hear her, but she wasn't in the kitchen, and Pap told me to go around to the kitchen and see if she was fixing breakfast and

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then come down to the lot and tell him, and I did but she wasn't in the kitchen. So we set on the lot fence, and then we seen her coming down the hill from the house; she was dressed and had on her shawl and sunbonnet and her gloves, and she went into the stable without looking at us and we could hear her saddling the mule and Pap told me to go and ask her if she wanted him to help her and I did and she didn't answer and I saw her face that time and so I come back and set on the fence with Pap and we saw her ride out of the barn on the mule. She was leading Beasley Kemp's horse. It was still black in places where the rain had streaked it. "If it hadn't been for that durn rain, we might could have got shet of it," Pap said.

So we went to the house then, and I cooked breakfast and me and Pap et and then Pap taken a nap. He told me to watch for her from the gallery, but me and him neither never much thought to see her soon. We never seen her until next morning. We was cooking breakfast when we heard the wagon and I looked out and it was Odum Tull's wagon and Mammy was getting outen it and I come back to the kitchen jest before Pap left for the stable. "She's got the separator," I told Pap.

"I reckon it didn't happen to be our team in Odum's wagon," Pap said.

"No, sir," I says. So we saw her go into the house with the separator.

"I reckon likely she will wait to put on her old wrapper first," Pap said. "We ought to started breakfast sooner." It did take about that long. And then we could hear it. It made a good strong sound, like it would separate milk good and fast. Then it stopped. "It's too bad she ain't got but the one gallon," Pap said. "You go and look in the kitchen." So I went, and sho enough, she was cooking breakfast. But she wouldn't let us eat it in the kitchen. She handed it out the door to us.

"I am going to be busy in here and I don't aim to have you all in the way," she said. It was all right now. Her face was quiet now; it was jest busy. So me and Pap went out to the well and et, and then we heard the separator again.

"I didn't know it would go through but one time," Pap said.

"Maybe Uncle Ike showed her how to do it," I said.

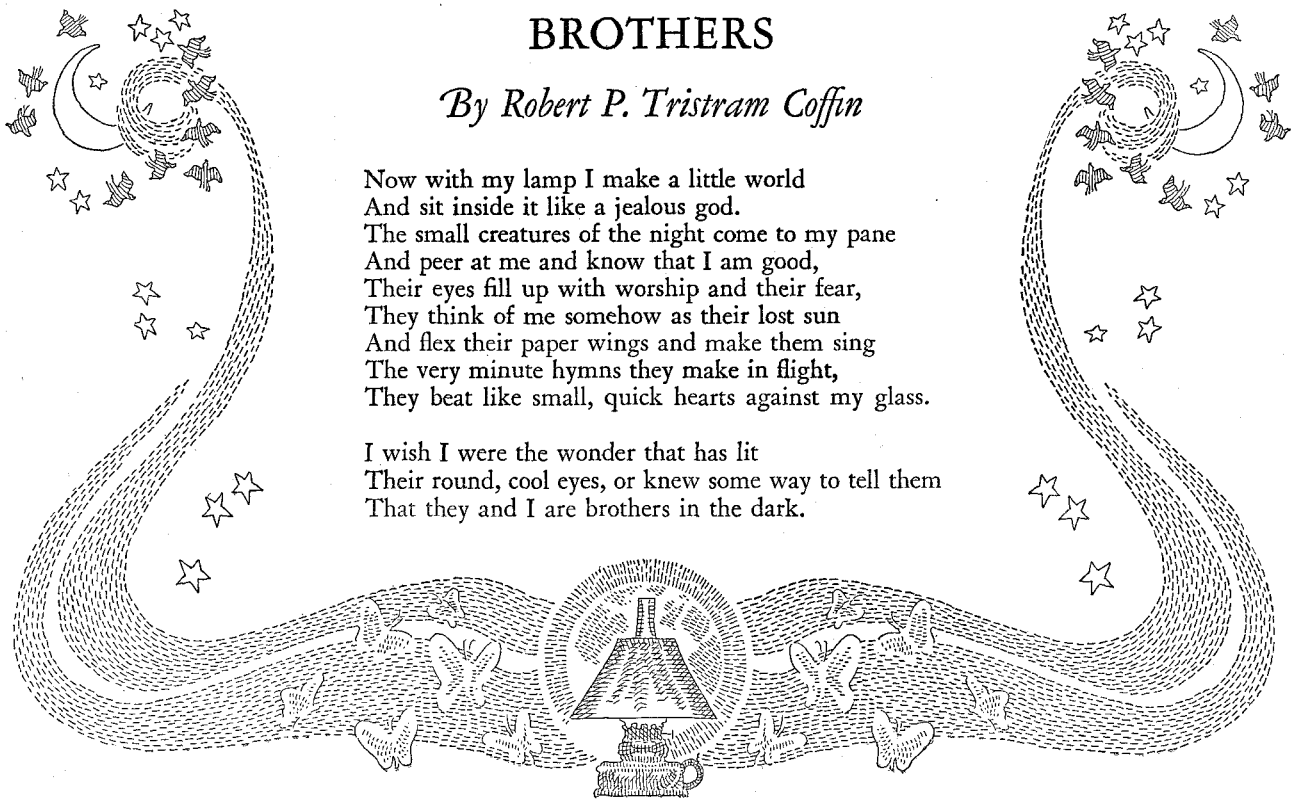
"I reckon she is capable of running it right," Pap said. "Like she wants it to run, anyhow." Then it stopped, and me and Pap started down to the barn but she called us and made us bring the dishes to the kitchen door. Then we went down to the lot and set on the fence, only, like Pap said, without no stock to look at, it wasn't no comfort in it. "I reckon she jest rode up to that durn feller's tent and said, 'Here's your team. Now you git me my separator and git it quick; I got to ketch a ride back home,'" Pap said. And then after a while we heard it again, and that afternoon we walked up to Old Man Anse's to borrow a mule to finish the lower piece with, but he never had none to spare now. So he jest cussed around a while and then we come on back and set on the fence. And sure enough, pretty soon we could hear Mammy starting it up and it running strong and steady, like it would make the milk fly. "She is separating it again," Pap said. "It looks like she is fixing to get a heap of pleasure and comfort outen it."

BROTHERS

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

Now with my lamp I make a little world
And sit inside it like a jealous god.
The small creatures of the night come to my pane
And peer at me and know that I am good,
Their eyes fill up with worship and their fear,
They think of me somehow as their lost sun
And flex their paper wings and make them sing
The very minute hymns they make in flight,
They beat like small, quick hearts against my glass.

I wish I were the wonder that has lit
Their round, cool eyes, or knew some way to tell them
That they and I are brothers in the dark.



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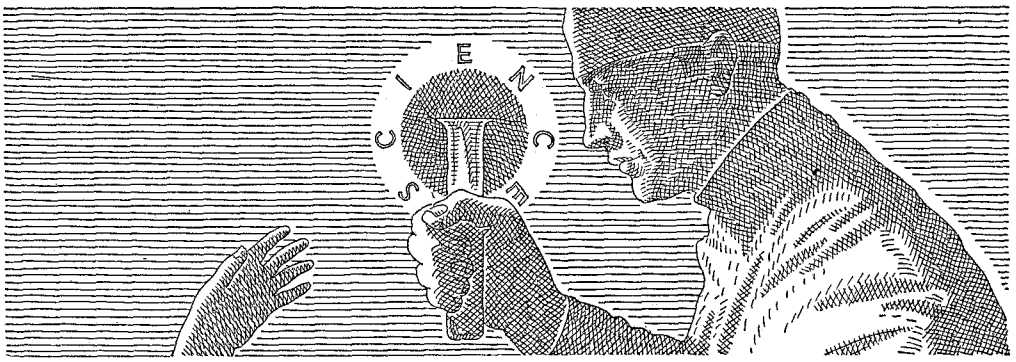

Common Sense About Infantile Paralysis

By Janet Mabie

Remarkable recoveries by those stricken with infantile paralysis are cited by Mrs. Mabie and increasing fine recoveries predicted as soon as the public can be better informed on the subject

ROCKING in her red-carpeted parlor she watched the transcontinental bus go through on the highway a few hundred rods southwest and she said, "I ain't a-goin' to vote for him next time. We need a strong man now."

She had the daguerreotype face of the woman in Grant Wood's *American Gothic*. She spoke in a reasonable tone. She put a curious emphasis on the word *strong*.

The rockers made a comfortable, rhythmic whooshing against the carpet as she answered the question it prompted. "Well," she said, gazing reflectively at the violet shadows of twilight moving along the road, "that infantile p'ralysis. Le's see. When was it, it took him? 1921? That's a long time. You know how it is if you have the rheumatism achin' you for even a week."

Some children, going to the crossroads store for candy and to see a new batch of kittens, were scuffling with each other in the road. The woman watched them meditatively. She was thinking of the country as it would be when she was gone, and the children would receive the legacy of her times. The World War took her sons, and they had come back, but now there was no work for them. People spoke of another war. Give it a little time and it could take those who were children now, scuffling in the shadowy road.

She was not one of these women who sit in the front row and rasp over every item of business at Town Meeting. Her husband had had a term in the State Legislature, another as selectman, another as road agent. She left politics to him. She reads the papers, uses her vote, but is troubled now over the great behemoth the government has become. She doesn't think government should race after new-fangled ideas "like boys too big for their britches." And she thinks there had better be a change at the next election. It is strange, but somehow the fact of a case of infantile paralysis has crystallized all this in her mind.

Yet she would be absolutely horror-stricken at the very thought of being a part of a whispering campaign. It is very possible she doesn't even know she has got hold of an idea that gained dangerous momentum in 1931—the bearing an attack of infantile paralysis could have upon a man's fitness for the complex and arduous duties of the Chief Executive.

In itself a whispering campaign is usually a natural barnacle of politics. This one happens to couple an unusual physical history with the supposedly menacing fact that the years 1933–36 have been years in which the inherences of the national situation were of such magnitude that of course the organism of the man would cave in.

A whispering campaign is, of course, definitely psychological. It is begun in cold malice and feeds on ignorance. As it percolates it gets to people who are not malicious themselves, but who perceive in its basis what they think is logical and make the mistake—but the honest one—of accepting it. This woman, rocking in the parlor, was one of these.

In 1931 Mr. Roosevelt, with good humor, common sense, realism, and the unselfish impulse to put even such a shabby crudity to constructive use, that the public might more widely understand the disease and its effects, had three eminent surgeons go over him and submit their findings for impartial communication to the country in print. Their findings represented the whole truth on the subject for all time, but you can paraphrase a famous saying, realizing that ten thousand surgeons could tell some people "the incredible, and only make them *dis*believe."

This year the President couldn't very well have in three more surgeons, to do the thing all over again. Obviously the malicious won't be shut up. And the honestly mistaken and the echoing ignorant require patient explanation.

We think of infantile paralysis as a strictly modern disease. On the contrary, it is a strictly ancient disease. It appeared in the case notes of Hippocrates. Sir Walter Scott was lame all his life from a paralysis suffered in the right leg when he was a baby. No

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treatment ever completely dissipated the paralysis, but he brought to bear on himself what he described as "the fine impatience of childhood," with such success that the infirmity didn't blight his life.

It isn't possible to make a geographic prophecy about infantile paralysis. In 1934 it struck hardest in California. In 1935 in North Carolina and Alaska. In 1936 it may be New England or the South, or the Middle West; or it may, in the sense of a numerically severe onset, not strike at all. But if, as, and when the public is justified in feeling that, giving proper treatment time to do so, it can and will do away with the majority of possible deformities, increasing fine recoveries will be made. More people will be enabled to catch up and hold their own with their fellow men in active and useful fields. And almost no victim of the disease need become a public charge.

Though the origin, and some aspects of the nature of the disease will continue to be classed as one of the major mysteries of medicine until the germ is isolated and its specific behavior analyzed, this does not mean at all that physicians are in the dark about what to do to repair a considerable part of the damage that can be done by it. The fight for complete knowledge and control of poliomyelitis has taken on a national character, in consequence of the militant cooperation of orthopedic surgeons, physicians, university authorities, public-spirited laymen and victims of the disease themselves who, beside developing a courageous determination in their own behalf not to be ruled out of a place in the world's work by mechanical handicap, have intelligently united to help research. This combination of forces obviously underlies the fact that larger funds than ever are available for allocation this year to research and community clinics. The public gave generously to the President's Birthday Gift and already grants have been made from it for extensions of research. As is pretty widely known, 70 per cent of the Gift is left in the communities where it is raised, to carry on given poliomyelitis work; and the other 30 per cent is available for grants to some ten or a dozen universities and hospital units for intensive research.

For the practical knowledge of the layman, infantile paralysis can be simply defined. It is an infection which strikes at the motor nerves of the spinal cord. Since it is these nerves which transmit impulses of movement from the brain to the muscles, any inflammation which injures or destroys them, weakens or completely paralyzes the connecting muscles, which become useless.

The disease fastens on more children than adults. But maturity is no guaranty of immunity. The disease can be caught by one person from another, as measles and scarlet fever can be caught. Many people, however, must be naturally immune, as they are to other infections, because it has often been found that only one individual, out of several presumed to have been exposed in common, will have caught the disease.

Observation and exhaustive records have revealed a general space and time association between cases but, though diagnosticians often literally fly, at all hours of the day or night, at the call of local physicians, it has been the exception rather than the rule to be able to connect absolute exposure and an onset with a previous case; and an even more elusive matter to relate groups of cases to a common source of infection.

This may sound surprising in view of frequent flat-footed statements made by laymen about the origin of a case. For instance, there is the widespread popular conviction that infantile paralysis is caught in swimming. It is probably based on an association of ideas, but there is nothing to prove it is a fact.

Observe how such an idea spreads.

At a club just outside metropolitan New York one day last summer, some very small children were being pummelled about by the surf, though there was a beautiful and infinitely more comfortable pool at hand.

When their father was asked why the children were in the surf instead of the pool he said, "Oh, there's infantile paralysis in the pool!"

Nonsense. It is simply not possible to say "infantile paralysis is" in any given environment. Since science has not discovered whence it strikes, how can its environment be fixed?

Looking for some reasonable explanation of this dangerous assertion, however, it seems possible the man may have known some member of the club who used the pool and who also developed infantile paralysis. The two facts may very well have had not the slightest relation as to time element. The man may have added some lingering fragment from the back of his mind concerning the generally known history of Mr. Roosevelt's case, suffered immediately after a swim. But it is inaccurate and dangerous to generalize about the disease being caught during swimming.

And speaking of Mr. Roosevelt there is no better proof that fine recoveries can be made, and the individual returned to useful work in the world. As a document of sheer human interest, it is a telling item with which to inspire the attitude of mind desirable in the public, with respect to infantile paralysis.

The very first day after he was struck down that he was able to think about himself at all, in terms of living the rest of his life, Mr. Roosevelt took the flat view that he would recover, and make himself useful in the world again.

The leading specialist in infantile paralysis at that time in the country was called in. He was Doctor Robert W. Lovett of Boston. He is dead now. But the words he spoke at the time live after him to make a measure by which to appraise what has happened to Franklin Roosevelt, in the most dramatic sense of the word under his own power, in the years 1921–1936.

This is what Doctor Lovett said:

> It is impossible to tell what will happen. Instances of an attack of this kind in a man of Mr. Roosevelt's age are too rare to provide statistics that are satisfactory. But I can tell you frankly this much; though the condition will grow no worse, his improvement will be very slight *unless* he has the most extraordinary will and patience. It will mean hours, days, weeks, months, and years of constant effort, to bring the muscles back; efforts which must not be relaxed for a single day. My experience has been that very few people possess the courage and determination to make this fight. *But if his interest in resuming active life is great enough, is strong enough, then there is undoubtedly a chance.*

It is often to be heard that the victor over a severe mechanical disability will slide over into a fixation that he has, in reality, conquered the world, and will look upon himself as omnipotent.

Psychologically, of course, it is perfectly sound to assume in theory that the effect of losing the ability to move freely *may* lead to that sublimation and

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heavier burdening of the other faculties which, in turn, *may* express itself in a determination to rule everything in sight. Historical instances to illustrate the theory are well known. Alexander Woollcott has incomparably reported the legend—or fact, who knows?—of the Spanish statesman, unbelievably deformed, who left the super-brilliant stamp of his career on the history of Spain, as a residue of a consolidation in the mental of all the powers which, in a normal man, would have been distributed between mental and physical.

Psychologically man's sense of power over all of life lies in his physical command of movement. Movement is rooted in the legs. Yet orthopedic surgeons will tell you that a man who retains his arms and torso, though his legs be permanently paralyzed, is a man retaining a very definitely solvent treasury of potential power.

As far as Franklin Roosevelt is concerned, up to 1921 when he was stricken, his was a jovial and excessively optimistic personality; his smile was wide; his voice full and hearty; he had scads of friends, and a definite executive flair, and he never lagged behind, while others led.

Therefore, giving a reasonable benefit of the doubt to the supposition that he has come, by conquering a disease, to the mental set of a man who has conquered the world, may it not be possible rather to suppose that, after a long and tragic apprenticeship in the close legion of the virtually helpless, he simply managed, by bending a superb spirit and determination to the task, to come back to a close approximation of an original self?

In itself, infantile paralysis is a short-term disease. A week or two of sickness, three weeks of quarantine, a convalescence of a few weeks more, and the disease itself is over and done with, leaving a greater or lesser amount of mechanical wreckage in its wake.

How does the disease show itself?

Its onset, explained by Doctor Arthur T. Legg, Surgeon to the Harvard Infantile Paralysis Commission, resembles the onset of any of several perfectly conventional contagious diseases.

The patient who has been perfectly well may suddenly slow down, grow variously drowsy and restless, exhibit a sharp reluctance to play, or work, or have anything to do with the customary round of life. Being feverish and irritable, he will rebel at being moved. He may complain of a sore throat, be nauseated, complain of a pain in the abdomen, legs, arms, back, or back of the neck.

Many of these are symptoms common to simple and purely transitory upsets. But any stiffness in the spine and neck, accompanied by a temperature, a disinclination or inability to bend the head forward to the chest and move it from side to side—"because it hurts"—is reason enough to call the doctor.

The early symptoms will not necessarily predict the severity of the disease and its damage. In some cases, though the early symptoms have been disarmingly mild, the patient was unable to move a leg or an arm in a space of 24 to 72 hours. On the other hand, patients unmistakably sick with the first stages of certain infantile, have developed little paralysis or none at all, and the whole thing has passed almost as quickly as it came, leaving not a trace. There are many authenticated instances in which a patient had the disease in such a mild form that the attack was little noticed, and not catalogued at all until later, as infantile. This is a disturbing form, it must be admitted, because the risk is run of unwittingly spreading the contagion, since the difficulty came and went without the patient being isolated.

Take a concrete instance of such a case, reported by Miss Jessie L. Stevenson, Supervisor of the Chicago Visiting Nurse Association.

A visiting nurse had occasion to call upon a family in an outlying section of Chicago and chanced to see a girl of nine, crawling about on the floor, knees contracted almost to the hips, both feet deformed.

It turned out that the child had had infantile paralysis at the age of two and, though there had apparently been some sporadic treatment, it had been helter skelter and largely ineffectual.

The nurse persuaded the family to let the child be taken to the orthopedic clinic in a Visiting Nurse Association ambulance. A few months later she was admittted to hospital. During nine months numerous and extensive operations were performed. Then she was put back in the care of the Visiting Nurse Association, with directions for systematic massage and muscle-training exercises, and instruction in walking with braces and crutches.

The child responded readily to the treatment and soon was able to walk everywhere. The following September, instead of being doomed to crawl aimlessly about the floor of her home, living her life on fragments of ill-assorted interest and occupation, she went to a special school for crippled children. By Christmas she had progressed in triumph from the first to the third grade, and to a degree of mental good cheer as beneficial as it was surprising.

They were lucky with that case. But if doctors had been consulted sooner, several of those seven years of incredibly handicapped activity might very well have been spared the child. For if a doctor has access to a case as soon as the weakness and paralysis has set in, on arms or legs or both, he has a good working chance of preventing those crippling after-effects of the disease which are its most frightening aspect.

However, if a paralysis has got the jump, he will still be able to show how to care for and move the patient to positions which will in all probability influence the duration and extent of deformity and crippling.

There is considerable misapprehension about the scope of an attack of infantile on the organism. It is a comparatively common thing to find people who believe that infantile paralysis disturbs the mental as well as physical faculties. This is partly due to the measure of mystery about the origin of the disease, but it is not sound.

Affecting that part of the nervous system centered in the spinal cord and controlling muscle action, the disease produces a paralysis which manifests itself in a mechanical disability. But it *is* mechanical, and it is no more sinister in its actual effect on a man's other powers than, say, the loss of a leg in a common street accident. Yesterday such a man had the use of his leg. Today he has not. But, granting his life job is of a mental or executive nature he is not, beyond the process of readjustment, comprehensively impaired, for he never did any mental work with his leg and its loss is, therefore, totally unrelated to any but mechanical powers.

Naturally, when it is established that there is a case of infantile, the first de-

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mand of the family will be to know what the outcome is going to be.

The most skilled specialist in the world will be quite unable to say at that stage, and it is immeasurably wiser not to insist on any attempt to say, but put first things first, focusing the collective mind as composedly as possible on a realistic attitude which will help the patient to get well.

In the early stages of infantile the patient will need only two things: rest and quiet.

The physician will report the case to the health authorities. The patient will be isolated. The question of administering serum will arise.

The family may insist that it be given, or may forbid it—according to what they have heard about its efficacy. The decision ought to rest with the physician. The likelihood is that it will be given, but the whole question of serum treatment is in debate and results of its use have varied widely. In 1931, in one center, it was given to one half, and withheld from the other half, of a given number of patients, and no evidence made it certain that those who received it fared better than those who did not. In 1934 the California authorities were so satisfied with the use of serum in their phenomenally severe siege that, in 1935, it was included in the technic of treatment. But open and shut statistics are still lacking to prove the absolute effectiveness of convalescent serum in a majority of cases.

One thing is certain. To be effective, it must be administered before any paralysis sets in. Many physicians who have used it confidently believe it not only lessened paralysis, but the chances of death as well. Certainly, in the opinion of Doctor Legg, it can do no harm. It may do much good.

Paralysis, or whatever weakness is involved, will generally take place about 24 to 36 hours after the first symptoms of the upset are apparent. Pain will seize the arms or legs, sometimes both. Proportionately, death seldom occurs; but if it does, it will be due in the majority of cases to a paralysis of respiratory muscles.

When paralysis sets in, the disease itself is over.

Then a complete examination of all the muscles can be made, to find out which, specifically, have become involved. It will not be time to do anything about bringing them back to power, because the patient must have complete rest until all sense of soreness has entirely worn off.

This is the period which requires a Job-like patience in all who have anything to do with the patient. Clouds of "Now my doctor said to do this!" witnesses will suddenly appear, armed with all kinds of *absolutely reliable* advice for quick restoration.

There *is* no quick cure for infantile paralysis, and no honest physician ever can or does promise one. And no layman, honestly interested in recovery of the patient's muscular powers, should introduce hearsay information to the situation.

The great thing, though, is that, backed by patience and care, and a willingness to let time have its share in the proceedings, a great deal can be done to prevent most of the possible deformities. Practically every case can and will be restored to walking power under proper treatment, though some will require braces and crutches for less or greater periods of time.

Take the case of Clara, who was badly paralyzed, and who was referred to the Visiting Nurse Association of her community for care.

Clara's mother supported the family by working in a candy store.

Clara's father was a semi-invalid.

Both Clara's legs and her abdominal muscles were severely paralyzed. She needed wire splints to support the feet at right angles; she needed salt baths; and light massage, as soon as the soreness had disappeared.

She was taken to the Visiting Nurse Association clinic.

The nurses and Clara's father made the splints of screening, reinforced with an aluminum footpiece. A canvas hammock was made for the bathtub. For several months the nurse came to the house three times a week; on the other days, the child was treated by other members of her family. Careful attention was always paid to her position. She was not allowed to sit, because of the weakened abdominal muscles, and a tendency of other muscles to contract at the hips. A piece of beaver board was put under the mattress to prevent the sagging of her bed, which would have aggravated her nerves as well as her muscles.

When a wheel chair was possible, an adjustable one was secured. After six weeks, massage and exercises were begun. Muscle power began to reappear, slowly but perceptibly. At the end of the year Clara could have braces, and these were purchased through the Loan Fund of the Visiting Nurse Association.

Then came Clara's long, courageous fight, and that of the nurse and the parents, to restore a severely paralyzed child to approximate muscular solvency. In a program of intelligently adapted scientific care, the conscientious, unhurried—and what is equally important—unflurried cooperation of the family, became of indispensable value. The people were poor and certainly underprivileged. But they kept their heads, shut out well-wishing but ignorant outsiders with fistfuls of advice, obeyed instructions, and all worked together for the common goal—the restoration of Clara.

Public health units of most states issue booklets, giving simply phrased findings of leading research men, diagnosticians and orthopedic surgeons, together with some simple recommendations designed to inspire a sane, composed public attitude of mind. The Harvard Infantile Paralysis Commission long since gathered together and arranged its more generally assimilable findings for the common-sense guidance of people who make it a matter of course to possess factual information about all public health matters, against emergency.

The Harvard Infantile Paralysis Commission was set up in 1916 by the Corporation of Harvard University, to help Greater Boston physicians to diagnose the infection promptly by laboratory methods, and to put at the disposal of any physicians who wanted it, immune human blood serum which, especially in the New York epidemic of the early summer of 1916, was found extensively useful and favorably reported on.

The goal of all treatment of infantile, once the acute stage is past, is to prevent development of deformity as far as possible, and to restore power to weakened or paralyzed muscles. Most of the potential deformities *can* be prevented, if the cases are brought under the right treatment at, or very soon after, the onset. Severe deformities, in untreated cases, are due to the contrac-

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tion of unparalyzed muscles, summarily shut off from the normal, antagonistic action of neighboring muscles weakened under impact of the disease. It is muscles pulling against muscles that keep the whole muscular fabric in trim; and if some, through weakness, are unable to do their share of the pulling, even the strong muscles suffer.

It is definitely not true that nothing can be done for patients having such terrible deformities as legs drawn up to the trunk, bad curves in the spine, some even condemned, it would seem, to a life of crawling about on all fours. The child in Chicago is a good case in point.

But the thing the layman needs to understand is that the restoration process is a slow one. One hears of children being encouraged to walk—even to run—as soon and as much as possible—if they can leave their beds at all—on the theory that exercise of the muscles will quickly restore their strength. On the contrary, a patient put under such pressure may lose strength and possibly part of the chance of recovery, through being subject during a critical period, when the muscles demand rest and only the most delicate handling, to being repeatedly overtired.

The restoration process is long and tedious because of the alliance between muscles and nerves. If the nerves in the affected muscular area have been completely destroyed, no power will be regained by the muscles. But if the nerve supply has only been injured, or partially destroyed, a physician is right in assuring the patient that a good deal of improvement can certainly be made, and that many of the muscles will make a complete recovery. It is fairly established that about 50 per cent of completely paralyzed muscles do regain some power, some even recovering normal strength if properly treated.

It can always be said that a patient with good arms can be enabled to walk again, with the help of braces and crutches, even if both legs are totally useless at the outset. Many patients, with badly weakened arms and trunk, in addition to helpless legs, can be taught to walk for short distances in properly constructed apparatus. If serious deformities are carefully treated, there should remain not more than a few patients out of many thousands too badly paralyzed to be taught to walk again with apparatus. A long period of massage and muscle training, scientifically developed and carefully carried out with the conscientious cooperation of parents and patient, will be necessary. When the muscles are coaxed to reassume their several responsibilities again, power will begin to return—by barely perceptible degrees at first, later more apparently.

In simple terms, the muscles must go to school again as in infancy. The education is by the most gradual steps. At first the layman, looking on, would hardly say the exercises were exercises at all. But they are. More and more under-water treatment is being used. It was originated for such cases in Chicago, and is extensively used at the Children's Hospital in Boston, at Warm Springs Foundation in Georgia, and elsewhere.

If a feeling of hopelessness and terror grips you at the thought of what the disease can do to its victims, take an hour some day and visit some hospital where there is a pool for the treatment. You will be surprised at the spectacle of patients laughing and enjoying a considerable measure of physical comfort in the pool, under the care of workers in bathing suits who know how to make the water do a useful work while the patients are, in effect, merely in for a swim.

There has been an enormous gain in public interest in equipping hospitals with pools for this purpose. The fact of pools at some centers and not at others has suggested the idea that infantile cannot be properly treated without a pool and that, conversely, it is only necessary to raise the money to get a patient to a place where there is a pool, to insure complete and quick recovery.

True, many cases have shown outstanding gains through the use of exercise pools, but it would be a mistake to say that pool treatment is a sure cure. It has been found by Miss Janet B. Merrill, in charge of the work at the Children's Hospital in Boston, and an outstanding authority on the subject, that some patients find little, if any, additional therapeutic value in the pool, over and above what they receive from skilled treatment in the re-education of muscles in their own homes or in clinics, on dry land. But the pools are something for people to remember who may be able to make memorial or other gifts to their communities, for, aside from their therapeutic possibilities, there is a certain pleasantness—and consequent helpfulness to the patient's spirits—about taking exercises under water, which more than justifies the expense involved. Pool treatment at least makes a grateful change, and there is no more monotonous recovery in this world than the recovery from infantile; thus anything that will provide a psychological as well as physical variety and recreation is well done. Practically, of course, it is the buoyancy of the water, letting patients carry out motions they could not otherwise manage at all, which is helpful. And even if there is no great muscular gain, there is a mental one that is valuable in its own way.

The Drinker-Shaw respirator is another thing for people to think about who can make gifts. It is far more than a machine to hold off death from asphyxiation. A patient undergoing intense difficulty in breathing is able in the respirator to relax in comfort, to sleep and otherwise be freed of the responsibility of breathing merely to keep alive. It is hard for most of us to realize what a personal burden and responsibility breathing is, until we haven't the strength to do it. Mankind has reason to be grateful to the young Boston inventor who devised the machine which would take the job off our hands in case of need, and do it well and without undue discomfort to us. The use of the respirator will vary with the individual case. Sometimes a patient does very well during the day under his own steam, but is more comfortable spending the night in the respirator. Or two or three hours, now and again, may be what is needed. The machine simply maintains breathing artificially, by controlling pressure around the body. Who can fail to be moved by the comment of a little boy who spent four months in one at Bader Building of the Children's Hospital in Boston, lying on his stomach, head down, so that his sole vista was a wall, a floor, and two corners of a bare white room. When he was able to get along outside the respirator, they asked him if he wasn't glad, and he laughed and said, "Well, yes; I used to get tired of those corners, and that floor, and the wall; but then, I used to be glad I was even alive to know there were two

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corners, and that floor, and the wall!"

People ask, if there is an outbreak of infantile paralysis, shall I keep my children out of school?

The local authorities will have something to say about it, on the basis of existing conditions. But in general, even if there are many cases, children who escape the disease are better off in school unless there is an epidemic, and then the schools will be closed anyhow. Of course in general no wise person allows children to mingle with crowds, or go to movies, picnics, or ride in crowded trains or boats, when there are any number of cases.

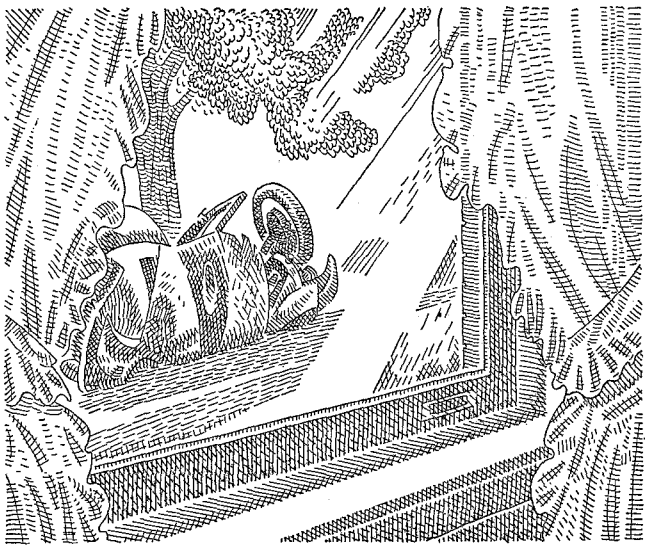
Don't let any one tell you that you might just as well quit, if you get infantile paralysis. Two or three years ago I saw a boy who was a freshman in college, flat on his back, badly injured by the disease, and certainly not looking to me as if he'd ever see the campus again. The other day I heard that he goes to all his classes in a wheel chair, is going to graduate with his class, has time to edit a magazine for people who have had the disease and, furthermore, that he is slated for a creative job on graduation that will be a permanent career for him as long as he wants it.

The recoveries made by literally thousands of cases, and the adapting of remaining powers, by those with some permanent mechanical handicap, to new combinations of usefulness, can put many of us to shame who have all our so-called faculties.

What is needed is a wide public cultivation of an informed and unhysterical point of view, based on well-substantiated findings. It may seem disturbing that the germ has not been isolated and that we are, therefore, still in the dark about how the disease strikes. But we don't know the cause of measles, and it is a long time since there was any public hysteria about measles!

Medical and surgical science has learned many ways of dealing with the mechanical residue of the actual illness. Aided and abetted by a self-controlled and reasonable public, it will go much farther. There will be increasing fine recoveries. Increasing numbers able to catch up and hold their own with their fellow men, without asking any quarter for physical handicap.

Science says all this is the truth. And science is no scandal-monger.



Pretty Little Mrs. Harper

A STORY

By John O'Hara

THE Newark paper was spread out on the dining-room table and Mrs. Richards was reading it. She held the northwest corner of the spread paper in her left hand, the northeast corner in her right hand. She read fairly carefully, and she had to lift her elbows to see whether they were hiding anything. So far she had found one item of interest: the mother of a girl she had gone to school with and never liked was not expected to live, having been struck by a hit-and-run driver right on the main street up in Boonton. Burton would be indignant, but pleased. That is, this sort of thing seemed to uphold him in his twenty-year fight against the motor car. He would not own one of the damn things, and when he heard about a thing like this he would connect it up right away with his stand in refusing to buy a car. Mrs. Richards privately challenged the logic of her husband's argument, but of course she never came right out and said: "If you had a car, would that mean you had to be a hit-and-run driver?" Instead she long since had given up what never had been a very active campaign to buy a car, and on Sundays when the Richardses went visiting friends in Nutley and Bloomfield and Boonton, they either patronized the public utilities or they went with friends who had a car.

Mrs. Richards was reading her paper when she heard the distant but distinct sound of the Harpers' door closing. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Harper were the young couple who occupied the downstairs part of the two-family house in which Mr. and Mrs. Richards made their home. (The Harpers, incidentally, had a Chevvy coach in their half of the two-car garage.) A minute or two after the door closed Mrs. Harper could be heard singing:

Izza nittah love-uh-ly day to be cote in the rain?
(lah-lee, lee-lah, lah-lee)
You wah goeen on your way but you hanna re*main*.

On *main* Mrs. Harper had to go an octave lower, having started too high for her voice, which was contralto. It was interrupted singing, and Mrs.

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Richards could tell by it that Mrs. Harper was busy at housework. Mrs. Richards sometimes hummed a little that way herself, although nothing that Mr. Berlin had written with Ginger Rogers in mind. Mrs. Richards had not mastered a tune more recent than "It Happened in Monterey," and she did not know the words of that.

Mrs. Richards was thinking that it was strange Mrs. Harper was only just getting around to making the beds—at least that was her guess; she knew Mrs. Harper's singing was coming from the Harper bedroom. She was thinking this when she heard a key in her own front door, a sound that was followed immediately by whistling. The whistling sounded like the first four notes of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." Mr. Richards. Then his footsteps on the stairs, then Burton himself.

He leaned over, taking off his hat at the same time that he kissed his wife just in front of the ear. He placed the commuter-folded *Sun* on top of the Newark paper. "You must have got the five-forty-two."

"No. Mr. Harper gave me a lift from Amherst Place."

"Almost all the way from the station. Well, that accounts for it. Where is Mr. Harper? I didn't hear his car in the driveway."

"I left him out front. Had to go fill the tank with gas. Fill the tank, fill the tank. He made a very laughable remark. He said to me, 'Mr. Richards, these darn things six-bits you to death.' And then he said to me how would I like to buy the car? And I said why, was he thinking of selling? And he said he'd sell it at the drop of a hat but his wife had to have a car to do the marketing and so on, and I thought, well, not every wife has to have a car to do her marketing in, but of course I didn't say it, but I guess he knew what I was thinking, because I said to him: 'Look out, young fellow,' I said, 'maybe I might take you up,' and he said oh, he supposed he'd have to keep it. His wife had so many——"

"Sh-h-h. Listen," said Mrs. Richards.

"What?"

"He's home," said Mrs. Richards. She got up and took a chair near the register and leaned forward a little. "They're going to have a fight."

"Well, personally——"

"Sh-h-h. I want to hear this. They started this this morning, long after you went to business. I think they're going to separate."

"Aw, what kind of talk is that? They've been *married* five years."

"They won't be another five. Come here, Burton. Listen." As he took a chair near hers she gave him the synopsis of the Harpers' intra-marital strife. ". . . You were asleep, but he came home around midnight and she came home it must have been after two. They started in this morning and I'll bet he was good and late for work. Listen to him swear at her."

They both listened: "You were!" Mr. Harper was saying.

"Oh, no. Oh-ho, no. Don't start that again. You were the first," Mrs. Harper replied.

"You'd have one hell of a time proving that," said Mr. Harper.

"Sh-sh. I'll open the register," said Mrs. Richards.

"Don't, it'll squeak and they'll—" said Mr. Richards.

But it opened without squeaking, and the Harpers' voices came through fine, with Mr. Harper's sides of the scene rather repetitiously profane and then no word from Mrs. Harper at all. Mr. Harper stopped, too, after a while, and Mr. Richards looked almost accusingly at his wife, as though she were in some way responsible for the developments downstairs: "I thought they got along all *right,*" he said. "That sounded as if she'd been carrying on with some other fellow."

"He certainly accused her of it," said Mrs. Richards. "Well, any man that talks that way to his wife isn't fit to associate with decent people. It's no wonder she stays out till all hours of the night with other men."

"Huh. She was probably only waiting for an excuse, that stripe."

"I don't believe it," said Mrs. Richards.

"You don't know anything at all about it."

"I know this much: when they first came here you said yourself what a nice little thing she was. She was all right then— It was him that changed her, not her that changed him. He had a cruel face, a real mean look about him."

"Aw, bush-wah."

"Bush-wah, you," said Mrs. Richards.

It was like a slap in the face. Mr. Richards got the way he could get; a kind of dignified surprise came over him, then confusion, and he retired to the bathroom.

Mrs. Richards began to be sorry she had answered him—had given him as good as he sent—but her mind was taken away from her husband, for the Harpers suddenly were at it again, this time from opposite ends of their apartment. Mr. Harper was complaining about the lack of clean shirts and of things generally in their life, ending with what could he expect of the low person he had married? Mrs. Harper said she had had just about enough and was going, and he said go ahead and told her to go to some one named Bobby and she said she would, and if he wanted to know so much she had been with him that very afternoon. Mrs. Harper was crying and, Mrs. Richards figured, was talking while she found her hat and coat. Then the door of the Harpers' apartment slammed and Mrs. Richards went to the bay window and watched pretty little Mrs. Harper running to the Chevvy, which was parked at the curb. The car started, jumping forward as Mrs. Harper took her foot off the clutch; then second, very fast, then high, very fast, then the car was almost across the through street that crossed up at the corner, but the Chevvy never got all the way across.

Mrs. Richards screamed. She saw it all.

The high-speed bus going along the through street seemed to punch the Chevvy, smack, smack, and pushed it aside, angrily, against a tree. If a small dog had been in a crate in the Chevvy he could not have lived, and Mrs. Richards knew that it was a body and not pretty little Mrs. Harper that those shouting men were going to take out of that car.

Mr. Richards rushed into the room and his wife, sobbing, pointed to the wreck. In that clear picture of the future that you sometimes get at times like that, Mrs. Richards knew that her husband never would be mean about Mrs. Harper, but she did not want him to touch her. She wished he would go downstairs and stay with Mr. Harper, where he belonged.

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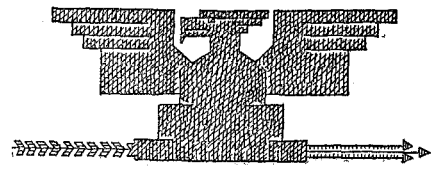
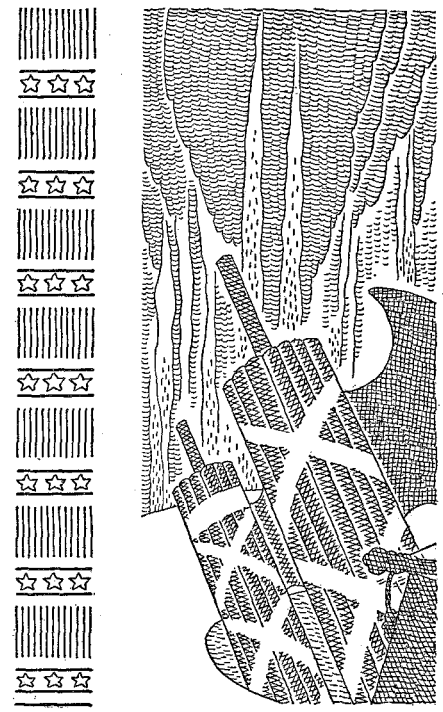


Path for Liberals

By Nathaniel Peffer

A positive program must be adopted immediately by the liberals, says Mr. Peffer, if the present menace to liberty is to be removed and a safeguard found



The triumphant air of vindication worn by liberals today leaves me a little uneasy. Liberals are taking too much comfort out of Italy, Germany, and Soviet Russia. They look at the mad escapade of Mussolini in Africa, the sadistic exercises in Germany, and the punic purges in Russia, and they cry Q.E.D. Dictatorship is proved hideous by its own acts. The lure of dictatorship in democratic countries during the lean and desperate years has faded, and we can breathe easier. A dangerous *non sequitur*, I call it. The peans of victory are premature. We may be letting down our defenses too soon.

It is curious how liberals are always bent on proving that liberty offers a more satisfying way of life and liberalism a more dignified attitude to life than submission to dictatorship. They are always persuasively citing corroborative evidence out of the antics of a Mussolini or the purges of a Hitler or Stalin. But who that is not crassly ignorant or hopelessly psychotic disputes them? What normal human being wants dictatorship for its own sake or, if in his right mind, seriously prefers having his acts, words, thoughts, feelings, and manner of verbal expression prescribed for him on penalty of imprisonment in a detention camp, expropriation, or worse? All the arguments, drawn from countries under dictators to prove that dictatorship is an affront to human dignity and a derogation of all that differentiates human beings from savages, are superfluous. On that question there is no debate. The question is rather whether and how dictatorship can be prevented and whether a society organized on free institutions is feasible.

I use the word feasible in more than one sense. I mean, first, can you prevent the Hitlers or Mussolinis or Stalins from seizing power in such a society and, second, is a society founded on principles of individual liberty and democratic institutions workable under contemporary conditions? The first is the more pressing and the more practical. It is also the harder to answer. Certainly it cannot be answered by abstract arguments or by derisive citations from countries under dictators. The point is that whether it is agreeable or not, whether we like it or not, the whole drift of the present is toward dictatorship. And the fact that Mussolini may come a cropper in Africa is irrelevant. That will arrest, not end, the drift. Unless we set in counter-drifts, which we can do only by attacking the conditions that put force and momentum behind the existing trend, we shall get dictatorship. I for one am tired of having it proved to me that democracy is better than dictatorship. I know that. I want to be shown how we can stiffen democracy's defenses by giving it a weightier content.

When I am asked in a note of challenge whether I can resign myself to the loss of liberty, I ask in return, what do we mean by liberty? Just what is it that we are willing to make sacrifices to preserve—as I for one am willing? I assume that one who says he prizes liberty as a value is not talking or thinking in terms of the American Liberty League or Herbert Hoover or the National Association of Manufacturers. He is not thinking of "less government in business" and he does not construe as "regimentation" a governmental scrutiny of the manipulations of holding companies or the payment of unemployment relief or even the exercise of a voice in determining the length of the working day in industry. I take it that such considerations are deemed unessential. If not, there is nothing to discuss. To those who define liberty exclusively or even mainly as the right to do business as one likes I have nothing to say. I assume that we are discussing liberalism as a philosophy and way of life and as the heritage of what is best in European civilization. On that level what is it that matters? When I say that I want to preserve my liberty, what concretely do I mean? Only two things: freedom of thought and freedom of expression. To me, at least, all else can be dispensed with. All the other rights and privileges connoted by the word liberty, all the rights and privileges come down to us since

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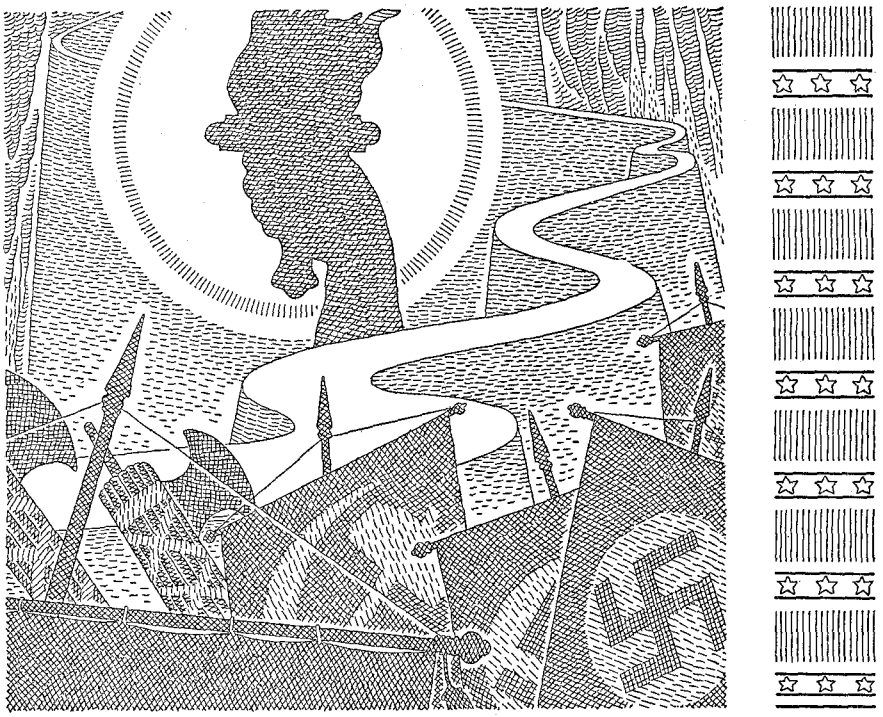

the French Revolution or even since Magna Carta, I myself could forfeit without feeling that life was being unbearably constricted or that the area of personality from which self-respect derives was being seriously diminished. Why not? In actuality they have been forfeited anyway. Whatever form of society we shall have, whether a continuation of democracy and capitalism or some form of fascism or communism, all other aspects of liberty are already lost.

What economic freedom do the great majority of us have now? Can we elect our occupation as a matter of free will in accordance with our preference and aptitudes? And how much assurance have we that we can continue to pursue it to the fulfillment of our talents, to say nothing of livelihood? It is not only factory-hands who are turned off by the thousands for reasons having nothing to do with themselves—either because demand for the factory's product has declined a thousand miles away or because there is a depression that originates in some other country or because there is a merger or because some new invention enables ten men to do what thirty did before. Not only factory-hands but engineers, chemists, accountants, and executives are turned off without reference to merit, past services, or the human equation. Whether they get another opportunity to exercise their talents or earn a livelihood is determined by something entirely outside themselves and beyond their control. How many a physicist or professor of Greek philosophy has been dropped in these last few years because the collapse of stock and bond values has reduced college endowments! I earn my living by writing, and my ability to continue to do so depends less on what I write and how than on the volume of national advertising, which in turn depends on the state of the automobile, electrical, textile, perfume, and similar industries. Professor, professional man, technician, and plumber, all alike have been deprived of autonomy as to career and livelihood. In a few words, the great majority of us no longer have any voice as to whether we shall have a job or, if we have one, how long we shall keep it.

Nor does this apply to labor and the professional middle class alone. The great majority of business men are in slightly better case. If you are a little grocer, your prospect of remaining solvent depends on the decision of the directors of a grocery chain to open a store next to yours, backed by the resources and advantages of large capital. If you are a manufacturer, your ability to continue operating depends on your chance of getting credit, and that may be determined not so much by your assets as by the results of financial maneuvers in banking centers a thousand miles away. The collapse of a bank in New York, or for that matter in Vienna, may cut off your credit in Sandusky, Ohio. If you are a Nebraska banker, you take the quota of bonds a great investment house in New York tells you, indirectly but unmistakably, you had better take, and the quota is fixed without consultation of your circumstances, desires, opinion, or convenience.

To talk of individualism, then, in terms of the nineteenth century is either nostalgic longing or nonsense. The passing of individualism began with the first power-loom, the first railway, and the first telegraph-line. I should myself prefer to live in a time when I could make my own decisions affecting career and livelihood, unaffected by extraneous considerations and confident that I should reach the level fixed by my ability, energy, and perseverance; but I do not. That time has gone irretrievably. And no enunciation of principles, espousal of philosophies, or declaration of fidelity to inherited traditions can bring it back.

That may be a pity, but it is so. I do not find the loss fatal to hope or the prospect of a full life. Economic individualism may have passed, but the individual can survive. Economically we are no longer citizens but subjects. We need not, however, be helots. The restrictions of economic subjection can be borne, if freedom of conscience, of thought, and expression are retained. I pass for the moment the point that the compensation of security may be a fair return. I emphasize now that the restrictions have to be borne in any event, whether we have a dictatorship or not and no matter what kind of dictatorship, and I repeat that intellectual freedom is the only freedom indispensable to a full inner life. It is at the loss of this freedom that our instincts rebel when we think of Italy, Russia, and Germany. Insofar as liberalism is genuine belief and not patter, this is the freedom we feel we cannot give up, however great the compensation in social efficiency and material betterment. This is all that is worth struggling to preserve and all that we can preserve anyway. And I suggest that we forget the expansive rhetoric by which the subject has been obscured and ask ourselves whether we can preserve it and how.

If we are to act intelligently and effectually it is necessary first to ask ourselves what it is that works against us.

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There are, clearly, two sources from which the tide of dictatorship derives its force. One is the incapacity of parliamentary government to administer efficiently a complex and highly organized society. The other is the incapacity of economic institutions under laissez faire to operate the economic mechanism in such a way as to ensure a livelihood for the whole population. Of these the latter is the more glaring and the more serious, and also the more powerful as a dynamic to dictatorship. Neither can be evaded. If dictatorship is to be stemmed bulwarks must be set against it at the source.

There is no sense in wilfully blinding ourselves to the demonstrated failure of parliamentarism. Passionately as every thinking man must loathe Mussolini, especially now, it must be admitted also that the arguments he has made against parliamentary democracy are irrefutable. It does muddle and bungle and diffuse into aimless talk, and the party system has indeed become a device for inducing slow paralysis. In the morass of politics all action looking to the health of the state is choked. The evidence from the recent history of countries that have rejected parliamentary democracy makes their decision understandable. In Italy, Germany, and Austria parliamentarism had become ludicrous at best and noxious at worst: I do not remember how many dozen parties there were in the Reichstag before its dissolution. In all these countries a continuation of parliamentarism was making directly for chaos. At the least, government had become a matter of chronic stalemate. In France the parliamentary system is manifestly discredited. Even in the English-speaking countries, to which political democracy is indigenous and in which it carries the weight of a long tradition, its authority steadily diminishes. It becomes more and more a façade, the real government being discharged by organs outside the political machinery. What Woodrow Wilson inveighed against as "the invisible government," with the applause of all good liberals, may be sinister but it is also necessary. Without it there would be chaos. It does manage to keep the country going, whereas the mock joustings of Republican Tweedledum and Democratic Tweedledee would be fatal if the country were left to their ministrations alone.

It is almost a ritual at college commencement exercises to adjure young men to fulfill their duty by going into politics. It is a sign of the good sense and innate decency of the young that they do not do so. To ask a young man of intelligence, imagination, sense of humor, and taste to spend his life or any part of it in the intrigueries that culminate in the raucous antics of a national political convention is to ask him to renounce just those qualities. With all acknowledgment of our responsibility to the nation, can any thinking person seriously contemplate devoting himself to politics as a career, as politics goes now? The answer can be found in the fact: no thinking men do—with an occasional exception who is either transcendently innocent or incontinently self-immolating. I have made the qualifying statement, "as politics goes now," and the answer will be made, "But *must* politics always go as it does now?" I do not want arbitrarily to dismiss the theory that the entrance into politics of men of character and disinterestedness, men of the quality of the British public servant, would drive out the hacks and placemen and restore dignity to politics and the party system. A case can be made for that theory. On general grounds it must be admitted that there is always economy of social effort in making changes within the framework of existing institutions. But I doubt whether the effort of transforming the party system by boring from within is not greater than the effort required to change it altogether. Politics has become a profession, and it is not easy to defeat a professional at his own game, especially if he holds all the cards. Moreover, it is doubtful whether the framework itself is not too confined to hold the forces now penned within it, and reconstruction is probably simpler and more practicable than alteration.

The truth is that the affairs of the modern state, which are co-extensive with the whole of society and inclusive of all the activities of the population, cannot be conducted by four hundred men making speeches. Deliberative bodies cannot run the technical, intricate, and delicately balanced apparatus which keeps men fed and housed and clothed in the twentieth century. Tariffs, currency and credit systems, public utilities and public services, the interrelation of agriculture, finance, and industry, the balance between one nationally organized basic industry and another—these cannot be left to small lawyers professionally engaged in politics and to the henchmen they install in administrative berths. They have in consequence fallen to the unchecked and irresponsible rule of big business, which may be bad for the whole population, but if they had not, the apparatus of production and distribution would fall apart, which would be worse.

This is the fact, but the conclusion does not follow that dictatorship is the alternative. We want to retain representative government, of course, but there is nothing sacred about representative government in its present form, that is, government by representatives allocated geographically and chosen by suffrage at stipulated intervals. There may not even be anything representative about it. Districts or wards are no longer natural units, since the logical division is no longer by locality, and suffrage has ceased to be an expression of genuine choice. The vote is most often a record of response to the most skilfully cloaked speciousness disseminated through the best organized channels of propaganda. The evolution of propaganda has alone been enough to destroy the premise on which nineteenth-century democracy was based. The sovereign people on election day are the slaves of manufactured mass suggestion.

There is a tendency to forget that all that is essential in democracy as distinguished from dictatorship is the principle of representation. If government is conditional on the consent of the governed, there is democracy, no matter what may be the basis and method of eliciting consent and expressing it. The principle of government by consent must and can be preserved, but the means of executing it have not been handed down as eternal. They can be altered to conform to the change in the environment and they must be altered if consent is really to be operative. We no longer live in an agrarian society, each community sufficient unto itself, its affairs limited by its own boundaries. We live in a complex and highly organized society, in which communications and mass production and distribution have levelled local barriers. The region is a more natural unit than the

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country or state. Occupation is a more natural basis of representation than district or ward. The interests of the wheat growing Northwest and the industrial Northeast are easier to harmonize than those of California and Nebraska. The interests of agriculture and industry, of the engineer and teacher, are no more difficult to harmonize than those of Texas and New Hampshire, or Minnesota and New Jersey. The cotton planter in a Texas county has more in common with a cotton planter in South Carolina than with the president of the bank in his county. Both would be better represented by another planter from Louisiana than by a lawyer from their own counties. Small councils on policy, with a professional administrative personnel, could conduct the business of government with something of the efficiency that is taken for granted in the business of making automobiles or paper clips. The business man's truism that any department store would be bankrupted if managed like our cities or states is trite but indisputable. Free choice of representatives from homogeneous constituencies with a community of interest and broad referenda would assure a more direct and effective control by the governed than exists now. . . . It is not my purpose, however, to set down here a charter of government full-sprung from one mind. No one can do that. The details are adjustable with experience and perfectible with time. I am contending only for a new principle of representation in place of one that is no longer workable. The point is that there is no reason why the idea of democracy must stand or fall with one mechanism, the one we happen to have now. If it does, if, that is, it cannot be adapted to the conditions in which we live, then democracy must fall. But I do not see why that need be conceded, for that is to let dictatorship come by default rather than by necessity.

Thus dictatorship has come in Europe by default, but not for this reason alone. The inadequacy of the parliamentary system would not in itself be sufficient to produce fundamental revolutions. An industrial society is sufficiently productive to indulge in the wasteful luxury of ineffective government—for one thing, because its vital concerns are administered outside political organisms. As I have said, the real dynamic of dictatorship is the failure of the economic machine to function. So far as communism is concerned, the connection is clear, and it can be traced without difficulty in the development of fascism. While the injustices of the Treaty of Versailles predisposed Germany to the Nazi nationalistic creed, had there not been millions of unemployed and hopeless young men, Hitler would still be bellowing his slogans in half-empty beer halls. Germany was converted by despair, not by Hitler's hysteria or Goebbel's artful play on the passions. In Austria the flight to dictatorship is almost exclusively a seeking for escape. By temperament Austrians flinch at regimentation and discipline, but even those among them who are conscious of Italian fustian and ashamed of German retrogression from culture would resign themselves to dictatorship of either brand. They would do so on the argument that anything is better than what is. They must eat. The nascent fascism in other countries is attributable almost wholly to the depression. Everywhere it is a symptom of an organic pathological state.

It is this state that must be remedied if we are to escape dictatorship and retain our liberties. One need not be an economic determinist to admit that no system can survive that does not yield subsistence to all the people who live under it. Before science gave us progress the masses of men had only subsistence, it is true, and that wrung from nature by unaided physical toil; but they did have subsistence except in times of great natural disaster. Now that we can subdue nature and with the aid of its own forces operate machines that give us a surplus beyond human needs, we have not even subsistence for a large proportion of the population. An American workingman born seventy years ago has passed about a third of his life-time in conditions of economic depression. And as a result of displacement by machinery and a pyramidal concentration of power at the apex, the margin beyond subsistence narrows for an ever increasing proportion of the population even in what are called normal times. This being so, it can be taken for granted that no doctrine can long stand against the elemental force of self-preservation. You cannot sing the beauties of Rousseauian or Jeffersonian democracy to a man who cannot earn his bread. Fine phrases fill no bellies, not even when they state an abstract truth. The glories of liberty are tarnished for those who cannot pay their rent. Any appeal to them to stand by their inherited liberties only leaves them apathetic or provokes the reply—liberty for what?

Instead, sooner or later the appeal of communism, whether valid or not, becomes irresistible. Why not? The dangers of dictatorship are pallid and doctrinaire compared to those of being permanently undernourished and harassed by insecurity. The promise of freedom from worry, the fear of seeing one's children hungry, is ample compensation for the loss of freedom to cast a ballot for a representative in a remote assembly that apparently does nothing. Communism may not be able to redeem the promise, but that does not lessen the cogency of its appeal. Nor can it be expected to. In the first place, communism may prove able to redeem the promise; in the second place, its failure may not make the lot of those disinherited under the present system worse than what they now have; in the third place, a race that will not struggle even at desperate odds for self-preservation and the preservation of its young does not deserve to survive.

I should have begun the foregoing paragraph by saying that the appeal of communism *would* become irresistible if another appeal did not intervene—that of fascism. This has a more glamorous and compelling pull on the emotions, because added to the hope of material betterment is the attraction exercised by patriotism and national glory. Moreover, there is put behind it always the force of the most powerful groups in the population, with all their resources and their command of the instrumentalities of propaganda. What Karl Marx did not foresee was that before the breakdown of the economic machine could goad the masses to united action against the owners of capital their despair could be canalized off in another direction. His prognosis of the development of large-scale production of goods and the monopoly of capital was correct, but he did not enter into his calculations that the technic of quantity production of goods could be extended to thoughts and opinions, with a monopolistic control almost as complete as in industry and finance.

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At any rate it can be said that almost as a matter of social mechanics fascism will win the majority of any nation before communism. Russia is an exception that does not invalidate the rule. Its revolution was an accident of the confusion following on a ruinous war. Its autocracy was superlatively incompetent and unfit. It was not technically developed enough for quantity production either of goods or of propaganda. Besides, Italy and Germany had not yet perfected the process. The threat to liberalism and democratic institutions in the present phase is from fascism rather than communism.

How meet the threat? Not by proclaiming or proving the undesirability of dictatorship but by stripping it of its appeal and neutralizing the force behind it. If the clogging of the economic mechanism is the prime moving cause, as demonstrably it is, then we must overhaul and, if necessary, reconstruct the machine to eliminate that which stalled it. This is to say that laissez-faire must go and with it the pretense of economic individual initiative. What if they do go? For most of us there is lost only an illusion. Suppose I do lose the right to choose where and how I shall work and what I shall be paid for my work? I have not that right now. Suppose that in all that pertains to my efforts to win a livelihood and pursue a career I am subject to orders from without? That is precisely my situation now. The difference is only that now I can conceal the fact from myself more easily. In other words, giving up economic liberty means renouncing that which I have not got anyway.

Suppose we do abandon economic autonomy for social control or collective control or whatever we wish to call it—for that is the alternative. Just what is changed? I cannot understand why we boggle at the word collective when it connotes the state and accept it placidly when it connotes men meeting behind closed doors in downtown New York. Nor do I see why state monopoly should inspire shudders as contrasted with private monopoly—with, say, the electrical industry or the United States Steel Corporation or J. P. Morgan and Company and affiliates—the few hundred men who really control American industry and finance. The idea of monopoly may be disagreeable in itself; but it is one on which, as I have already said, we have no choice. Directly or indirectly the great basic industries are already a monopoly or are on the way to becoming so. The only question is by whom monopoly shall be exercised and in whose interests. To me it makes little difference by whom it is exercised so long as it is in my interest, and I believe the chance of that is better if it is exercised by the social unit.

It makes a greater difference if thereby we can adjust the various parts of the economic system to one another so that the whole can function without periodic paralysis and without recurring periods in which we do not know where the next month's income will come from. And it makes a still greater difference if thereby the majority of us will get some of the benefits of the increase in wealth made possible by discovery and invention. I do not see why it should make any essential difference to us otherwise. I do not see why it is not possible to institute a control of the economic system and the individual's part in it and still leave him free to think and feel as he likes, to express himself in his own way, even to criticize—so long as he accepts the restriction on his right to make as much money as he can without regard to the general welfare. And if I am free to that extent, I believe I can still get as much out of life as I would otherwise, as much as I should have got had I lived a generation earlier. I do not see why absolute restriction is necessary. It has come to be inseparably associated with social change only for two reasons. The first is the ecclesiastical cast of mind that has characterized social revolutionaries since 1848. The second is the fear that those who resent the loss of exclusive private perquisites will use their immunities to frustrate or undo desired changes. Absolute restriction is necessary only if war or social collapse or the fear of social collapse produces dictatorships, in which case it matters little from the point of view of liberalism as a philosophy whether the dictatorship be Red or White: the liberties worth keeping are lost anyway. But that is not inevitable. It is the result of permitting drift to gather irresistible momentum, which is itself a choice, though a negative choice.

One of the tenets of liberalism is—or is supposed to be—the middle of the road: middle of the road in time and space. The liberal is supposed to advocate graduated change at a pace that minimizes shock to the greatest number and to oppose extremes. Now, no one not sacerdotally communist or brashly fascist denies that that way is most nearly in harmony with nature as well as most economical of human suffering. But to get on the middle of the road you have to get off the road you are now on—a fact to which liberals appear to be oblivious. Or, they appear to believe that they have left their present path when they change the name on the street sign—calling it, for example, New Deal. The middle of the road by all means. But get there. And as a step in that direction quit the path you are on. Where we are we can't stay anyway. It was a pleasant lane, but we left it in fact a hundred years ago and it is time to take bearings again.

Whoever thinks that he can circumvent the working of social evolution or arrest the momentum of either Red or White dictatorship by dilettante trifling or rhetorical demonstrations of the superiority of liberty to dictatorship will spend his declining days in a detention camp. I am tired of being told that it would be a pity to lose our liberties. I want to be shown how to keep them and to see some effort made to do so. Let it be conceded once for all that they are worth fighting for—but let us begin fighting. But to fight with any prospect of success it is necessary to have a positive program—to eliminate that which now menaces liberty and substitute therefor that which can safeguard it. Concretely that means, first, casting off the husks of political democracy to save the kernel and, most of all, reconstituting the economic system so that it will work, so that it can ensure livelihood for the whole population. If in order to save the only liberties that matter—freedom of thought and freedom of expression—it is necessary to renounce economic freedom, the bargain is well made, more particularly since economic freedom no longer exists anyway. But the time factor is crucial. Compromise is feasible only so long as the initiative is ours, before wars or economic breakdown give dictatorship a momentum that is irresistible. To paralyze dictatorship, draw its teeth before they can begin to bite.

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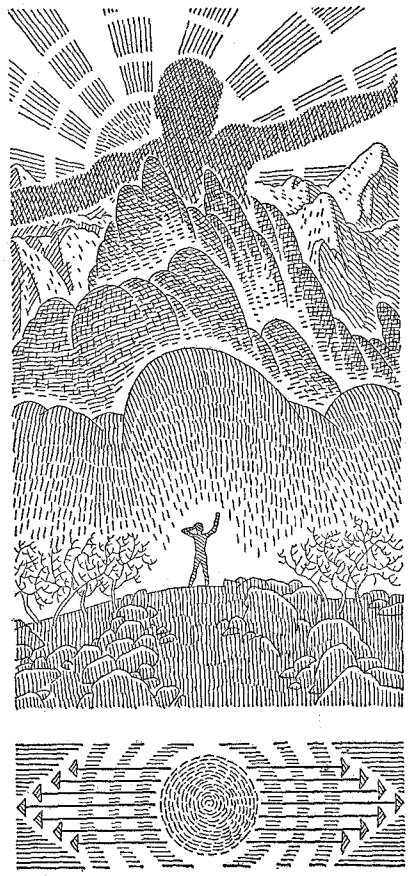
Father and Son—Two Lives

A STORY

By Stephen Clarke



ONLY an hour's time and a lifetime's span and a lifetime told in an hour.

"Good-bye, Stephen," the psychiatrist said. "You will try and fix it up, won't you? He can't help it. His whole life was warped."

Weariness, such everlasting weariness and confusion, that I do not know what I am doing. Why does it hurt me inside; why do I tremble when I remember—the room that afternoon in childhood, the morning sun upon the stairs, bathing his anger? Years apart, those scenes, but in an hour they are so terribly the same. Perhaps I wouldn't have known, have gone on, and wouldn't have known—Sandy's death—Johnson.

Why did you take me to him? Mother, mother, do you know what can happen in an hour? As if vomiting, to retch and gag, and there is no relief; the clasp of moist hands, the cramped, tense posture, the pressure of four walls, and the hard small thing growing darkly inside. It is in me, and I can see my father, and I do not know what it is that hurts so much.

Gray and cool with shadows, the waiting room was. No fear then, but the closed door and the ghost voices behind.

"Won't you come in?" the doctor had said. In his office there was sunshine, slanting yellow slivers, and the comfortable chair. He was smiling, kind, and smiling, inviting confidence and talk.

"What is the matter?"

"Why nothing, really."

"Nothing——?"

"Except——"

"Yes?"

"Except— I guess we don't get along."

"Who?"

"My father and I."

"Won't you tell me?"

"No! No!" Crescendo of fear at being touched where no hands had ever been laid.

"There is nothing, do you hear!" Kind face, quiet and understanding and gentle. Not the other one.

"You don't have to, you know," the psychiatrist had said. "I just thought we might be able to work it out together." Say the unsayable, his voice whispered, low and hidden, tell the untellable, speak the unspeakable. Open the mouth; form the words; place them carefully in rows, in sentences. Talk calmly, man to man. There is nothing to fear. It is nothing.

And now the office is left, and the words have been said, the sentences spoken—at first slowly, faltering.

"Yes, I understand," he had replied softly, encouraging.

"But I can't go on."

"You must. Just let your mind go. Think back into the past."

Only an hour's time and a lifetime's span and a lifetime told in an hour. Stumble back through the long dark corridor. The doors will not open. Beat upon them till they break. Force the handle and enter the room.

The bars of the crib were tall and thick, but between them I saw the big man, bending over, and the woman, sitting, crying quietly. The big man looked at the other crib, and Sandy wasn't there. I looked through the bars, too, and I didn't see my brother. The big man stared at the woman. She smiled at me, and I felt warm and glad. Then the big man came over quickly, and I began to cry. He reached with his arm over the side of the crib and hit me.

"But he shouldn't have, he shouldn't have. What had I done?"

"It was because your father—" the kind face had said.

Back in the past, another past? Another door? Yes, but it's no use now. It's too late. I can only remember.

I can only remember the room and the late afternoon and the shadows on the buildings across the street.

"Nana, please, oh please Nana, I didn't mean to do it." The folds of her apron were dark and safe. Did I hide in them? The steps on the stairs were angry; he was running.

"You see, all the boys at school trade, and Jack said that if I gave him my gold pencil he'd trade me his battleship, and I didn't know it was wrong. Oh, Nana, you've got to save me." No

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one ever cried. It was weak to cry, every one said.

"Shush, shush, now, quickly. What will your father think if he sees you crying?" Nana whispered softly.

The door slammed open.

"What's this your mother tells me? What's the big idea of trading your grandmother's Christmas present anyway? A boy of your age ought to know better. Nurse, you can leave. We'd best have this thing out alone."

His eyes, his eyes, the eyes I cannot look at. They stare at me, with hatred and contempt, as they did long ago, when it was late afternoon, and the shadows were on the buildings across the street. He spanked me, with the razor strap, but it wasn't that. Do you see?

The psychiatrist had said, "But you must understand. He couldn't help himself."

What good to me? How is there forgiveness, when there is no forgiving? Forget what the doctor in the office said. Forget what the old man with the kind face said and recall again the times father wouldn't speak to you for a whole month, because your marks weren't high enough to be perfect. The week end, too. Have you forgotten the week end, away in the country, away in a nice house with nice people? The father didn't look at you. He wasn't angry. He read stories, and took you out driving in a big car, and there was a green lawn to play on. And then to have the visit end. As if happiness and joy and everything nice had died. Back home that night, when Nana bathed you, you burst out crying.

"What's the matter, Stevey? Tell Nana. She'll make it feel better. Didn't you have a good time out in the country?"

"Yes, I did, I did. It isn't that, Nana."

It wasn't that. Why did I weep when I told the psychiatrist? It was so long ago it happened to me.

"When you understand why it happened, you will forget."

But I haven't forgotten. The doctor didn't know what was inside me, what is hurting me now, so that I must go somewhere and find relief.

Why did you tell him about boarding school? He wouldn't have known, and what he said doesn't help. Words, faster and faster, flow of words, naked speech, naked thoughts. First there was consciousness of talking, and then forgetfulness, and you were not yourself, I was not myself, and there were only words. As——

You see, my roommate was the same sort of fellow. We were both small and immature. You understand? The others took advantage. I was pretty serious, I guess; never laughed much. Jim was the same way. He didn't roar at their jokes. "So she pulled up her dress and —" Laughter, laughter, high and hearty, and low-pitched, lusty, and lewd. Maybe we didn't understand sometimes. Anyway, they'd come in at night, while we were working.

"My God, look at this pair of flits. Two little studious lovebirds." One of them seized Jim.

"Go get the bottle." He winked at his friend. They pushed Jim to the floor and undid his pants. He was white, with no color—not white, but no color. I became ill, watching. They painted him with mercurochrome. Then they left him and shoved me into the closet.

"See if he'll suffocate! We'll let you out when you start screaming."

Quiet, dark, warm, trembling, the clothes brushing the cheek, the hangers knocking together. Still, still, don't say a word. Try to breathe slowly. Don't cough. Try and take a long breath. Save as much air as possible. They'll get tired waiting.

"Hell, you don't suppose he's passed out, do you?" Knock on the door.

"Hey, flit, are you dead?" At last the door opened.

"C'mon out, you yellow belly. Let him alone; he's not worth hitting."

You see, Jim and I couldn't go on. We couldn't study; we were too nervous. One afternoon—I think it was snowing; anyway, we decided to wreck their room, while they were at the movies that night. We'd barricade ourselves in our own room, have one good night's sleep, and then go out the next morning and get killed. You understand, that's what we did. It was funny too, because we went to the movies for a while, and I thought I was Captain Stanhope in *Journey's End*. I imagined I was brave, going to battle; the bombs burst around me and there were blinding lights; and then I died, gloriously, magnificently—a hero. Afterwards we locked ourselves in our room. They pounded on the door for a couple of hours. I didn't go to sleep all night. The next morning I got up early to go to the can and I met one of them. I knew I must hit him. I thought I had the guts, and then, somehow, I looked into his eyes, and they weren't his eyes at all. I don't think I was scared of what he was going to do. It was just that his eyes weren't his eyes; they were my father's when he was angry, and I couldn't look at them. It was my father, hating me, when he hit me, and I was a small child. I couldn't do anything. The boy knocked me down, and later I was forced to clean up his room.

"Yes," the kind face had said, "but you don't have to blame yourself."

Forget, forget the sympathy. Forget the other door, the darker, distant past. How can I forgive my father, when the pain grows greater, and the memories do not go away?

"You loved your father."

Love my father? If I had loved my father, I wouldn't have dreaded Johnson. He wouldn't have meant more to me than any one else in the world. I could have gone to my father and told him and asked him—hearing the whispers, the whispers, vaguest, vague, insinuating, in the distance, behind books, never openly spoken.

"Look at Stephen trotting after Johnson. Wonder if they neck together, out in the woods. Stephen, Stephen is a fairy." Quiet, quiet, never spoken, only whispered.

You see, Johnson was the art teacher, and I was crazy about painting. It was the only thing I did which the others couldn't do. He was a fine man, handsome, intelligent, sympathetic. When I was near him, I seemed suddenly to grow up. He joked with me, talked seriously with me, and treated me as an equal. I couldn't help it, if he meant more than any one else—do you see?

On school holidays he would ask me to go out painting with him in the country.

"Stephen, Judas priest, man, hurry up and get those paints together. C'mon bub, shake a leg, or we'll never get going."

We drove to the village in his old battered green Ford. It was christened the Iron Monster. We bought pickles, great squares of yellow cheese, brown soft loaves of bread, new-picked strawberries, bottles of milk, weenies, and

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the long black sticks of licorice, all of which were piled into the rumble, amid the confusion of easels, white canvas, and pads of paper, and the endless assortments of paint boxes. I remember the sky, so blue and clear, the warm caress of sunshine, and the cool passing of a spring breeze. In the distance was the limitless rolling of the green-turfed meadows and the lilac woodiness of New England foothills. Once an old wind-tanned, furrow-faced woman came out of a farmhouse.

"Yes, I reckon you can paint in my pasture, if you want to, but mind the cows, and don't start no forest fires. Hear?"

All day we painted, sweating out in the sun, trying to set down with paint and brush and canvas the elusiveness of many-colored greens, or the subtle transitions of brown into blue into gray of the distant mountains. In between times, there was eating, ravenous eating, until the belly could hold no more. Sometimes we read to each other; once it was *Alice in Wonderland,* another time, *The Magic Mountain.*

There was nothing between us, nothing like what they whispered. But you see, liking him, loving him, if you will, I thought the whispers might be true. I didn't know the meaning of homosexuality, and I imagined that merely having an intimate friendship with a man might be the same thing. I became afraid of myself. I thought there was something wrong with me. When I saw Johnson coming I avoided him. It almost killed me to do it. When he asked me why I was giving up painting, I said that I had too much studying to do. He couldn't believe it; he couldn't believe that I, who he knew loved to paint more than anything else, was quitting.

"You know," he replied, "painters are not quitters. You'll never get anywheres, shirking, when the going gets a little tough. Do you remember our friend Van Gogh? Judas, bub, do you think Van Gogh quit, even when he was starving and sick? It's none of my business, of course. You can do what you want. You look tired. Get a little rest, and when you feel better, c'mon down to the studio and give the paints another try."

I did not look at him; I felt so miserable, I turned around and fled.

The psychiatrist had said quietly, "But you realize, you wanted to love your father, and when he wouldn't love you, you had to find a substitute—Johnson. There was nothing wrong in that."

Yes, yes, I understand now what the doctor said; it is clear now. But the time has passed—is gone—lost. I might have loved him. He too might have liked Johnson. Then I could have told him about the whispers. But there was no telling. I never could tell him anything. We never spoke as father and son speak.

Only once we spoke, and the words were not love, but hate.

Do you remember—I remember the train-ride home from college. It was a winter's afternoon, the gray dusk pierced by small twinkling lights of towns; silver shadows lay tired upon the snow, and a little crowd of people, in a backyard, were huddled close to a fire, their hands silhouetted against its yellow flame. On my lap was mother's letter, reread. "Won't you come home, son? We're all dying to see you." Not "we," only you, but I will come. The other letter was folded, refolded, read, and reread. "Stephen darling, I count the days until I shall see you again. Such long days, never ending, it seems. But you will come, Stephen, won't you? You will, because I love you so much, the days are so long, and it seems as if they would never end." I saw Julie's face in the reflection of the train window, again in the gray dusk, and in the yellow flames of a back-yard fire.

When I arrived home, walked up the steps into the brownstone house, my mother said, "Stephen, dear." She was so frail. I had not noticed before the agony of the embrace.

"Is he here?"

"No, he's down at the office. He won't be back till six."

"And so, an hour, until I must go."

"You are leaving?"

"Yes, I have a date." Oh, mother, mother, the voice inside said. I don't know you any more. You are so tired, so sad. There is no brightness, no joy in your eyes; only the passing of days, one after the other, with no end.

"What are you doing at college, Stephen?"

"Oh, the usual thing, study, eat, sleep, and a little play." Leave the rest unspoken. Do not talk of loneliness, or Julie, or wanting to leave this house, escape from the memories, from the familiar-strange rooms, which do not live any more, but weep softly to themselves, breathing only the past.

"Are you going soon?"

"Yes, I'm afraid I have to. You see——"

"I know, son. Have a good time. Will you be in late tonight? You'd better take the key."

"Yes, I'll be in, perhaps late. Don't wait up."

"Please, Stephen, come back, won't you? I'd like to see you before you go to college again."

The kiss she gave me was the kiss of the old, not in what was given, but what was felt inside.

It was a shameful release. And yet I felt joy, because there was so much joy in the cold night, in the snow and the sleek black cars, in the glory of looking up along the slant of tall buildings and seeing the pink-brown haze of city lights and the farther distant blue and black of never ending night.

Julie, darling, darling, darling. This is the end of the night and the end of life and the end of all endings; the touch, hand on hand, lip on lip, body on body—everlasting. Listen to the music of the orchestra, high above the city, music suspended in the air, between heaven and earth; love, to dance to love, as if meeting for the first time, and there is a beginning of music, and the touch of love upon love; to dance, not tonight, not tomorrow night, but all nights, a counterpoint of love playing to the rhythm of all nights.

Darling, darling, but it cannot happen. We have only tonight. Only tonight, and you are lying beside me, and your body is like the sun, like the sun shining in the night. As if the sun rose, warm and full. As if there were only darkness, and then a sun appeared, no sun of daytime light, but evening-born and warmer far than ever morning splendor.

And in the morning, in the morning I left. No words were spoken, but the thoughts were said, gay in fulfillment, sad in farewell. The streets were gay with my joy; the streets were sad with my sorrow.

I opened the door of the brownstone house. At the head of the stairs my mother sat weeping, and my father looked down. He was tall, lean, gaunt,

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and quick, a part of the house, the core, the electric spark, the smouldering inner being of the structure—terrible now in wrath, the sentences sliced into words, like bread under the knife.

"Why didn't you come home last night? Your mother expected you."

"No, Karl, no. It's all right. He's home now. It doesn't matter really."

"Here you've worried your mother to death. What have you got to say for yourself?"

Not shame for Julie, the sun, and the light, and the dancing of music.

The eyes blazed down, the irises white, the lids raised in sudden question.

"Perhaps you were out with some chippy, eh? Making a name for your family!"

Silence, silence, slow, thick silence. Hatred in the silence, coursing through the blood, spilling through the body, racing through the brain. My eyes stared into his eyes, trying to overcome. My feet moved methodically up the stairs, step by step, through the silence. My hands were moist, fingers clenched, nails biting into the palm. My father moved forward to the stair landing, and suddenly I experienced a queer feeling of relief—now at last to fight, flesh against flesh, blood against blood, to harm, to injure, to destroy, to annihilate.

"Karl, Stephen, for God's sake, Karl, Stephen, don't." My mother was sobbing, between us, her arms around father.

"Get away!" My father cursed her. "Get away! I've been waiting for this, and now he'll get it!"

My mother fainted. Her hands slowly slipped from around his neck, and on the floor they lay limp, one of the fingers twitching. I carried her into the bedroom, and he got a doctor. That evening without a word, I left, closing the door of the brownstone house.

"You shouldn't have gone away," the psychiatrist had said. "You should have stayed and talked to your father. Your mother's illness should have brought about an understanding with your father, a realization that you must abandon your mutual hatred. It's suicidal for you to continue in this fashion."

Suicidal! Goddamn. Curse you. Goddamn you and all doctors. The hard, small thing growing inside me is hate. Maybe you don't know what that is. You can't feel how it is eating away, eating, down inside, and there is no relief. If she hadn't fainted. The old, the lost, and the weeping. But if she hadn't fainted. "I'll show him. I've been waiting for this, and now he'll get it!" Oh, no, not next time. If I could only kill, I'd forget the past. If I could only tear the eyes out, sink the fingers into the sockets and pull them out slowly, oh, slowly, with a sucking sound, and then throw them away, far away, where no one would ever find them. Then I would never see them again. I wouldn't remember any more. . . . Sandy's death. "Nana, you've got to save me." No one ever cried. "It was funny; there was a movie, and I thought I was Captain Stanhope in *Journey's End*." "Judas, bub, do you think Van Gogh quit, even when he was starving and sick? It's none of my business, of course." "I'll show him. I've been waiting for this, and now he'll get it."

Oh, God, please, I can't go on, wanting to kill, to forget. Maybe I wouldn't forget. Maybe I'd see him there, lying dead on the floor, and I wouldn't lose the memories. I'd think about them all the more. I'd go on thinking, always having to think, and never being allowed to forget. But what's the use of talking to him? We'd never get anywhere. You can't hate, and then simply say, "We won't hate." He'd turn on me. Oh, yes, he'd turn on me and reply, "After what you've done to your mother! This is a fine time to come around apologizing."

"But let him say it. One of you has got to give in, and he's too old to change."

Did the doctor say that? Fine words and theories. "Too old to change." You're right. He's too old. Only old enough to hate. And I'm only young enough to hate. And we'll go on this way, until, maybe, some day, when he looks at me, I'll do it—kill him, and there'll be an end of it.

What would mother do? Why did she take me to the psychiatrist? No fear then, but the closed door and the voices behind. What did she tell him? What did she say? Mother! You don't think I'm—that I'm not myself? But I'm not, I'm not. I tell you. The doctor wouldn't have talked to me that way, if I were insane. He wouldn't have been so nice and tried to explain everything, when I talked to him. And I've tried to forget what he said. I've tried to forget all the quiet words, because I don't want to understand my father. What is there to understand? But if I don't, maybe, maybe something will happen.

Must I go farther back? Must I travel another lifetime's span, stumble back through another darker corridor, trying to open doors that I don't want to open? "One of you has got to. He is too old. He will not change." You must open the doors. But they will not open. Beat upon them till they break. But they will not break. Force the handle and enter the room.

Where in the past, lost years, lost faces, that I have never known—where is the beginning, hidden and secret, the door to be opened? Do you remember, have you forgotten the pictures, the portraits hanging on the walls of the living room? When I was a child, he showed them to me, and I did not want to look at them. Baron von Bruckner, honored with nobility for his service in the Prussian Guard. I can see now so clearly those eyes, staring from gloomy depths, that upper lip, furled down at its extremities. In them was revealed an ancestry of hate, hate for any weakness in friend or foe, and contempt for such ignoble failing.

Was his son, my grandfather, afraid, as I was afraid, looking at the picture of his father? And did his fear turn into hatred? I remember, my mother once showed me a little daguerreotype, old and torn along the edges. The two figures were brown and blurred, their poses stilted and unnatural, like the snapshots taken in a boardwalk booth at Coney. And yet, when I looked into the eyes of my grandfather and those of his bride, there was love in their glances; somehow, it seemed, almost intense, as if they loved in spite of everything. They came to live in the brownstone house, on the third floor, because the old man had the rooms downstairs. No other picture was ever taken of them together.

"Your grandmother and your grandfather were divorced," my father said, and turned away.

I remember now the look in his eyes. Now I remember. He spoke to me slowly, so that the words would sound matter-of-fact. But that was it, they

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were too slow, as if there were some meaning he kept all to himself.

"They lived apart, of course. After school I would go to my mother for lunch. In the evening I was supposed to leave, and walk uptown to have dinner at my father's house. It was difficult at times, because divorce, in those days, was considered a social disgrace."

"Mother, mother, do I have to go? Can't I stay here?" The long walk through the city in the early evening; dusk over the city, and the gas lamps; the rising fear, choking the throat, and the feet, moving so slowly, feeling so heavy, wanting to yield and turn and run.

"Hello, Karl," a friend said to him. "Going home?"

"What home," my father thought; "which does he mean?"

No words were spoken during dinner. The evening seeped through the windows into the room, and the candles flickered in tiny yellow curves above the white tablecloth. After the meal, he read the paper to his father, page after page, about the news from the front. The Spanish-American War. The gray and tight-lipped face, dissolved into old age so quickly. Listening far into the night. The expression of cruel joy, that it wore, when the news was about the wounded, the slain. Once the question,

"Why weren't you on time for dinner to night?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know! What sort of answer is that to a civil question!"

And afterwards, the mouth bleeding, the body aching, the boy was pushed out of the house, to stumble down the long night-clad streets, to wander along the river's edge, to see the lights, their reflections caught up in the swirling water, to sit on a bench in the park, drowsing in fitful nightmare slumber.

Was that the way it was, father? Were those the eyes, those the thoughts, those the terrors? I understand. It was then you felt it, as I have felt it.

In school, in college, perhaps it was the same. My mother told me that when his father came down to see him graduate, and he showed him, proudly, his diploma, with the words *magna cum laude,* the old man only grunted and said briefly, "What's that? You won't need any flowery language in business."

You wanted to go abroad to study, didn't you, and he wouldn't let you. No chance of that. Blood of the family must carry on the business.

"You'll get ten dollars a week, like the other office boys. I expect absolute perfection; nothing less will do. You must understand, you're an investment, and an investment must yield dividends. It is up to you to pay *me* dividends. That's why I'm paying *you* ten dollars."

There was one day between college and business, one day of freedom. Why didn't you run, father? What held you, when you must have known there was no solution except escape? But there was only one day, and a day can go so quickly, disappearing into the next, and the next, forever. Every morning you got out of bed and walked down to the old building on Canal Street. There was joy in your heart, then, because the sunlight was dancing across the tall buildings, and there was laughter in the air. But you forgot when you entered the office, hurried on errands between the yellow varnished walls, helped to open the broad wooden cases of samples, or stood in trembling fear before the desk of the boss. You forgot, because he was your father, and you couldn't escape. He is dead now; the desk is yours, but it is too late.

Once there must have been joy and happiness and a beginning of love. I have seen my mother's picture, when she was a bride, her veil and the long white gown with the winding train of foaming silk. In the park he wooed her, in the spring he courted her, when the sky is softly blue, the trees a tender green, and the air is sweet-smelling and scented with the clean fresh perfume of growing things. He took her in his arms, and perhaps he said, "Edith, darling, darling, darling." And perhaps he thought, too, as I, this is the end of the night and the end of life and the end of all endings. As if the sun rose, warm and full. As if there was only darkness, and then a sun appeared, no sun of daytime light, but evening-born and warmer far than ever morning splendor.

My father thought that he had lost all hatred, that he was at last free. But when I was born, he could not bear to come into the nursery, because my mother sang to me, and played with me. He could not understand his loneliness and despair. The warm embrace she saved for me—it was not his. The smiles and kisses I loved, he could not love. After my mother had put me to bed, and they were alone together, he became angry at me, because it hurt her. And anger turned into hatred. He remembered his father, and his father's hate for him became his own hatred for his son. He must have realized it, must have struggled to stay the hand, because, when Sandy came, his love for his second child was so great.

I know now, father. I understand now. There was no one to fight with. You were alone, not upon an open battlefield, but in darkness, pursued by memories, elusively retreating, only to reappear when your back was turned. But you won. When Sandy was born, you forgot the past and felt in the birth of a second son a second birth of love. How much he looked like you! What a remarkable resemblance there was! I remember his picture, hanging on the wall of your study. Sandy is standing up in his crib and smiling, smiling at you, father.

When he died—I understand—you couldn't bear it, and love died, disowning me, for whom you had struggled and lost, and there remained only the past and hate.

When Sandy died, your other son, a small child, was lying in a crib. You were bending over, and your wife was sitting, crying quietly. You looked at the other crib, and Sandy wasn't there. Stephen looked through the bars, and he didn't see his brother. You looked at your wife. She smiled at Stephen, and he felt warm and glad. Then you came over, and he began to cry. You reached with your arm over the side of the crib and hit him.

And this is the meaning of two lives —father and son, and son and father. He is too old, the doctor had said. He is too old, and will not change. But I must change——

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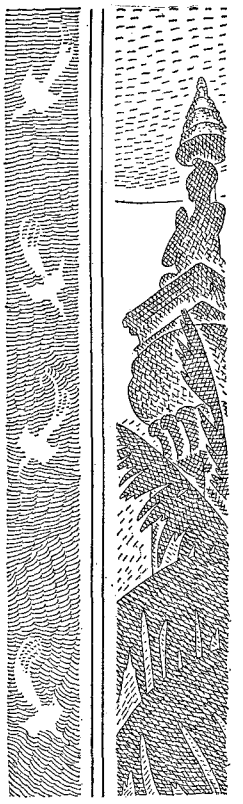
The World's Most Famous Trick

By Arthur Train

The Indian rope trick which originated over two thousand years ago is still a subject for conjecture and controversy



THAT the "Indian Rope-Climbing Trick" has for over half a century been the subject of acrimonious controversy I discovered only after the publication of a recent article in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE * wherein I had the temerity to allege that it was "pure myth," and, inferentially, that it was to be found in India "neither in fact nor legend." I made this sweeping statement upon the authority of many reputable persons, some of whom had gone to India for the express purpose of discovering whether such a trick was in fact performed there, and I used the general acceptance outside the Orient of the trick's existence as a striking illustration of the readiness with which fantastic accounts of the exercise of supernatural powers are accepted all over the world by credulous persons. My article had hardly appeared, however, before I received abundant proof both that my conclusion had been too hasty, and that I myself had been guilty of juggling in terms.

I had been positively assured that the most thorough combing of India's 320,000,000 population had failed to turn up a single Hindu who had even so much as heard of the rope trick. This—if true—was a marvellous example of unsupported myth accepted as true everywhere save in the place of its supposed origin; yet a moment's reflection should have shown me that if almost every literate Occidental knew of the rope trick it was manifestly incredible that no Hindu had ever heard of it; and that if it were performed on Broadway, New York, it might well be in Calcutta also.

Feeling that I owed myself and my readers an apology I began a belated investigation of the existing evidence concerning the origin and history of this celebrated phenomenon, much of it contradictory and confusing, but, to me at least, of surprising interest. Immediately I perceived that the confusion as in most disputes arose out of an obvious lack of definition. Most of the disputants were not talking about the same thing.

Lt.-Col. Elliott of the "Magic Circle," for example, the obvious aim of which is to explode the idea that there is anything supernormal about the phenomena exhibited by the Hindu fakirs, and whose society offered (April 30, 1934) a reward of 500 guineas for any one who would do the rope trick *

* "in an open space far removed from trees and houses and cause it to remain suspended, but unsupported by any physical means, whilst a boy climbs up it and disappears at the top."

would seem to exclude by his very requirements any performance of the trick merely as a trick, and to invite a demonstration of at least allegedly supernormal powers.

On the other hand those who claim that the rope trick is unknown in India do not limit themselves to the nature of the performance, but make the unqualified assertion that they could find no Hindu "who had ever heard of it," and that "it exists neither in fact nor legend."

A "trick," says Webster, is "an artifice or stratagem intended to deceive," and the very use of the word "trick" (except in a generally descriptive sense) eliminates the connotation of anything supernormal; a "legend" is any story coming down from the past, generally non-verifiable; a "myth" is something that has no existence except in imaginary tradition.

Now there is plenty of evidence that the trick has been performed in India and elsewhere either as jugglery or as an alleged demonstration of supernormal powers, and that it has been known in one form or another for upwards of two thousand years.

The following description of a typical performance before a large gathering of Europeans and natives, at a party given by an Indian Rajah in

* "Are You Psychic?" March, 1936.

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1898, appeared contemporaneously in *The Lahore Civil and Military Gazette* and was reprinted in *The* (London) *Daily Mail* of January 27, 1919:

The conjuror took a large ball of rope, and, after having attached one of the ends of the rope to his sack which was lying on the ground, hurled the ball into the air with all his might. Instead of falling back to the ground, the ball continued slowly to ascend, unrolling the while, until it disappeared in the clouds. There was no house in the neighborhood where it might have fallen, and moreover a large section of its length remained rigid. The magician ordered his son, who acted as his assistant, to climb the rope. Seizing the rope in his hands the little boy climbed up with the agility of a monkey. He grew smaller and smaller until he disappeared in the clouds as the ball had done. The conjuror then ceased to occupy himself with the rope and did several minor tricks. After a little while he said that he required the services of his son and called to him to climb down. The voice of the little boy replied from above that he did not want to come. After having tried persuasion, the magician became angry and ordered his son to descend under penalty of death. Having again received a negative answer the man, furious, took a large knife in his teeth, and climbed up the rope and disappeared in turn in the clouds. Suddenly a cry rang out, and to the horror of the spectators, drops of blood began to fall from the place where the magician had disappeared into the sky. Then the little boy fell to earth cut into pieces; first his legs, then his body, then his head. As soon as the boy's head touched the ground, the magician slid down the rope with his knife stuck in his belt. Without undue haste, he picked up the parts of the child's body and put them under a piece of cloth, under which he also put the rope, after having hauled it down from the sky. He gathered together his magician's paraphernalia, drew aside the cloth, and the little boy picked himself up, perfectly intact.

Without inquiring into the accuracy of the details of the above report it would seem highly probable that something—whether "trick" or miracle—of this general character was actually performed—presumably with considerable success.

I give this account first, instead of following chronological order, because it is an excellent example of the trick in its complete and classic form. It will be observed that it has three parts: (1) a magician throws into the air a rope which remains rigid; (2) a boy climbs up the rope and vanishes; (3) the magician climbs up the rope after the boy disappears, throws down the boy's dismembered limbs, then climbs down again and later produces the boy, alive and intact. Every one of the many accounts of the rope trick follows this model, either giving Part 1 alone, or Parts 1 and 2 together (the usual version), or the trick in its entirety. The performance is often accompanied by variations in form and in attendant circumstances, but not in the essentials.

The allegation that the rope trick does not exist "either in fact or legend" is absolutely disproved by a reference kindly furnished me by Swami Nikhilananda. Apparently it was familiar, if not "old stuff," by the dawn of the Christian era. The Upanishads (the concluding portion of the Veda) were written some two thousand years ago. In one of them (Mandukoya Upanishad, Guadapa's Karikas, Ch. 1, v. 7) the sage Shankara Acharoya seeks to give an impression of the illusoriness of all human existence. He imagines the reader asking: "How can it be that what we perceive with our senses is all illusion?" And in reply he instances the rope trick, as familiar to every one, and which is admittedly an illusion. He then describes the trick, which follows the model given above in all three parts, except that it is the conjuror himself who climbs the rope, is dismembered, and returns to life. None of the investigators of the rope trick seem to be aware of this passage in one of the famous holy books of the world and no reference has, so far as I am aware, been made to it to date in print.

We may thus logically infer that substantially two millenniums ago the rope trick as an illusion was familiar to all potential readers of the Upanishads. This does not imply, however, that it was not accepted by the multitude as genuine evidence of the supernormal, if not of the supernatural.

The trick next turns up in China at a party given by the governor of Hanchow, in 1635 or thereabouts, where it was seen by a distinguished Arab tourist from Tangier, Abn Abdullah Mohmed, known as "Ibn Batuta" or "the traveller," whose accounts of his travels were highly esteemed for their accuracy. Ibn Batuta's version is practically identical with the Lahore account of 1898, but he notes that the entertainment was given during the hottest season of the year and in the middle of the courtyard of the palace.

"I was so astonished," Batuta declares, "that I suffered a palpitation of the heart, but I was given a cordial, and I recovered." Possibly the old gentleman had a touch of the sun.

He also adds: "The Cadi of the Musulmans was seated beside me; he swore that there had been neither climbing up nor climbing down, nor cutting up of the body, but that the whole thing was only jugglery." This reference to some member of the party who "was not taken in" crops up in

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several accounts, the implication being, of course, that some or most of the spectators had been victims of suggestion. Whether "Ibn Batuta" actually saw or thought he saw what he relates, his record is conclusive that the trick was known and presumably performed three hundred years ago.

Mr. Herbert A. Giles, the eminent Cambridge scholar, has translated the following from a 1630 Chinese text by one Pu Sing Ling, who declared the trick could be done by the White Lily Sect, a secret society then flourishing in China; and was usually performed as a part of the great Chinese festival of spring:

> A juggler with a long bamboo pole on his shoulder, carrying a box, and accompanied by his young son, proposed as an example of his skill, to bring down to earth some peaches from the garden of the Great Mother. He took a rope from his box, threw it into the air, and told his son to climb it and to find a peach in the celestial gardens. The son climbed, disappeared in the Heavens, and a little afterward a huge peach fell down, followed by the rope, then by the head, the arms, the legs, and the dismembered body of the small boy. "Alas," cried the father, weeping bitterly, "my son, my only son, has been captured by the gardener, and now I shall have to bury him." Seized with pity the spectators took up a collection and gave it to him. Then he rubbed the top of the box and said: "Why dost Thou not come out to thank these people?" Instantly the little boy came out and did as his father had ordered.

The Emperor Jahangir, father of Shan Jehan, who built the Taj Mahal in 1632, witnessed, according to one version of his memoirs, a trick basically similar to the rope trick, along with twenty-eight others, presented by jugglers from Bengal at a feast given in his palace. Although there is some reason to think the translation may be garbled or even partially spurious,* it shows that at this period "vanishing acts" were among the stock-in-trade of jugglers in India as well as China.

> Twenty-third. They produced a chain of fifty cubits in length, and in my presence threw an end of it toward the sky where it remained as if fastened to something in the air. In the same manner a hog, a panther, a lion and a tiger were alternately sent up the chain. At last they took down the chain and put it in a bag, no one ever discovering in what way the different animals were made to vanish into the air in the mysterious manner above described. This, I may venture to say, was beyond measure strange and surprising.

Now if all this be "pure myth" let the skeptics make the most of it! I concede it to be remotely possible that the readers of the Upanishads, the guests of the governor of Hanchow, the members of the Lily White Sect, and the Emperor Jahangir never really saw any rope-climbing trick and that they made the whole thing up out of whole cloth; but it would seem more probable that something along those lines was being done by Hindu and Chinese magicians at the time indicated.

In any case, whether regarded as jugglery or genuine magic, the rope trick has been known to Hindus and Europeans alike for centuries. As its fame spread, so doubtless was its wonder exaggerated. The description of it, passed from mouth to mouth, was shorn of any suggestion of trickery. It became one of the acknowledged marvels of the world. Those who had in fact seen it, but whose accounts were met with incredulity, not only stood manfully to their guns, but as is usual in such cases, swore until blue in the face that they could not possibly have been deceived and that the boy did really disappear into the air. The rope trick thereupon ceased to be what it was—a "trick," and became what it was not—a "miracle"—the Hindu's greatest claim to occult powers. Naturally, as with all miracles, there were skeptics who, both on general principles and because the evidence seemed to them questionable, denied that any such thing could possibly have occurred. The dispute was of singular bitterness, since however you looked at it every witness was necessarily either a liar or a booby. It has raged ever since and it is raging now. This article is part of it.

It was at this point, when the participants were too excited to define exactly what they were arguing about, that the element of confusion first crept in. The real issue—as good a one as any involving the supernormal, such for example as Palladino's power to levitate a table—was whether a rope could really be made rigid and a boy climb up it into the sky and disappear. There were honest people who claimed that they had seen it done: There were more who refused to credit them.

An army sprang up recruited from those who had lived in India and failed to see it, those who were contemptuous or jealous of the renown of the Hindu fakirs' much heralded abilities, and those who did not believe it could be done anyhow. These, in their enthusiasm, began to make claims as fantastic as those who had witnessed the trick, to wit: that the trick "did not exist in fact or legend," and that no Hindu "had ever heard of it." The great battle of veracity reached its climax about 1920: both sides have now dug in and each is holding its own.

But the issue is no longer as clear as it should be. There are those, on the one hand, who (*a*) believe that they actually saw a supernormal phenomenon, (*b*) who say merely that they saw such a "trick" performed; on the other, those who (*a*) say that no such phenomenon is possible by supernormal means, (*b*) who claim that no such "trick" exists in India.

Allowing for this indefiniteness, and perhaps because of it, once the issue was raised the evidence offered for and against was impressive. Most of it was published in *The Daily Mail* during 1919 and 1920. I cannot vouch for it either way.

On the part of those claiming that the trick "did not exist" it was alleged:

That when King Edward VII visited India as Prince of Wales in 1876 the country was scoured at his special request to find some one who could perform the trick, but in vain. (*Indian Conjuring*, Major L. H. Branson, London, 1923.)

That Lord Lonsdale offered ten thousand pounds to any one who could perform the trick, without takers. (*A Magician in Many Lands*, Charles Bertram, London, 1911.)

That Howard Thurston, the late American conjurer, advertised in five leading newspapers of India to the effect that he would give three thousand rupees (one thousand dollars) to any one who would show him anything in the way of a mystery that he could not understand, and that no one appeared with the rope trick. (*My Life in Magic.*)

That another conjurer, John Maskelyne, and his associates offered five thousand pounds to any person who would perform the trick in London. (*The Fraud of Theosophy Exposed.*)

That Major L. H. Branson offered a year's pay to any sepoy or Indian soldier who had seen the trick and could give the name and residence of the performers; that this reward was offered continuously from 1900–1922 without

* Sidney W. Clarke in his *Annals of Conjuring.*

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eliciting the desired information, and that on January 1, 1922, he made a new offer of £300 to any one who would perform the trick "in the open" within five years.

All the foregoing is in addition to the standing offer of the "Magic Circle," previously mentioned, of 500 guineas for a performance of the trick in the open plain, away from trees and houses.

It is also true that there are eminent persons such as General Sir Arthur Lytellton-Annesley, Commander of the Scottish Forces, who lived in India for sixteen years prior to 1888 and covered thoroughly the territory comprised by Bengal, Madras, and Bombay, as well as the Punjab, the Northwest, Cashmir, Ladakh, and Gilgit, and who everywhere made inquiries about the rope trick only to be told that no one knew of it. He requested many native princes to have it performed for him and they replied that the trick did not exist. (*Daily Mail,* Feb. 6, 1919.)

There is also Sidney Arthur Vipan, who lived in India for fourteen years, travelling from Quetta in Baluchistan as far as Colombo and from Mussourie in the Himalayas as far as Nilgherries. A fluent speaker of Hindustani, he had long conversations with the magicians at the courts of the Maharajahs of Patiala, Kapurtala, and Mysore, yet never saw the rope trick and never met an Englishman who had seen it. (*Ibid.,* Feb. 7, 1919.)

A number of Occidental magicians have visited India without finding out anything about the rope trick, among them Charles Bertram, who went to India to learn the tricks of his Hindu confrères, and by his own account succeeded in doing them just as well if not better. He witnessed the performance of one hundred and six of the most celebrated conjurers provided by the native princes with whom he sojourned, but none of them laid claim to being able to perform the rope trick and, when they were questioned on the subject, disclaimed any idea of ever having seen it, and "in many cases of ever having heard of it." (*A Magician in Many Lands,* supra.)

Thurston gave a free performance in Calcutta for magicians only, which was, he says, attended by three thousand persons, not one of whom had ever heard of the rope trick.

A conjurer named Carl Hertz wrote in his book, *A Modern Mystery Merchant:* "I have gone off the beaten track and made expeditions to remote districts to try and see the trick performer, but was always unsuccessful, and, although I have myself asked scores of fakirs to perform the trick for me and offered to pay them large sums, all professed themselves unable to do it."

Even more persuasive is our own celebrated John Mulholland, president of the Society of American Magicians, who tells me that he searched India far and wide without finding a human being who had ever so much as heard of it, save one nonogenarian who knew vaguely of the legend of Jahangir's fabulous party.

Yet it should be borne in mind that all these sincere and trustworthy persons are, after all, seeking to prove a negative—and that a negative is a difficult thing to establish. Because A says he never heard of a two-headed calf—and B, C, and D through the whole alphabet say the same—it does not follow that there have never been any two-headed calves. One credible witness who swears he saw a thing done at a specific time and place is worth a hundred who merely testify that they never anywhere saw the like. And India is a large place.

Here is the testimony of some of those who claim that they have personally seen the rope-climbing trick performed:

The Hindu Prince, the Nawabzada Nusrat Ali Mirza of Mourshidabad, wrote to *The Daily Mail* (Feb. 18, 1919) that he had many times seen the trick at his father's court, both in Bombay and at Mourshidabad. The first time he saw it he was quite young, hidden behind the curtains of his grandmother's room, where it is hardly likely that he could have come under hypnotic influence.

Mr. C. C. Sen, a prominent Hindu living in France, affirms that he saw the trick at Calcutta in the open air, substantially as described by "Ibn Batuta." He adds that he saw it "not as a stranger nor as a tourist, but as a Hindu," whatever that means. (*Ibid.,* Feb. 13, 1919.)

William Athey of London happened upon a performance of the trick once when he was walking down a side street in Calcutta with four European companions. It was dusk and there was a thick haze. The fakir stood with his back to some railings. Athey adds: "I could not see the end of the rope, which had gone out of sight in the mist. The fakir talked incessantly in Hindustani, waved his arms about as if he were making passes, and fixed his eyes on each of the Europeans in turn. He had very queer eyes in his head, that seemed to look right through you." (Reported in Carl Herz's book, supra.)

G. P. Curtis, formerly a sergeant in the Indian army, claims to have seen the trick done by a troupe of wandering jugglers at Khandala near Bombay in 1902. (*Daily Mail,* Jan. 28, 1919.)

A sergeant of the East Surreys stationed at Ferzapore wrote: "We hadn't been there two days when an old Hindu entered camp one morning. He carried a little basket and a long rope, rather thick, was slung across his shoulder; two little boys accompanied him. We gave them a few coppers and the performance began." He then goes on to describe parts 1 and 2 of the trick. (*Daily Mail,* Jan. 10, 1919.)

A Mrs. Nicholl and seven other persons, including her mother and brother, also saw parts 1 and 2 performed outside her hotel at Colombo by a Hindu "who seemed not to notice the spectators at all"—and thus could not logically be suspected of using hypnotism upon them. (*Daily Mail,* Feb. 6, 1919.)

Mr. Christian Van Bern witnessed part 1 of the trick performed by a Hindu juggler *at Liverpool,* while a Mr. W. M. Hunter saw it done on board an English ship in the harbor of Calcutta. (*London Times,* Feb. 6, 1919.)

Miss Gretchen Green, world traveller and humanitarian, now connected with "The Seeing Eye" in New York City, tells me that she saw the trick performed on the banks of the Ganges, at Benares in 1934 during the burning of the funeral pyres on which the Indians cremate their dead. She was on a boat about 150 feet from the bank. It was just at twilight when everything was indistinct and the air was obscured by the smoke of sacrificial fires. The fakir, standing near a grove of bamboo, threw the rope into the air, climbed it, and disappeared.

These are but a few out of many.

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Finally, Doctor William Beebe, the biologist, assured me that he, with two companions, saw the trick performed on a roadside in India, while a throng of natives were passing; that he personally saw the boy shin up the rope and vanish into the air. One of his comrades timed the boy's ascent with a stop-watch, while the other photographed him climbing the rope. Doctor Beebe says that apparently none of the natives along the road noticed what was going on, and that the exposed plate of the camera when subsequently developed showed neither rope nor boy.

Those who contend that the trick does not exist argue that the most incredible legends pass rapidly, like counterfeit coin, from hand to hand. "Give a lie twelve hours' start," the saying goes, "and the truth will never overtake it." If an idea is striking enough, and visual enough, it will gain rapid acceptance. The statement that German soldiers had cut off children's hands in occupied Belgium spread as it did for that reason: as did the detailed accounts of the Russian soldiers transferred across England to France during the World War. Such skeptics are also apt to mention the "Angels of Mons" whose appearance was so widely believed in.

This last brings us at once to the probable explanation of there being so few, if any, candidates for the rewards offered for a presentation of the rope trick, such as, for example, that of the "Magic Circle's" 500 guineas. It is simply that Major Elliott was not advertising for a "trick" at all, but for an actual demonstration contrary to the laws of nature: which leads me to conclude that the offers of the other rewards were probably based on equally stringent requirements, and that the demands of the Prince of Wales in 1876, Lord Lonsdale, General Sir Arthur Lytellton-Annesley, Sidney Vipan, and the rest may have been too exacting. They were willing to pay well for a miracle, but for nothing else.

On the proposition that the rope trick neither is, nor ever was, performed through either supernatural or even supernormal means, the Magic Circle is undoubtedly right. My only comment is to express mild surprise that they should have gone to so much trouble about it. I should suppose that any one who in these latter days tried to prove that he could ascend into heaven by means of occult powers was "licked before he started."

My simple Occidental mind cannot conceive of any Hindu possessed of the paraphernalia for doing the "rope trick" who would not rush into his stuff at the sight of a five dollar bill. On the other hand I can easily picture the plight of the cleverest juggler in India on being told that the Rajah expected him to perform a miracle for the Prince of Wales or any one else. He would in all probability not only flee in terror, but if caught swear that he had never heard of it. It does not surprise me in the least that Oriental fakirs hesitate to make fools of themselves before their Occidental brothers, and that rather than undertake a stunt which they know will be "a flop," deny that it is in their repertoire. I can conceive that in the United States an offer of $100,000 for the levitation of a table in the open air, under fixed conditions and subject to scientific tests, would have no takers. Even our best-known spiritists insist upon doing their wonders amid their own surroundings and in semi-darkness. This is the probable explanation of the "failure to perform" argument, although it still remains my pet enigma.

Hindu fakirs, like all fakirs, pander to the credulity of their audiences. The only difference between the American magician and his Indian brother is that, the United States having a high standard of literacy, the American makes no real pretense to the occult, which the Hindu is still able to do owing to the almost incredible ignorance and superstition of his audience. Yet even in America today a certain proportion of the spectators believe that our professional magicians have supernatural powers—and this is by no means confined to the lower social classes. Throughout the ages the rope-climbing trick was undoubtedly accepted as genuine magic by the majority of Hindus, while recognized as merely a "trick" by the more intelligent. Once scientific attention was focused upon it, it naturally tended to fade away from sophisticated centers into obscurity.

While there is little evidence that the rope trick involves the exercise of supernormal abilities, there is much to the effect that it depends upon mechanical and physical aids. Various accounts suggest what these probably are.

Thurston, after denying that the rope trick exists in India, says in his book (*My Life in Magic,* supra): "They (the fakirs) do, however, perform a trick with a rope, with a copper wire running through it, which they obtain from visiting ships. The magician straightens a six-foot piece of rope through his hands and balances it on his fingers. Dropping it, the rope coils of its own weight." Now a wire covered to look like a rope would not be strong enough for a boy to climb up, but a bamboo pole might.

The rope trick was photographed at Poona by a certain Captain F. W. Holmes, V.C., who lectured before the "Magic Circle" in 1918. A careful study of the photograph through a magnifying glass reveals ringlike protuberances at regular intervals along the rope. John Maskelyne mentions a "gentleman who served in the army in India" (possibly this also refers to Holmes) who told him that "the rope was evidently jointed bamboo with the joints made to lock, and it was covered to look like a rope."

This same spectator mentions that "the assistant was not much larger than an Indian monkey," which is echoed in the Lahore account where it states that "the small boy climbed up with the agility of a monkey." Any one who has seen a Japanese juggler balance a long bamboo pole on his chin while another one climbs up it realizes that here is a possible solution.

If this explanation be true, we should look for evidence that the pole was withdrawn from the rope at the end of the trick, in some way concealed from the spectators. In almost every account the conjurer has either a bag or a box, into which the rope falls, and in some cases he covers the bottom of the rope with a cloth. That this is the probable technic would appear from the fact that a man called Arthur Derby during the World War picked up the trick from a Gurka, dubbed himself "Karachi," and went around England exhibiting it; but not being a properly schooled fakir, his version was clumsy, and at the end, in the words of an eye-witness, "Karachi then covered the coiled end of the rope again with his gown, and his hands worked out of view while he brought the rope down, until, uncov-

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ering his hands, I saw him coiling up the rope until it was compact." The "Magic Circle" refused to accept "Karachi" as a candidate for the reward.

As to part 2, in which the boy disappears, the performers usually arrive at noon, when the sun is at its zenith, and during the hottest season of the year, or else at twilight when the tops of the houses are lost in the haze. In the former case the conjurer places himself between the spectators and the sun. Under such conditions the glare must be well-nigh unbearable. In one case the spectators were sheltered beneath an awning, and to see the top of the rope were obliged to lean out from under the awning and look full in the face of the sun. Several accounts speak of a gun being fired or a great hullabaloo being raised just at the moment the boy disappears. When the trick is performed at twilight there is usually smoke about, and there are frequent references to the top of the rope and the small boy disappearing "into the clouds."

Part 3, in which fragments of the ascending urchin drop to earth and are mysteriously re-assembled, while complicated and puzzling, would seem to be a variant of the well-known basket trick, in which a little boy is shut up in a basket which the conjurer pierces from every side with a sword, while blood flows and cries of anguish are heard. At the end, of course, the boy steps out unharmed. This wonder is accomplished by the boy coiling himself around the spittoon-shaped inside of the basket and directing the point of the sword into bladders full of ox-blood. In the rope trick, provided the conjurer is far enough from the spectators and the illusion is helped along by a blinding sun or a twilight haze, it might be possible to give the impression of falling drops of blood and what would pass for human limbs, and, of course, to make the boy reappear at the end from the sack or box where he or another just like him has been hiding.

Several of the accounts contain statements which might imply that some kind of general hypnosis took place, and this explanation is accepted by many Indians and by some of the less scientific minded Occidentals. But if it were so, they would so far as I am aware be the only cases of mass hypnotism on record. Hypnotism, according to those who write about it, is only possible when the hypnotizer is working on one subject, who, in addition, is willing to be hypnotized. It is conceivable that some lesser form of "mass suggestion" or "mob hysteria," like that involved in the Salem witchcraft delusion, may play a part in the effect (*vide,* Doctor Beebe's account of it), although more probably such explanation is merely the usual one offered in default for better by those who "can't imagine how it is done." Indeed, if we knew how they did all their tricks the entire fraternity of magicians would have to go out of business.

In any event the rope-climbing trick is a good trick—probably the most famous trick in the world. Its genesis is not far to seek. Mysterious apparitions and disappearances form the commonest of all myths and legends whether religious or secular. They are found in every land, in every sacred book. From the dawn of history, since Jacob saw the angels descending and mounting again to heaven upon a ladder, the idea of a "translation" or "ascension" into the clouds, whether in a chariot of fire or in a mighty wind, has appealed to the human imagination. The saint or hero always goes up; the wicked or craven are swallowed down into the bowels of the earth. It was naturally to be expected that the first sorcerers and magicians should have sought to build upon this primitive belief, to which the rope trick like all "vanishing acts" owes its existence and popularity, and Jacob's ladder is undoubtedly its great-great-grandfather.

Where there is smoke there is fire. A performance which was referred to in the Upanishads two thousand years ago as familiar; which is recorded in China thirteen hundred years later; which has been seen in modern times by widely separated spectators whose accounts in the main resemble not only each other but those of the ancient versions, can hardly be explained away as a "pure myth" or as an absurd superstition that is passed around like a bad penny. In some form or other it has existed in fact, just as it certainly has in legend.

Having no belief in the supernatural powers of fakirs or any other variety of magicians and esteeming all the brotherhood alike, I have reached the following conclusions which I give for what they may be worth:

That the Indian rope trick originated and was familiar throughout Asia upwards of two thousand years ago. That it was accepted by the ignorant and superstitious as a genuine manifestation of the supernatural, while recognized as a "trick" by the more intelligent, and that a grossly exaggerated idea of it as a marvel has become a world-wide and persistent legend. While no doubt at times skillfully done, the performer inevitably relied upon especially favorable conditions and complicated paraphernalia, easily detected by an expert, so that with the advent of the European traveller and the spread of a somewhat higher general intelligence he became more and more loath to risk exposure. As a supernormal phenomenon the rope trick never did exist; as a piece of rather cumbersome jugglery it exists today, certainly in America—where it was performed by none other than the skeptical Thurston himself—and probably in other countries, including India, if it can be run to earth. But by this time the reader should be in a position to judge for himself.

There is a large and ever-growing literature upon the subject, which has many puzzling facets. New ones keep appearing. Here, for example, is the trick unexpectedly turning up in the Middle Ages, in Germany, with no allusion to India or to the Indians. (Johann Weir, *De Prestigiis Daemonum,* Basle, 1566.) And it is a good story, too, almost as good as the Emperor Jahangir's:

> About 1550 at Bagdeburg a certain Magical Juggler who was wont to lead about a little horse for show, would let him walk about in a circle in an open Theatre and at the end of the show would tell the company that he could get but little money among men, and therefore he would go up to Heaven; whereupon he would throw a cord up in the air and the little horse would go up it; himself taking hold of the horse's tail, would follow him; his Wife, taking hold of him, would follow also; and a Maid Servant would follow her, and so mount up in the Air, as it were linked together, the Spectators standing in great admiration; until a certain citizen coming by chance that way and asking what was done, it was answered that a Juggler with his little Horse was gone up into the Air; whereupon he assured them that he saw him just going into an Inn in the Street; therefore, finding themselves deluded, they went away.

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No Hostage

A STORY

By Bernice Kenyon

I KNOW I shouldn't have been so self-conscious. I know my doctor would have been angry with me, told me I had no strength of character probably, and remarked that it wasn't much use being among the Italians, as we were, if I hadn't the sense to take on their naturalness, especially about the very thing that was always on my mind. He was as much the psychologist as the gynecologist when he talked to me; but I don't think his eyes very often left his patients' forms and faces; there were so many things he didn't see.

But to go back to our Altamo trip. My husband and I decided on Altamo for the week-end, a high cold town just south of the Alps, with a modern village all around it and the real hill-town in a sort of ageless isolation above it, unconscious of modern change. We went to the only inn up there and took the only guest-room that was bigger than a cubicle; and I think that Ralph, who'd been working too hard at the Consulate in Milan, needed the rest as much as I did.

Our room was square and high, a penthouse that you couldn't reach except by crossing a roof. Some stranded artist had frescoed its cream-colored walls with two gigantic phœnixes standing in flames and glaring at each other from opposing corners, stretching out their red, blue and purple wings till they completely encircled the room and held its contents in a kind of recurrent doom—at least that's the way they made me feel, but Ralph said whoever painted them must have owed a big bill and suffered from nightmares. He wasn't subject to nightmares himself, and we'd sleep here like children, he said, with all our cares forgotten.

Sleep here and beget children, was what I knew he meant.

Ralph ordered up some red wine and while it came I looked out of the back window at the small walled gardens full of frosted October grapes and fallen leaves, and chrysanthemums carefully tended and tied up to be used to decorate family tombs on All Souls' Night. Among the ragged plants a striped yellow cat was playing hide and seek with four or five yellow kittens. Although I love cats, I could hardly bear to look at them; though if our Johnny had lived he'd have been four years old now and wanting to go down to the garden to play with them, and I'd have taken him down and we'd have spent the whole afternoon there.

You see, I was in that state of mind where every woman you pass on the street, everything you look at, every book you turn open anywhere, seems to illustrate for you, or print out in great red letters from an otherwise dull page, the same thing: "She conceived and bore a child,"—only the woman was never myself. Never. Never.

We had with us a letter of introduction to a Count Renzi, a cousin of some friends in Milan, who had a palace in the upper city of Altamo and would show us through it if we presented the letter; but we really didn't want to, though we knew we'd have to before the week-end was over, or risk offending our Milan friends. But we'd seen so many people in those last months, Ralph bringing home the likeliest or the neediest ones that turned up at the Consulate, for cocktails or for dinner—all pleasant enough if you felt like seeing them, but I knew he was trying to distract me with them, and didn't even want them very much himself. What we both wanted was to get away by ourselves, and not see any people at all, not intimately I mean, with any knowledge of their difficulties and their problems. We wanted to look on from a great distance, at a timeless spectacle, a spectacle like the scene from our windows that evening, out over the little garden to the west, where the sun had broken through and was suddenly bright after an all-day autumn gloom.

If you can find any country more beautiful than Northern Italy in October I should like to know where it is. The frosty haze over everything, the smell of wood-smoke and new-turned earth, the gold and bronze-colored gourds shining among their wilted vines on every farmhouse wall, the tomatoes turning red on window-sills, peppers strung over the doors, enormous bunches of yellow corn on cobs tied up by their stripped husks to the roofs of porches, oxen and cows with cloudy breath standing about by the barns among multicolored chickens, men singing at their work and beating their arms to keep warm—and over all this the white-topped Alps, from

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which a benevolent winter is slowly coming down upon them, and finding them prepared.

Of course I know there's another side to the immemorial picture, a side I had seen too plainly already, and meant, at least for this one week-end, to forget.

Ralph poured out the rest of the wine, and when we had drunk it we went out into the twilight to see what the old town looked like. In the center of the paved square was a crumbling fountain with a satyr-like stone figure pouring water from a bowl into a deep basin floating with chestnut leaves. Young women were dipping water from it into copper jars, children ran about like small schools of fish in the half light, shouting and tagging each other and disappearing suddenly into lighted doorways. At the far side of the square were the great barricaded entrances to several palaces, probably the Renzi palace among them, but we didn't know which it was, and it could wait.

We came back when it was perfectly dark, and had dinner in the smoky dining-room, the walls decorated with faded theatrical posters of the many travelling companies, some of them from the Scala in Milan, who come here to play for a night or two as they had always done for the past three hundred years; they said Altamo had a critical audience, with people like the Renzis living here and giving their patronage to Duse and Caruso and Gigli, and not always liking them.

And when we went up to our room again, over the roof, we found a lamp lighted, and the small tile stove heated and glowing through its cracks, and we undressed and hung our clothes on hooks back of a screen where the opera stars had no doubt hung theirs many a time; and we felt quite romantic.

And everything was all right until we blew out the lamp and I saw those dreadful phœnix wings closing around us in the flickering light from the stove-cracks. The wings seemed to flicker ominously, as if the creatures were hostile to us.

Then a cat cried across the roof somewhere, and I remembered the yellow one with the kittens, and thought of Johnny, and felt desperate again—as desperate as I'd ever felt.

How long does this sort of thing last, I wonder? I suppose there are women who get over the loss of a child in a month or two; but it was eight months now. I'd kept my mouth shut, not saying anything to Ralph about it for days; but he must have sensed how I felt that night, and he was wonderful about it, very sympathetic. I told him it would be all right if I could only stop thinking; and he said I wasn't thinking, and that if you were thinking it blotted out everything except what you were thinking about. And I know he's probably right.

The next day was Saturday, and when we went out we found the whole square, all around the fountain, blocked with farmers' carts and small stalls full of fruit and vegetables, and more people than you'd have believed could have lived in upper Altamo crowding through the market and buying and gossiping. It's the same characteristic sight that you can watch for hours in any town like this. We bought a string of figs from an old woman, and ate them as we made the circuit of the town's battlements, the wall back of them wide as a roadway, and even now strong enough to stand a siege. They rise quite high in one place toward the north, and the houses just inside them thin out somewhat and have larger gardens, almost little farms of their own.

It was while we were standing up there, looking down across the old and the modern town, that we saw a peasant woman with a shawl over her head come out of one of the houses and approach us tentatively. She came up to us, graceful and smiling, and pretty as they all seem to be in this region when they're young. *"Scusi, Signori,"* she said. "Excuse me, but aren't you Americans?" I remember her delightful thick Altamo dialect.

We said yes, that we were Americans; and then she asked us if we'd do her a favor. Would we read and translate for her a letter she had from her American brother-in-law? Her sister had married a machinist in New York, she said, and they had one fine son and who knows, perhaps another by this time. The sister was probably not yet strong enough after the second birth to write a letter herself, in Italian as she usually did, but had left it to her husband who had written in English. Nobody knew English up here, and she had carried the letter around for nearly a week. She pulled it from the bosom of her dress and handed it to Ralph.

Ralph got out his glasses and put them on, and unfolded the single sheet of the letter, and read it through slowly. I was watching the woman as she looked at Ralph with that same tentative trusting look that a dog has when he doesn't quite know his master's mind. It's a pathetic expression, because it's such a helpless one. And I knew when Ralph didn't smile at the woman that of course something dreadful had happened. I knew it particularly when he passed the letter over to me, pressing his lips together and then murmuring a word about how sorry he was, but that it would be better if I told the woman—I'd hurt her less, though he'd give anything to be able to spare us both.

Every now and then a perverse fate makes you have to deal a terrible blow to somebody you don't even know, and certainly have nothing against,—some charming stranger like this peasant woman, who was looking at us with a troubled expression now, but still with admiration, as if she thought all Americans were splendid people, and America a fine and friendly country, full of opportunity, full of hope.

And it was one of the most bitterly hard things I ever had to do, telling her what was in that letter, trying to find the not-too-harsh Italian words to explain how little Joseph, the sister's child, had been playing on the street outside a tobacco shop when two men held up the place, and in shooting their way out had killed the child with a stray bullet. And then how the sister's second child was born prematurely because of the shock, and it didn't live, and they weren't yet entirely sure that the sister would live. I got the words out somehow; I even pleaded with the peasant woman not to mind too much, telling her that there were good doctors in America who would save her sister's life—that there'd be more babies. I didn't dare stop talking, because her face had gone so hard and harsh, so pale that I was afraid she'd faint. But she didn't faint. The color came gradually back into her face, and she thanked me gravely, and bowed her head, and turned away slowly into her house again.

And when she'd shut the door Ralph

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took my arm and led me out along the battlements a way to where some steps went down outside the wall, and we sat on the steps in the sun, in a place where nobody could see us; and Ralph put his arm around me, and I felt as if something inside me were all broken up into jagged pieces.

Below us was a road that wound from the lower town to the upper one, in a slow ascending spiral that took you half way round the walls before it reached the gate at the top. I fixed my eyes on an ox-cart coming up that road, an open cart full of vegetables, pulled by two white oxen dusted all over with the yellow dust of the road, the dust in a cloud behind them, the driver singing a rather tuneless song in a loud lusty voice, and stopping in the middle of it now and then to shout and swear at his team. We both watched it for a long time. Coming up so slowly it was a restful sight, just a man bringing his garden truck to the Saturday market, the most natural thing in the world. I don't know why it seems so vivid to me now, or in the least important, except that I was consciously trying to see it with detachment, uncritically, the superficial line and color and rhythm bringing a kind of rest because of its impersonal completeness.

Later on we went back into the town. We bought two intaglio panels which they make so beautifully in Altamo, and have for a thousand years, fitting together woods of every shade and texture and creating with them pictures in low keys, like old brown weathered paintings seen in a half-light. And by the time we got back to our inn we were hungry and ready for dinner, and quite tired from walking most of the day.

The inn dining-room that night was full of shouting gesticulating farmers, telling the week's news to each other while they spent a part of their market-money on excellent red wine. Each man had a big glass carafe of it, which he didn't bother to thin out with water. The farmers were of every age and type, rough men all of them; I was the only woman in the room except the innkeeper's wife at her high desk. They had been drinking since sundown, and were all rather pleasantly drunk when we came in; they waved their hands at my husband or gave him a Fascist salute, and they bowed deferentially to me. It's hard to imagine a more carefree crowd than farmers like this after a good day, sitting over checkers or in tight groups playing *"Uno, due,"* that endlessly amusing game which has something to do with the number of fingers you will open at your opponent from your closed fist waving in his face. The men stamped on the floor and sometimes they sang. When there was a lull in the noise they made, followed by a shout, we looked up at the door and saw standing there the jolliest, the most complacent mortal I have ever looked at—short and fat, with a shock of white hair and a rusty beard—he must have been about sixty years old, and every man in the room knew him and shouted at him as if they had been waiting all this time for his arrival.

He saluted them grandly and grasped the lifted hands of a few; then he went on to speak to the *Signora* at her place above the noisy scene. After a moment she pointed to us, and the jolly figure turned and rolled up to our table, seizing the hands of us both and bellowing his welcome to us.

"I am so happy, so honored, my dear friends!" he roared above the noise. "A letter from my cousin Giulio in Milan has only just now reached me, to tell me that you are here, honoring us all! And now you must come to see us at once, this very evening or at any rate tomorrow, to visit the palace of the Renzis and to meet all my family, and especially to see my son, of whom I am very proud!" He dropped into a seat beside us and accepted a glass of wine, toasting us in it, and our country, and our fortune, and our family, and our children. "For of course you have children?" he questioned me with a sly wink. "You see, my wife has given me six—she has done very well indeed! But you say you have none? How sad that is! But there is time, there is time! You are still very young." He put his arm across his breast proudly, and continued. "As for me, I am young too, though the father of six. And I am a very happy man!"

Probably the happiest man in Italy, I thought. So happy that he infected the whole room with his joviality, and had to join his friends the farmers, and drink a glass of wine at each table before they'd let him leave.

We promised to come to the palace next day for tea. We hadn't needed the letter of introduction.

When he had spoken to all his friends, we watched Count Renzi go rolling out of the room, and we pictured him crossing the square and going home to rejoin his family around a blazing fireplace, settling contentedly into his chair across from his wife—the Countess probably quite fat, with her knitting in her lap, surrounded by the younger children like a pleased cat whose kittens are getting drowsy and will soon fall asleep in corners of the room and forget their continuous play.

And I can't begin to tell you how I envied her and the domestic scene of which she and her jolly husband were the center—so fortunate, all of them, in their great house that had held many generations and would hold many more, having everything they wanted—everything. It wasn't that I begrudged them anything, but it hurt me to think that we would be content with so much less—with one more child to take the place of the child we had lost.

If only this brief rest, this week-end of living in the old-world town among its simple people, might possibly help us to have that one more child! If it only would. . . .

The next day was Sunday, and the whole world had turned into a rainy grayness. The wind howled and blew scattered sodden leaves in gusts through the narrow streets. We looked out, but didn't try to go out at all until we had to in the late afternoon, crossing the square in the wind and bracing ourselves against the gates of the Renzi palace, waiting to be let in. A fire and tea would feel good in this weather.

The tall gates were solemnly unbarred for us by an elderly man-servant who had already thrown open the inner wooden doors, revealing to us through an archway, between the two sides of the palace, a distant view out over the city wall to the blurred valley dissolved in rain and storm. We went in through another archway at the right, under vast rising walls marked with barred windows. The place was a fortress.

We came out of the rain into a small lighted room, and found our host, Count Renzi, standing at the door waiting for us. His smile of welcome

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was infectious, and before we had time to say a word he had greeted us half a dozen times, apologized for the weather, told us of the honor we did his house, and hurried us up a stone stairway into the upper corridors of the palace. We must see everything at once, he said, before the light failed. He had not yet put in electricity, preferring the light of candles which were more suitable to the place, but of course did not really give enough illumination. We must make the most of what remained of the daylight.

With great pride he threw open a high door opening out of the corridor, and stood aside to let us pass.

It would be hard to give an adequate description of that palace. We were led through room after room, silvered by the rainy daylight coming through tall shrouded windows draped in Venetian brocade, the walls rich with pictures and tapestries, the marvellous ancient furniture standing about in formal order as if set for a great reception, jewelled ornaments on the mantels, priceless glass and china, everything in the darkest richest colors you can imagine. It was plain to see that this was the show part of the palace, not used by the family at all, except perhaps at the time of a royal visit. The place was dank and chill with a penetrating cold. I don't know how many rooms there were, or what they could all have been used for. But our host kept leading us from one to the next, pointing out the frescoes by Tiepolo on the ceiling of one, and the dark intaglio walls of another, and showing us with great pride the small black-and-white writing room that an American millionaire had offered to buy from him just as it stood for half a million dollars. Count Renzi laughed a great Falstaffian laugh at the remembrance of his talk with the American, "who was really a fine fellow, and understood perfectly the need to keep things like these for one's children."

When we were shivering with cold, and wordless over all we had seen in so short a time, our host took us back through the outer corridor to a slightly warmer part of the palace. "And now," he said, "I want you to meet my family, and then we shall have tea."

He walked to the end of the sitting-room in which we had stopped, opened a narrow door, and called: "Maria, I am bringing in our guests that I told you about." Then he beckoned to us to follow him in. "My wife," he said, "and my daughters, Beatrice and Giuseppina."

We saw the little cell-like room, the smoky lamp on the bare table, the small coal brazier on the floor, and the three seated women in rusty black, hunched and shabby, with parchment-pale faces. Frightened huddled birds, they looked like. The two younger ones stood up as we came in, but the old Countess remained where she was, raising one emaciated hand shakily toward us, lifting her head just a little as if she still hoped to have a glimpse of us out of her sightless eyes. "Good evening," she said in her beautiful faded voice. "We are glad that you have come."

One of the daughters put down a book from which she had been reading aloud, and as she turned we could see that, like her sister, she was hunched and deformed. The two were ageless as their broken mother, and only a little less worn; I think that they had never been young in their lives. One of them bent over her mother and pulled a black shawl closer around the thin shoulders. "Will you stay here, Mamma," she asked, "and shall I bring you in a cup of tea?"

"Yes, yes," said the old Countess. "You two children must serve our guests, and it will be best for me to stay here. I am always so cold," she said turning to us, "and you will pardon me if I do not come out with you."

We had tea in the sitting room, brought in by an elderly maid and served from a great silver tray by the two sisters. They were so frail that it seemed hard for them to lift as much as a filled teacup, and they limped about, passing cakes and glasses of vermouth, and saying nothing while their father, hearty and suave, talked about politics and the recent good wine years and the deplorable state of modern painting and a dozen other subjects, as he gulped down glass after glass of vermouth and ate great quantities of cakes. Finally he threw down his napkin and rose.

"And now for the most important thing of all," he said. "Come! I want you to see my son!"

He led us into the library, which adjoined the sitting-room.

The long high room flickered with candle-light. Its walls were filled with books from floor to ceiling, and the light ran in subdued gleams along the rich bindings as we walked down its length, and glowed against the dark leather with muted jewel colors. At the far end of the room, set high above the fireplace in the fullest light, hung the life-size portrait of a young man, a tall blond boy of about nineteen, stalwart and confident, wearing the gray-green uniform of a captain in the Italian Army. We stood below the portrait, impressed by the radiant and almost childlike expression of the handsome aristocratic face.

Count Renzi broke our appreciative silence with an exclamation. "There!" he said, stepping back a little from the picture. "This is what I have wanted so much to show you! Is he not splendid? Is he not a son to be proud of? I tell you, there are few fathers who have sons like that! I can see that you agree with me." He paused, and then went on again. "Of course, you know, he was killed in the first year of the War, but think of the magnificence—the glory!" His eyes lighted up as he contemplated once more the portrait of his son.

"Yes," he continued, "you can see why I count myself fortunate and happy. Of my six children, three, it is true, died in infancy—as is not unusual in our rigorous climate; and there are now left to me, alas, only my Beatrice and my Giuseppina. I am sometimes a little afraid that with their great devotion to their mother they will never marry to give me any grandchildren; but there is time, there is time. On the whole we have done well, and I am a very happy man. . . ."

And that's really all there was to our Altamo visit. When our compliments and farewells had been exchanged, and we had gone out through the shadowy corridors into the air again, and heard the palace gates clang behind us,—when we had crossed back over the wet pavement of the square in the dark to our inn, and gone up again to our stupid frescoed room, we sat down on the edge of the bed and hadn't a word to say to each other. What could anybody say?

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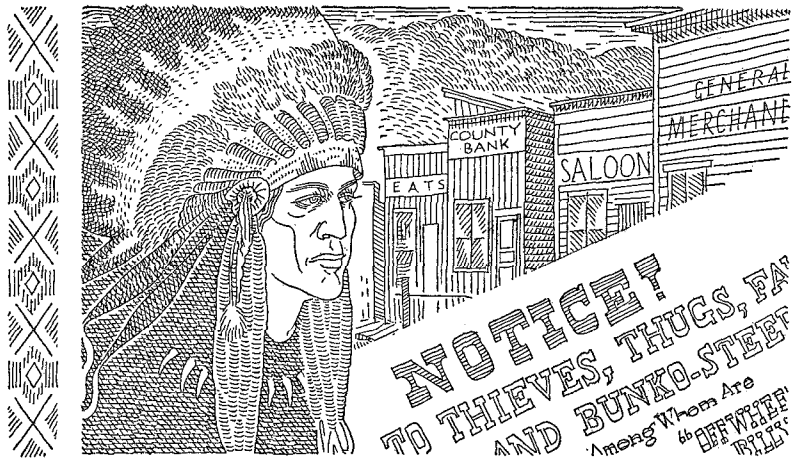
Although it is too late to see the West in its unique and primitive state, Dr. Butler, who tells of its past grandeur, believes a new and thrilling pleasure still awaits those who answer its call



Across the Busy Years

By Nicholas Murray Butler

V. OUR AMERICAN WEST

There is no longer any West. It disappeared with the passing of the frontier just about fifty years ago. The railway, the telegraph, the telephone, modern industrial and commercial methods, and the rapid settling of the trans-Missouri country all united to bring the frontier to an end and to destroy what had been that amazing West of ours. In its stead we now have a near Northwest and a far Northwest, a trans-Missouri section, the Rocky Mountain States, and a Pacific Coast, and we have a Southwest as well. In a general way these are all part and parcel of what was once the West, but more correctly the territory described by that term was bounded on the west by the Sierra Mountains and did not include the Pacific Coast proper.

It was my good fortune to get across the Missouri River just before the frontier came to its end and before the West, as it had been, disappeared forever. In those days one changed cars at Council Bluffs, and on the other side of the Missouri River the town of Omaha was still a straggling settlement with huge piles of logs on the river bank as its outstanding feature. The sidewalks of the main streets were made of planks and the wooden buildings were but one story or at most two stories in height. The most advanced institution of the town was the influential daily newspaper, *The Omaha Daily Bee,* of which Edward Rosewater was the vigorous and powerful directing force. To have seen and to have known that Western country makes it possible to read Mark Twain's *Roughing It* with fullest understanding and delight, to revel in the writing of Bret Harte, to appreciate the vivid and accurate descriptions of Zane Grey and those in Edna Ferber's *Cimarron,* and to regard as truly classic the *Western Verse* of Eugene Field.

In those days there were still great numbers of cattle roaming over the plains west of the Missouri and occasionally there were buffalo, although the vast herds of buffalo which had previously raced madly across vast areas had either moved north or disappeared forever. The public lands were being rapidly pre-empted, particularly in the river valleys, but the chief interest was in mining. Adventurous spirits flocked to Colorado, to the Black Hills, to Nevada and to California, and literally left no stone unturned to find the precious ore which was concealed in those regions. There were a number of military posts scattered throughout the country because the Custer massacre and various disturbances by the White River Utes and the Apaches were a very recent memory. The Indians were much more widely distributed than is now the case and were to be met with almost everywhere between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains.

My friend, Will Annin, who was an editorial writer on *The Omaha Daily Bee,* had been named post trader at Fort Robinson in northwestern Nebraska. On one occasion when he was returning to that post, I went with him in order to see more of western Nebraska and something of the Black Hills country. We left the Union Pacific Railway train at Sidney, Nebraska, about 400 miles west of Omaha, and were driven by coach for parts of two days and one night across the plains to Fort Robinson, which seemed very remote indeed. He warned me that I might have some queer experiences and told me of this happening on his last trip. On the front seat of the coach next to the driver was a quiet and motionless passenger, wearing a heavy topcoat with a muffler pulled down over his head and ears. He did not leave his place either for food or to refresh himself at any time, but sat stolidly by the driver's side during the entire trip. This aroused curiosity, which changed to amazement when on reaching Fort Robinson it was learned for the first time that their fellow passenger was a corpse that had been sent from the Black Hills to Sidney, and not being met there by the expected person was being driven back to the Black Hills!

A little bit later we had an experience of our own which was all right for once, but something which one does not wish to have repeated. We were loping down from the Black Hills, and hearing that the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railway, which was then building, had reached a point near what is now Chadron in northwestern Nebraska, concluded to dispose of our horses there and take the train back to Omaha, nearly 500 miles away. We rode into camp, hot and tired, about six o'clock one evening in the month of August, to find there nothing but a construction camp. We had been mis-

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informed as to the progress of the building of the new railway, which had only been completed, so that trains might use it, to a point some fifty or sixty miles east of where Chadron now is. It was, therefore, imperative that we spend the night at the construction camp. We had hardly looked after our horses when there was a commotion in what may perhaps be described as the main street of this settlement, as a man in chaps came galloping along, firing a pistol right and left and shouting loudly, apparently for no purpose but his own amusement. We promptly took refuge behind two flour barrels until this boisterous gentleman had disappeared. The only provision for visitors was a structure made of canvas bearing the label "Hotel." In it was a small compartment used as a dining-room where atrocious and ill-cooked food was served. The beds were camp cots, each in a narrow compartment made of tent-cloth, while the washing arrangements were outside the structure and of the most primitive character. Shortly after darkness fell, Will Annin and I took to our respective beds. Not long afterward there came a shout from the same person who had made all the disturbance in the main street a few hours earlier: "Lie down flat, all you fellers! I'm going to shoot." And in a moment he shot straight through the tent-cloth walls of the several bedrooms and then, roaring with laughter, went off into drunken sleep. Any one who might have been sitting up in bed would probably have been killed. I have never been at Chadron since, but I fancy that, more than a half-century having passed, there is no one living there now who has any recollection of those truly frontier days.

More interesting than the plains of Nebraska, however, were the mining camps of Colorado. Every sort and kind of person congregated there and the joy of conquest mingled on every hand with the gloom of failure. To spend some time in the camps in the vicinity of Georgetown or better still, in those in the Uncompahgre Canyon, was a real experience with many-sided human nature. The poker games in which each player was accompanied by his pistol lying within easy reach of his right hand, the stories that were told, the experiences that were recounted, were amazing in high degree. My most vivid memories are of one or two of the mines on Red Mountain in San Juan County, for which any one of a great number of Eugene Field's verses might have been written. It is well that the debate over the name of the state of Colorado ended as it did, for the two competing proposals to call it the state of Jefferson or the state of Arcadia would not have fitted in well with the early life and history of that part of the country. Denver quickly became a very important distributing center and quite naturally was chosen as the capital of the newly organized state in 1876. Nevertheless, Denver had a hard fight for precedence and was accused of having resorted to bribery in order to get the better of Pueblo. The original suggestion of Colorado City as the capital, the site being chosen because it was geographically central, was abandoned because it was found, although central, to be inconvenient.

In those days there were graduates of the Columbia School of Mines to be found scattered all through the Colorado mining camps, where they were held in high esteem as mining engineers. There was always plenty of good company to be had and if there was more drinking and shooting than is desirable in a settled community, this must be attributed to the very undeveloped and unorganized condition of the social and political order.

In 1886 I was permitted to join the Princeton geological expedition which went out into the Bad Lands in search of characteristic fossils. We were to assemble at Fort Bridger, the well-known army post in southwestern Wyoming. I well remember my feelings when I alighted from the Union Pacific train at Carter, a station in southwestern Wyoming about half-way between Green River and Evanston, which consisted at that time of one building in addition to the railway station. Standing there in the clothes of a city dweller, alone with my luggage, watching the train pass out of sight bound westward, I felt lonely and deserted indeed. It was a full half-hour before, off to the south on the hills of the desert, could be seen the dust from an army wagon, which had been sent to take me to Fort Bridger, some miles distant. That was truly a glad sight. I may say that I never saw Carter again for more than thirty years, since the fast train service on the Union Pacific Railway always took passengers through there by night. During the War, however, when the Government took over the management of the railroads—and grievously mismanaged them—the express train schedule was so altered that one again passed through Carter by daylight. It rejoiced me to see that in the thirty years it had grown 300 per cent, and that then there were four houses in addition to the railway station instead of one.

At Fort Bridger our whole group assembled and as Professor Scott, who had charge of the expedition, had been obliged to return to Princeton, it was put in charge of his old classmate, Francis Speir, Jr. It consisted of a small but interesting group, six of whom were Princeton undergraduates. One of these was Walter L. Hervey, who afterwards gave distinguished service to the cause of education, first as administrative head of Teachers College, Columbia University, for a number of years, and then for a longer period as a member of the Board of Examiners of the New York City school system. Another was Stewart Paton, whose distinction as a neurologist, writer, and teacher is well known. Others were Francis Fisher Kane, a leading member of the Philadelphia bar, Joseph D. Baucus from Saratoga, New York, David E. Harlan, who later in life came to be an important paper manufacturer at Middletown, Ohio, and George Reynolds, who had a long and successful pastorate at New Rochelle, New York. One can never forget the guide and captain of the expedition, Jake Heisey, who, with iron-gray beard and a quiet, commanding manner, showed that he had not been in the United States cavalry during the Civil War without the marks of that service being left upon him. Heisey was an extraordinary character. After the Civil War he had gone to Wyoming and settled there as a farmer. Not long afterward some raiding Indians killed his wife and, taking his infant child by the ankles, dashed its brains out against a rock in Jake's presence. How he escaped, I do not know, but from that moment he determined to kill every Indian whom he should ever meet, if alone and there was opportunity to do so. He told us that he had never varied from this habit for some fifteen years. One of his instructions to us was that while on the desert

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or in the Bad Lands we must never let an Indian pass us on our right-hand side, but must always compel him to pass on our left-hand side and under the muzzle of our gun or pistol. He also insisted that we must kill each and every Indian whom we might meet when alone. On one occasion Jake reproached me vigorously because I had not acted on this instruction. I had been cutting out a fossil some eight or ten miles from camp and as the afternoon grew on, I stopped working for the day, unhobbled my horse, and started to lope slowly back to camp. Shortly I saw in the distance an Indian coming toward me. There was no mistaking the fact that he was an Indian, since the lope of the Indian's horse is much shorter and quite different from that of the white man and his horse. Mindful of Heisey's instructions not to allow the Indian to pass on my right side, I turned my helm over a little, so to speak, in order to bring him to my left. I soon noticed that the Indian was doing the same thing and that instead of riding straight toward each other, we were riding at an angle which would shortly bring us together under a butte of considerable height. When we met, however, we passed each other with unchanging faces, each under the muzzle of the other's gun. Immediately each swung in his saddle and looked back over his shoulder to see what the other was doing. We remained in this position for several hundred yards and then continued on our several ways in peace and good order. When I got back to camp and told Heisey of this experience, he was quite upset and insisted that I should have killed the man. He took no account of the fact that the Indian might easily have killed me.

In order to reach our camp, which was in northwestern Colorado, just over the Utah line, on the White River about twelve miles beyond the point where it flows into Green River, we had to cross the Uinta Mountains, going over at an elevation of some 10,500 feet. During this mountain climb we came upon General Crook of the Army, who was making an inspection of that part of the country because of the Indians and their doings. He was in camp with a small group of aides near the route which we were following. We were offered the hospitality of the camp, which was manifested by handing each of us a glass with lemon juice at the bottom and a bottle of mineral water. One of our group who was a total abstainer, declined the bottle of water saying: "No, I'll take mine straight." Whereupon, the aide produced an empty glass and shoved over a whisky bottle, having missed the point of the joke entirely.

When we got over to the south side of the mountains we went slowly down through the little Mormon town of Ashley and on to the Uinta Indian Reservation. The White River Utes were still under heavy suspicion, for the Meeker massacre had taken place but seven years before. Many of the Indians were plainly of bad temper and quite ready for a scrap either with each other or with any other person who might come along. Each Friday there was a general migration of the Indians from miles around into the trading-post, where there was a distribution of food supplies, and once each month a small distribution of money as well. So soon as the food was in hand, the women were sent back to their several abodes with it, but the men remained about the trading-post to chatter, to indulge in games of chance, and once in a while to get up something of a fight. On the days when the money was distributed it was all in two or three hands by the middle of the afternoon, and an hour later it was all in the hands of the post-trader, from whom had been purchased all sorts and kinds of gewgaws which had attracted the attention of those Indians who had been successful at the gambling game of the day.

Our camp, over the Colorado line on the banks of the White River, was a number of miles from the Uinta Reservation. We were put on our guard against the Utes and one measure of protection that we took was each night to tie the horses' heads together and then sleep on our blankets in a circle around them. By doing this the Indians could not steal a horse by stampeding it or without coming over, or leading a horse over, our sleeping bodies. We felt pretty certain that in such case some one of us would be awakened and would see to it that the invading Indian returned to the minding of his own business. It was a very extraordinary bit of country that we came to know, and one did not need to be a geologist or a zoologist to appreciate its wonders or the story which it had to tell of the past history of the earth and the inhabitants thereof. The experience was truly a remarkable one and one which could not be repeated in any like fashion in these very sophisticated times.

There are several places in our Western country which will always stand out in memory as the most wonderful and the most impressive of all my experience. First among these is, of course, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, the most astonishing natural phenomenon that one can conceive. Even now, when it is reached with perfect comfort by train, and an admirable hotel is provided at the railway terminus on the very edge of the Canyon itself, to visit it is truly an unequalled experience. But forty odd years ago it was more amazing still.

My first visit to the Grand Canyon was made on horseback with a group of friends, starting from Flagstaff, Arizona. We took with us very little food and water and almost no luggage. Leaving early in the morning, we went northward and westward across the desert, leaving the San Francisco mountains to our right, and kept along the dry bed of what would like to have been a stream until, as the elevation increased, we reached the wooded portion of the territory and, finally, as midnight was nearing, came to the edge of the Grand Canyon itself. There was a simple but very welcome camp, kept by a Mr. and Mrs. Vincent, he a brother of the distinguished Bishop Vincent who brought the Chautauqua movement into existence. Nothing could have been more primitive than this so-called camp. The provision for such three or four guests as might appear at this remote and almost inaccessible spot, consisted of hammocks swung between the trees, while the very small central structure was anything but inviting. It so happened that on the night of our arrival three visitors had preceded us, coming up from Prescott, Arizona, and they were in somnolent occupancy of all the hammocks that there were. There was nothing for us to do but to spread our blankets on the ground or on the floor of the little building and try to get the sleep that we then so sorely needed. Hanging about the camp was a cowboy who

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seemed for some reason to be delaying his own retiring for the night. Finally I said to him: "My friend, I've got to put my blanket down here and want to go to sleep. I wish you'd turn out that oil lamp and give me a chance." With a grin, he replied, "Say, Mister, I was waitin' around here to see what color you was when you washed!" I had quite forgotten that after the long hours of exposure to the sun and the desert dust, with no possible chance of washing, since no water existed in that part of the world, it might well be difficult to tell whether I were an Indian or a Mexican or a white man.

Grand Canyon cannot really be adequately described. I have seen many attempts at it, but no one of them has been successful. It must be seen—and no one who cares for the grandeur and the magnificence of nature will leave any stone of opportunity unturned until he shall have seen it.

Another and very different spot of beauty and splendor is Gold Beach in Oregon at the mouth of the Rogue River. One may sit there as the sun sinks into the Pacific at the day's end, cut off from the noisy and busy world by the range of mountains behind him, and see as beautiful a sunset as can possibly be imagined, reflecting all the while that, as the sun sinks into the Pacific, its rays will fall upon no land until they strike the ancient Orient, thousands of miles away. Probably very few Americans, even those who are well travelled, have ever visited Gold Beach, but until they do visit it and spend a night there to see the sunset, they will be without an experience which, when it comes, will be unforgettable.

Yet another and very remarkable place where grandeur and beauty and detachment from the world all meet again, is Goldendale on Klickitat Creek in southern Washington, perhaps a score or so of miles north of the Columbia River. One may come to it by following the marvellous Columbia River road from Portland, crossing over by flat-boat to the State of Washington at White Salmon near where the Hood River flows in from the south, and then following the Klickitat Valley across to Goldendale. Of a summer's afternoon one may see from that beautiful spot four splendid snowclad mountains—Mount Hood in Oregon to the south, Mount St. Helen's and Mount Adams in Washington to the west, and the towering Mount Rainier farther to the north. Mount Baker, far up near the Canadian line, is too distant to be seen from Goldendale. The Grand Canyon of the Colorado, Gold Beach, and Goldendale have nothing that is physical in common. Each differs from the other as much as can possibly be imagined and yet each one is, in its own way, a new and splendid revelation of beauty and of awe-inspiring magnificence.

Different from all these, and unique I suppose in all this world, is Mono Lake, which has been called the Dead Sea of California. Some fifty years ago Mark Twain told me that Mono Lake was the loneliest place on earth, and that nothing in nature had impressed him so greatly. From that day I had made up my mind to see Mono Lake, but I never succeeded in getting there until 1922. For a number of years I had been a member and officer of the National Parks Association, and took the keenest interest in the development of the Parks and in the building of the roads which were to join them and make possible a visit by automobile to each and all of them. This aim was finally accomplished, and now one may start from Estes Park in Colorado and go by automobile in great comfort across Colorado and Wyoming to the east entrance of the Yellowstone, visit the Yellowstone and go out by the north entrance, and cross Montana over to the Glacier National Park. After the wonders of that part of the country have been seen, the route lies westward across Idaho and Washington to Mount Rainier, then on south either by Portland or the Hood River Valley to Crater Lake, then to Klamath Lake and so into California by Mount Shasta and the Sacramento Valley, past Stockton into the San Joaquin Valley until one comes to Modesto and turns up the Tuolumne and enters the Yosemite National Park from the west. Coming out of the Yosemite, southbound, the next stop is at the Sequoia National Park, east of Visalia, then on down through southern California to the Needles, across into Arizona to visit the Grand Canyon, then back to Colorado to the point of departure. To be sure, not many persons make or ever have made this entire journey, but each year some tens of thousands of automobiles make a very considerable part of it, and the number of annual visitors to the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, and the Glacier National Park grows by leaps and bounds. They are among our country's most glorious possessions.

My first visit to Mono Lake in 1922 was a result of interest in the work of the National Parks Association. I had stated during the winter that since the new Tioga Pass, built under the direction and by the generous aid of Stephen T. Mather of Colorado, Director of the National Park Service, had been completed, I was most anxious to reach the Yosemite by that new and unexplored route. Everything was arranged that I might do so when, just as I was leaving New York at the end of June, word came from Washington that there had been an exceptionally heavy snowfall in the Sierras, that at the top of the Tioga Pass there were drifts estimated at thirty or forty feet in height, and that I probably could not get through there until August, if at all. My answer was that I expected to be at the Bohemian Grove at a certain date in July, that I intended to visit Mono Lake and that I was going to make every attempt to go over the Tioga Pass, snow or no snow. Our party left the train at Truckee in California and spent a day or two most delightfully at Lake Tahoe, telephoning and telegraphing down to the Yosemite Valley in order to get the latest information about the Tioga Pass. The last word was that if we tried it, we must do so at our own risk. So, on the following morning we started. The pitch from Lake Tahoe down into Nevada is exceedingly steep and our very strong and well-driven automobile had a hard time of it, but eventually we reached the little town of Minden. This of itself proved to be a most interesting place. It had been founded, we were told, by two Germans from Münden in Westphalia, and they had built it up into a successful community and the center of the dairy industry for the supply of Nevada and western Utah. At Minden we took careful advice as to how to reach Mono Lake. Our instructions were to go out across the desert directly south and to keep on until we came to Mono Lake. We were told that we could not lose the direction, because the Sierras towered above us on the west and could not by any possibility

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be climbed or overlooked. After several hours we came, quite unexpectedly, to a village, and found that its name was Bridgeport and that we had crossed over the line into California. Here we took some farther advice as to how best to reach Mono Lake, and since the afternoon was well advanced, we did what we could to make speed across the trackless desert. Finally, when we had almost given up hope, we came to a little rise of land and there before us was Mono Lake—surely, as Mark Twain had said, the loneliest place on earth! Nowhere was there a sign of life. The Sierras towered three or four thousand feet above us on the west, while to the south, to the east, as to the north, the desert rolled away, tenantless and quite beyond the possibility of cultivation. Having reached Mono Lake, where were we to stop? Suddenly, off to the right, there appeared an electric light, for darkness had now set in. We had, perhaps, three or four miles to go to reach that light, but we lost no time in covering the distance. There we found on a narrow shelf of desert, at the very edge of Mono Lake and just at the foot of the High Sierras, a little camp and a village store. We were hundreds of miles from anywhere and it was little short of amazing that such conditions should exist in so isolated a spot. An energetic man, however, had found a way to put a dam in a little stream which came down from the melting snows of the Sierras and thereby generated electricity for light and heat. He had found a way to get hold of some of the comfortable A tents which had been disposed of by the Government after the War, and he was able—how on earth he did it, the Lord only knows—to make us exceedingly comfortable. We were able to bathe in the water which the mountain stream provided and then to go for dinner in the single room of the main building of the camp. This dinner was so admirable that we could not help congratulating our host upon it. He said, "Go out and tell the cook so. She will be glad to know that you like her food." So, on leaving the table, I pushed open the door into the kitchen and found there a woman cook with the uniform of her profession, ready and glad to receive my congratulations on her skill, particularly under such amazing conditions. I said to her, "Cook, where did you ever learn to cook like that?" "Oh," said she, smilingly, "I used to be cook for the Marquis of Salisbury!" This good woman, out of a desire to see the world, had reached San Francisco and then, in some marvellous manner, over trackless mountains and deserts she had found her way to Mono Lake.

Mark Twain's description of Mono Lake cannot be improved upon. These are the words which he wrote in his *Roughing It:*

"Mono Lake lies in a lifeless, treeless, hideous desert, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is guarded by mountains two thousand feet higher, whose summits are always clothed in clouds. This solemn, silent, sailless sea—this lonely tenant of the loneliest spot on earth—is little graced with the picturesque. It is an unpretending expanse of grayish water, about a hundred miles in circumference, with two islands in its center, mere upheavals of rent and scorched and blistered lava, snowed over with gray banks and drifts of pumice stone and ashes, the winding-sheet of the dead volcano, whose vast crater the lake has seized upon and occupied.

"The lake is two hundred feet deep, and its sluggish waters are so strong with alkali that if you only dip the most hopelessly soiled garment into them once or twice, and wring it out, it will be found as clean as if it had been through the ablest of washerwomen's hands."

Everything that Mark Twain said about Mono Lake was true, and much more. Like the Grand Canyon, Mono Lake must be seen to be appreciated. There is no use in attempting to give a description of it and its surrounding country, however one may wish to do so.

Early one morning we started over the new Tioga Pass. We marvelled at its construction and at the daring of those who had conceived and planned it. It crosses the Sierras at a height of almost exactly 10,000 feet. We found no snow until the top was reached and then it was not troublesome until we had gone perhaps a half mile beyond the summit. There we came upon the immense masses of snow, the existence of which had been reported to us, but by laying down planks and using the snow itself as a roadway for about a half mile, and then descending from the snow on these planks, we were able to proceed uninterruptedly and reached the Yosemite over a very rough road late in the afternoon.

Beyond any question the Grand Canyon, Gold Beach, Goldendale, and Mono Lake stand out in memory as the four most impressive physical features which our country possesses. The ascent of Pike's Peak, of the mountains of British Columbia, of Mount Rainier, of Mount Shasta and of a half-dozen of the Sierras are all exhilarating and memorable experiences, but none the less they only repeat what one could find in Switzerland, in Austria, or in Italy. The four outstanding places which I name are, however, peculiar to our own land and characteristic of its geography and its geology. The contrast between the easterly and the westerly slopes of the Sierras is so great as to be almost unbelievable. The western slope, constantly watered by melting snows and by the occasional rains which the wind and the ocean currents of the Pacific bring to it, is abundant in vegetation and the ascent may be made in a score of places by as many different passes or routes. On the east, however, where the desert extends across Nevada and Utah to the Rocky Mountains and where rain is not an institution but a genuine event, the desert comes to the very foot of the mountains and there are but three or four passes between Lake Tahoe and Mojave by which the summit may be easily reached. Tioga Pass is one of these and Kearsarge, which is some 2000 feet higher, is another.

There are some amusing incidents connected with an ascent of Kearsarge Pass made in 1922. Our customary and familiar group had gone by automobile down the San Joaquin Valley to Bakersfield and contemplated crossing over the mountains at that point. When we inquired as to whether or not we might try the Walker Pass which is only about 4500 feet in height, we were told on local authority in Bakersfield that Walker Pass was impossible and that we must go round by Mojave and then north on the eastern side of the mountains. We, thereupon, stubbornly decided to try the Walker Pass. There was no more difficulty in going through it and over it than in driving down the San Joaquin Valley itself, save for one

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or two unusual incidents. When we stopped to take our luncheon by the side of what had at one time been a brook, but which was at the moment absolutely dry, we had an experience of how quickly things may happen in that part of the world. Without warning, the skies clouded over, there were sharp flashes of lightning and loud thunder, and then there came a genuine cloudburst which made us feel as if we were about to have an ocean roll over us. In ten minutes the dried-up brook was a roaring torrent, four feet deep, and we had great difficulty in getting far enough away from it to escape drenching and to prevent our automobile from being put out of use. The cloudburst and its effects did not last over thirty or forty minutes, and then the brook began to recede as quickly as it had risen. When we reached the easterly side of Walker Pass we came upon the most beautiful cactus grove that can be imagined. For hundreds of yards there stretched on either side of us these cactus trees in full flower. They appeared to be from four to six feet in height and their flowers were blue and pink and white and red. It was a truly marvellous sight, particularly to those who, like ourselves, had seen the flowering cactus only as it is scattered here and there through Arizona and New Mexico. After a time we reached what looked like a wagon route running north and as our desire was to reach Independence, where there was an inn at which we could put up for the night, we turned our automobile in that direction. On the map the first settlement marked was named Lone Pine and as the type in which its name was printed was of the same size that the map-maker had used for San Francisco and Los Angeles, we rather expected to find a very considerable town. Lone Pine consisted, however, so far as we could see, of a gas-service station and one visible inhabitant, who was sitting contentedly in front of his lonely abode, gazing out over the desert. After we had gratified him by making a purchase of gasoline, he finally overcame his propensity for silence sufficiently to say, "Hev yuh heard the news?" This question, naturally, startled us, for we did not know what might have happened since we left Bakersfield, and did not stop to think that no news of anything which had happened could possibly have reached him. No, we had heard no news. What was it? "There has been a cloudburst and the road up here is all washed out! Yuh can't get up to Independence." This was real news, for our supplies were running very low and unless we could reach Independence, our situation was pretty desperate. On being pressed for advice as to what to do under these circumstances, the inhabitant of Lone Pine said, "Well, I'll tell yuh. Go back the way yuh cum 'til yuh cum to a rock. Mebbe it's about a half-mile. Yuh can't miss it 'cause there's only one rock there. Hev yuh got a compass? Well, when yuh get to that rock, go dead east by your compass. Yuh go quite a ways —I don't know how far—mebbe five miles, mebbe six. Then, you'll come to a kind of embankment place that belongs to the old railroad they had out there when there was mines up here right after the Civil War. Of course, it's abandoned now and all covered with weeds, but yuh can't miss it. When yuh come to that, turn left and keep along that embankment, oh, for quite a way. I don't know for how many miles, just keep along it and after a while, mebbe an hour or two, yuh oughta get back on what's left of this road, and then yuh can get into Independence in another hour or so."

We followed this very helpful, but not very encouraging, advice and found everything precisely as the citizen of Lone Pine had described it. When we reached Independence, we felt that we had come to the Promised Land. Here was an inn with a dining-room and a bath, and here was the group of companions who, coming from the other direction, had agreed to meet us there and make the ascent of Kearsarge Pass on the following day. This we did, going over the 12,500-foot elevation without any difficulty. We pitched our camp under the heights of Mount Whitney at an elevation of about 9000 feet. We were at the fork of two creeks at the head of the King River Canyon and we spent some delightful days in this lofty cloudland. There were trout in the near-by streams and lakes, so that we found plenty of fish, swift water, quiet pools, a fine camp site with the workaday world far away. When, some time later, we came down over Kearsarge Pass and returned to Independence, we went north through Inyo County and halted at Mammoth, California, to have a look at the surrounding country. From there we went back to Mono Lake and again over Tioga Pass and so on down to San Francisco, where we were hailed as a returning band of genuine explorers.

One may, if he really wishes to see his country's outstanding physical features, begin on the coast of Maine and climb the very modest height which is offered by the Island of Mount Desert. He may then go westward into New Hampshire and begin to feel that he knows what a mountain looks like as he climbs up Mount Washington and Mount Jefferson. The next step will be across Lake Champlain to the Adirondacks, where Mount Marcy, Mount McIntyre, and Mount Seward and White Face have much to reward the effort to climb to their summits. From there he must go out to the mountains of Colorado, beginning perhaps with Pike's Peak, and then seeking the heights of three or four more mountains that lie just to the west. Up in Alberta and British Columbia the searcher for beauty will be rewarded by climbing any one of the half-dozen accessible peaks in the vicinity of Lake Louise and Banff, and then come the really high mountains of the Sierras which have already been described.

The prairies and the plains, too, have a charm that is quite unique. Many years ago a good friend of mine, whose home was in Chicago, acted on my advice and took her summer holiday among the high places of Colorado. When she returned home she wrote me that she had greatly enjoyed the mountains, but that it was an immense satisfaction to get back home where she could really draw a long breath without feeling shut in! This is the reply of the prairie-dweller to the mountain-lover.

So few know anything of our own country, save the narrow environment in which they pass their lives, that they deprive themselves of the joy of seeing and feeling and knowing that which belongs to us all and which gives our America an attraction and a satisfaction that are all its own. It is too late to see the West in its unique and primitive state, but its geology and its geography remain, and to answer their call is to gain new and thrilling pleasure.

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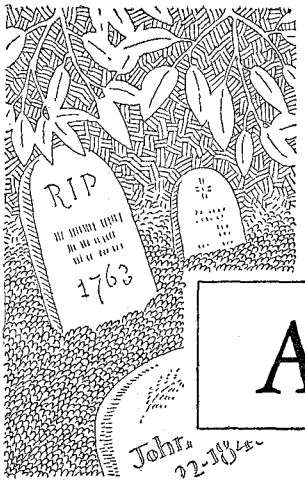

An English professor tracks down ancestors in out-of-the-way places; a music critic tells others how to learn to play the piano for their own pleasure; and after a year of discussing what people do to get fun out of life, we regretfully close this department

AFTER HOURS

CHASING ANCESTORS

By Lewis H. Chrisman

Member of English Literature at West Virginia Wesleyan College, Professor Chrisman has had a long and distinguished career as an educator. He is the author of five books and many articles published in scholarly and religious periodicals.

When I told my old friend, George Follansbee Babbitt of the Booster's Club of Zenith, that my hobby was genealogy he gave me a look of bovine bewilderment and then laughed long and vigorously. Fortunately, this time I escaped the ordeal of having to listen to the usual scintillating, original humor through which the party of the second part informs me that he is afraid to study his family tree for fear that he will find it traced back to a gallows. Neither did George quote the other hoary bromide, "Families who are interested in their ancestors are like potatoes. The best part of them are under the ground." Probably his only reason for refraining from inflicting upon me these brilliant and profound aphorisms was that he had never heard them. But any genealogist, amateur or professional, unless he keeps strictly quiet about his interest, is regaled with both of them at the rate of a dozen times a month.

Yes, this particular hobby has to be defended. Just why it is so frequently the object of ridicule, I cannot see. It is hard to think of anything more harmless, and some of us get considerable pleasure from it. Then too, we can assert without fear of successful contradiction that it is a subject which makes some demand upon a man's intelligence. Genealogy is no hobby for an ignoramus. It is a division of history. The study of the lives of ordinary men and women cannot be separated from the great sweep of national and international events. The most obvious illustration here would be the lessons in American history and its backgrounds learned by those collecting information concerning their forebears who were landed on Plymouth Rock by that ship so heavily laden with spinning-wheels, highboys, and ancestors. Neither can the woman ambitious to add another bar to her D. A. R. regalia perform that feat without learning a little Revolutionary history.

My own ancestors cannot compete for distinction with those of my friend who has hanging in his hall a magnificent and elaborate family tree showing his descent from Charlemagne. Most students of genealogy seem to be able to secure by hook or crook some outstanding distinguished ancestor. Judging by the number of those who are descended from royalty, kings must have been an exceedingly prolific species. And the most ordinary individual can rustle up a duke or two for his family tree. With all humility I report that in twenty years of study of genealogy I have not been able to discover that any of my ancestors were kings or dukes or Revolutionary generals. On the other hand I have never found any of whom I had any reason to feel ashamed. I confess my pride in the collateral ancestor bearing my own family name who was one of "Mad Anthony" Wayne's soldiers when his troops were surprised by the British on a little field in the neighborhood of Valley Forge. So many of the men were killed by British bayonets that the event is known in history as the "Paoli Massacre." My doughty kinsman, however, escaped by climbing a tree, showing the same judgment and ability which later enabled him to add farm to farm. I have often thought that if I were in a similar position I should do the same thing, provided that I had the mental alertness and the agility.

The military service of my Revolutionary ancestor in my paternal line was rather brief and probably involuntary. In all likelihood he preferred the life on his broad acres to that of the camp. Tradition tells us that now and then he had to hide his big fat horses in the bushes by the banks of French Creek to keep them from falling into the hands of the British. Or his own particular interest may have been in the grist mill which he built, in part with his own hands, and built so well that it still stands today, a beautiful piece of masonry. Whenever I look at it I cannot help thinking of Carlyle's words about his father, James Carlyle, master mason of Ecclefechan, "Let me write my books as he built his houses and walk as blamelessly through this shadow-world."

But the old mill is not the only monument of this farmer-miller of Revolutionary days. On a hill overlooking the Schuylkill River stands a Lutheran Church founded by the elder Muhlenberg himself. In the yard there is a fourteen-ton granite boulder marking the site of the original church "which was used by the Revolutionary soldiers as a hospital during the winter of 1777–1778." This old church with

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its wine-glass pulpit reached by a winding stairway was torn down in 1861 by a generation which failed to appreciate historical values. But one relic of it remains in the present building. In 1790 this congregation of German farmers bought a pipe organ for 150 pounds, my ancestor, his brother, and his brother-in-law each paying ten. The old organ was built by David Tannenberg of Lititz, Pa. It is still in good condition and once a year it is used in connection with the church service "on the Sunday nearest October 9th." I have never heard it, but I want to some day. Although I have little music in my soul, my proprietary ancestral interest in it has caused me to make some study of the history of the pipe organ in America.

Ancestor-hunting takes one into the alcoves of libraries, but much history of this type is not in books. Consequently, the genealogist delves into some of the less used documents which libraries of certain types have collected with care. Yet all of the material that he needs is not to be found in libraries. Court houses constitute another of his favorite hunting grounds. Here he can make a nuisance of himself. As a rule, however, he is a considerate individual and receives courteous treatment from the officials. As he studies old wills, and ancient deeds, he can not only add to knowledge, but also find zest in the satisfying of curiosity and in the making of absolutely unexpected discoveries. The reading of no novel gives me more thrills than the leafing through the old census documents of the region of my nativity. Previous to 1850 no names were given except those of the heads of families. Therefore, these records are rather arid, but the volumes from 1850 contain the names of all the members of the household. As they are not printed they are in the writing and spelling of the census-taker of long ago. They are redolent of old names and old times. To one who has a basis of local information, the whole life of a community of former years is chronicled in these volumes.

But there are times when the collector of ancestors must do his hunting out of doors. Much data can be found in church records, but sometimes the information must be verified by visiting country graveyards. This means wandering through scenes suggestive of the famous *Elegy,* once known to every school-boy:

> Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
> Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
> The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Many a time since have I lived over again that afternoon in the early autumn when I journeyed to an old cemetery in search of the grave of my great-great-great-grandfather, for forty-four years a "ruling elder" in the ancient Presbyterian church founded in 1720 by his grandfather whose name he bore and a small part of whose many acres he inherited and tilled. In one plot we found the graves of three generations, that of the ruling elder, his wife, his parents, and his unmarried daughter who had inherited the homestead and of whom my grandmother spoke as "great-aunt Tabitha." Apparently the stone over the grave of the immigrant ancestor had been levelled by the inexorable hand of time. Here I speculated over the multiplicity of ancestors. The ruling elder and his wife were but two out of thirty-two, his parents two out of sixty-four, the immigrant and his wife two out of one hundred and twenty-eight. What are the probabilities of a man's inheriting characteristics from a given ancestor? That is a question for the biologist rather than for the amateur genealogist. This little excursion brought me into contact with the schism in the Presbyterian Church early in the last century between the Old School and the New, a problem which necessitated my doing some delving into church history.

Occasionally my studies bring a glimmer of humor into the picture. For instance, I note with interest the item concerning the collateral ancestor who came to Virginia in 1732 with his father-in-law Jost Hite, and built the big house by the great "Spring" on the Valley Pike. It seems that his estimable wife, Magdalene, "ruled the roost and drove the covered wagon with produce to Richmond, leaving Jacob at home to take care of the farm." In the solemn purlieus of the Wisconsin Historical Library I chortled when I read that my ancestor, the miller of French Creek, when he was confirmed as a boy of fifteen, could read and knew "his catechism, etc.," my joy being much accentuated by the information on the same page concerning the ancestor of one of my friends. It read, "Can't read and doesn't know much."

All these delights and many more thou hast given to me, O genealogy! Most emphatically I am not going to give up the pleasure of expressing my collecting instinct in this way because of any elephantine attempts at humor of which I may be one of the unscathed victims.

"ONE-AND, TWO-AND——"

By Lewis S. Miner

Music critic of The St. Paul Daily News, *Mr. Miner has "watched this business of amateur music pretty closely" and knows its worth. Part-time salesman of wholesale coal, once editor of* Vice Squad Detective Stories, *he is a free-lance writer, selling manuscript "with vague success."*

"How I wish I'd kept up studying piano when I was a child!"

If all who make this statement within the course of a single evening were laid end to end, the resulting human chain would reach somewhere. We're not sure where because what we're really getting at is the fact most of the members of every social gathering where there is music eventually get around to verbally envying those who can play or sing.

We say playing or singing isn't as hard as it looks. They have a few stock answers.

"My teacher told me I didn't have any musical aptitude," they will moan, or, "I couldn't stand counting 'one-and, two-and' out loud when I practised. Practising was so, so unpleasant and uninteresting."

Unless they have children and dig into the methods Sonny's music teacher uses today, they do not realize their own troubles lay more with the teaching methods of an earlier day than with their musical talent.

Musical gifts are pretty generally the *sine qua non* of a professional concert artist, but they are no more than a handy leg up for those who want to play at home for pleasure.

Modern teaching methods capitalize on whatever feeling for music, no mat-

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ter how slight, you may have. They are designed to help you learn *because* of your affection for music rather than *in spite of it*. Old-style teachers gave you *piano* lessons. Modern ones give you *music* lessons on the piano.

You don't spend week after week with fingers lame from excessive scales and exercises. You begin learning simple pieces at the start, taking on more difficult numbers as the accompanying exercises give you the manual skill necessary to play them properly. A little theory, harmony, and so forth, comes along the way to give you the background you couldn't assimilate as a child. The plan is to hold your intelligent interest in music, your affection for it, to widen these painlessly by gaining the ability to play even a simple tune expressively.

Back in the old days, you might spend months of practice before you saw a piece (or the piano, for that matter). Even then your first number was apt to be a dry étude or sonatina. And, by that time, the metronome or other mechanical treadmills of exercise had killed any lyric, musical feeling you had about the piano. That endless counting aloud, that stress on execution rather than expression made lessons a chore rather than a hobby, made you cry to avoid practising; and, ultimately, made Father say it was "useless to spend money on that girl's lessons if she won't practise."

Now you're grown up and supposedly harder to teach. Is there any reason to believe you can learn the piano now when you had no success then?

The experience of Annabelle Brown Jones, wife of Music Critic Thomas Granwald Jones, is what the attorneys would call a case in point.

Up to age ten, Ann studied piano, learned to plod with wooden accuracy through Czerny and Clementi Sonatinas, pleased Mother Brown no end with halting renditions of hymns after tea of a Sunday evening.

A year later, Ann's teacher gave up the fight, said the child would get no farther if she studied with Paderewski himself. Mother Brown immediately requisitioned another teacher, but Papa reefed the family purse strings with comments similar to the paternal remark above.

For the next twenty years, Ann's musical ability lay fallow except for a brief interlude after her marriage when she revelled in thumping out the first exercise of Hanon and the first two bars of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" on Tom's lusty Steinway seven-foot grand. They had their first quarrel when he silenced her revels by plunging fingers into ears and meowing like a cat with appendicitis.

He tried teaching her to accompany him while he played "Songs the Whole World Sings" on his fiddle, but Ann persisted in playing the chords as fast as, or as slowly as, she could find them regardless of such details as rests, whole notes or Tom's tempo. He allowed there was no music in her adorable little person, and the household amusement settled back into penny ante and Authors. Ann was sorry she irritated him, but hadn't she warned him?

No musician enjoys admitting his wife can't play "Songs the W. W. S." It makes him feel he has used poor judgment. Tom was no different from the rest of us. He brooded on the matter.

Meanwhile the young Jones twins had been studying piano. At the risk of firm words from Mama, they neglected to put away their duet book, "Four Little Hands." Tom found it on the piano, started to roar, then decided to look it over. The notes, he discovered, were approximately the size of jumbo peas. Here was Ann's meat for fair.

Summarily, he set her down at the piano bench in front of the treble keys. He stomped his foot on the floor four times and pounded out a bass that led her through the treble part in almost passable rhythm. By the time they reached the third duet (it must have been "Little Rain Drops") Ann was playing music instead of notes for the first time in her life. She felt a rhythm instead of having to breathlessly mumble interminable "One-and, Two-and's."

Next night Tom brought home Beethoven's Fifth Symphony arranged for four hands at one piano. They spent the evening without doing even the first movement very accurately, but Ann was amazed to discover she was actually playing herself the melodies she had heard the symphony play, and playing them with meaning.

She took piano lessons after that. She and Tom now play violin concertos at home of an evening. Obviously, she will never grace the concert stage, even if she wanted to do so. She has no desires in that direction. She plays the piano merely for pleasure.

Homely as this case may be, it does show what can be done. Ann is about as unimaginative a woman as we have ever known. Tom would, beyond the shadow of a doubt, be the worst piano teacher in the world. Yet he managed to discover music in a wife that showed no more aptitude for it than a Ming vase, who actually feared a sheet of music.

We could cite the case of Schoolmistress Aggie Appleby, aged fifty, who decided to learn piano to lighten the hours of living on her pension—but we won't. She was merely a monotone who gained enough musicianship to weep over the keyboard with her Chopin Nocturnes to her heart's content, all through her sunset years.

Then there was Psychiatrist Sammuel Sett. Before he drove himself mad playing capably the scores of Honegger, Hindemuth and Shostakovitch, he remarked that his childhood piano lessons had involved wrenching some sort of sounds out of a series of notes. His teacher in adult years told him he was grown up enough mentally to see the melodies first and the particular notes that made them, afterwards. And that is no small accomplishment in Honegger, H. or S.

To our way of thinking, Herr Sett's teacher got at the root of the matter. As adults you are mentally equipped to see the forest instead of its trees. You discover learning an instrument now isn't half as formidable, half as dry a business as it seemed when you were in pigtails or Lord Fauntleroy suits. You don't practise blindly; you coordinate your accomplishments. You see where you are going.

You wonder whether you'd get there if you did start studying? We say that you will.

We've seen others do it. We've heard them admit afterwards that there had been no sense in envying musical friends when they themselves could learn to play fully as well.

We suggest you have a go at it. We know you'll enjoy yourself along the way — now that music lessons are purged of the curse of "One-and, two-and——."

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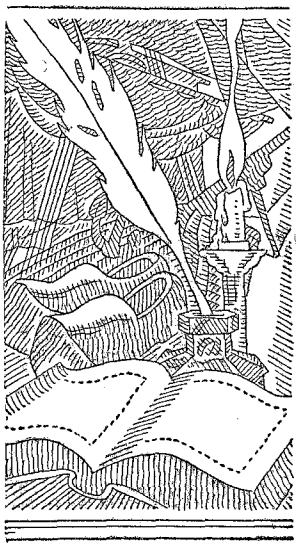
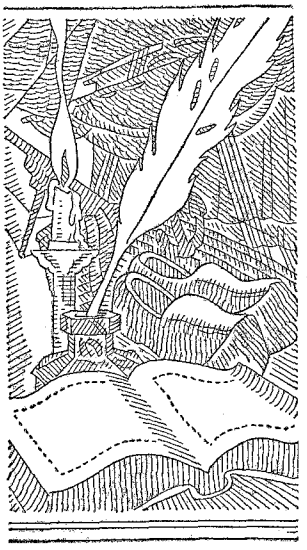


AS I LIKE IT

By William Lyon Phelps



Mr. Mencken, and the English and American Languages . . . *Obiter Scripta* . . . Poetry of T. S. Eliot and Charles Beaudelaire . . . Angles and Anglers

On the last day of April I walked up the steps of a house in Baltimore numbered 1524 Hollins Street; a maid showed me into an attractive room; and in a pair of minutes I was talking with H. L. Mencken. It was the first time I had seen him, though we had kept up epistolary friendship for years. We had an excellent luncheon with animated conversation that lasted three hours. He took particular pains to see that I got the right kind of cigar and was also careful to see that it was drawing freely and copiously, with cool floods of smoke.

Although to readers of this department it should be sufficiently clear that my *Weltanschauung* is not the same as Mr. Mencken's, there is nothing I enjoy more than good talk, especially with a man (or woman) who has a vigorous and open mind and who says what he means. The three hours passed swiftly. I asked him many questions about his new work on the American language.

The American Language, by H. L. Mencken, is indeed a *magnum opus,* a monumental work. It is a tall tome of about 770 pages, with a good Index filling an additional twenty-nine. It is the fourth edition of a work originally published in March, 1919, which was received with such favor that a second edition appeared in December, 1921, a third (revised) in February, 1923; and this fourth one is accurately described by its author as "corrected, enlarged, and rewritten." In bulk it is twice the size of the first edition; and innumerable changes have been made. Mr. Mencken received thousands of unsolicited contributions from all parts of the world; it was a herculean task to go through all the material, arranging, selecting, discarding. It took many months of steady, uninterrupted labor, day and night, to prepare this present edition. There is no blessing like hard work; there are times when solitary reflection is intolerable, and a complete diversion of the mind toward a continuous task that requires absolute concentration the only solace and the only remedy.

Years ago Oscar Wilde made a remark (I can't remember its exact wording, which is a pity), "After all, the English and the Americans are very much alike, except of course in the language." The difference in the language is most noticeable if you imagine a conversation between a stage Englishman with the extreme Oxford accent and a commercial traveller from the Middle West; or a conversation between two playwrights such as was delightfully written by Walter Prichard Eaton—a conversation between Oscar Wilde and Paul Armstrong. H. G. Wells has found the perfect word for the extreme English fashion of speaking; he says the man had a *whinnying* voice. We have heard the Englishman with a high, hesitating, almost stammering utterance, beginning on a high pitch and then descending in cascades of sound, very like the whinny of the horse; so much so, in fact, that I believe Jonathan Swift may have thought of his Houyhnhnms after listening to the conversation of English gentlemen.

The American from the Middle West has what Bernard Shaw so accurately calls an athletic pronunciation; the words come out like solid blocks, and the dog-letter R, while heavily accented, is not fuzzily so, like the Scots, but is as round in outline as a green apple. Mr. Shaw also told me no two persons pronounced alike the word *cross.*

But if one compares the speech of a cultivated person from eastern Massachusetts with that of an ordinary cultivated Englishman, there is not nearly so much difference.

I am not sure that Mr. Mencken is wholly accurate in this passage, which appears in his Preface:

> . . . The two forms of the language, of course, are still distinct in more ways than one, and when an Englishman and an American meet they continue to be conscious that each speaks a tongue that is far from identical with the tongue spoken by the other. But the Englishman, of late, has yielded so much to American example, in vocabulary, in idiom, in spelling and even in pronunciation, that what he speaks promises to become, on some not too remote tomorrow, a kind of dialect of American, just as the language spoken by the American was once a dialect of English. The English writers who note this change lay it to the influence of the American movies and talkies, but it seems to me that there is also something more, and something deeper. The American people now constitute by far the largest fraction of the English-speaking race, and since the World War they have shown an increasing inclination to throw off their old subservience to English precept and example. If only by the force of numbers, they are bound to exert a dominant influence upon the course of the common language hereafter. . . .

The "force of numbers" is not always the final determining factor in correct pronunciation; and while it is true that American slang and American pronunciations and American spell-

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ing have made some inroads into British usage, these are partly counterbalanced by the adoption of British expressions and spelling in America. There are far more books written by American writers of the more distinguished group—Willa Cather for example—with English spelling, than there ever were when I was young. Then one saw HONOUR only on wedding invitations and not always there; today American books with honour, colour, etc., are by no means uncommon.

And although it is probable that the British have taken more of our slang than we have of theirs, perhaps because there is so much more to take, still "flu," "off the deep end," "all out," and other expressions are now used by many Americans without any knowledge of their British origin.

But, speaking as one Gentle Reader, I am enormously grateful to Mr. Mencken for this splendid work of scholarship; it is a case-book of importance, is documented from cover to cover, is filled with valuable information and pungent criticism, and what is uncommon in works of research, it is continuously interesting. I believe, if one had leisure, one could read it straight through from first page to last with ease and with delight.

The chapter on "American and English" is one of the most valuable in the book, because it deals with a subject of perennial interest both to us and to the British; every chapter is important, and I am certain that even persons very learned in the English language will learn many things (supported by evidence) that they did not know.

To me the most astonishing fact about the American language is that it is easily understood by all Americans. Although there is a Southern accent and a Mid-Western accent, a man in Michigan (or in Oregon) has not the slightest difficulty in understanding a man from Georgia, or a man from Colorado in understanding a man from Maine.

Along with this fine work by Mr. Mencken, one should read a small volume published this year by the distinguished M.P. and humorist A. P. Herbert, called *What a Word!* where he endeavors to add recruits to his noble army—the army of men and women who are determined to speak the English language as accurately and as agreeably as possible. I know that Mr. Mencken admires Mr. Herbert; a conversation between the two would be enlightening to us all. In Mr. Herbert's phrase, I belong to the *essers* and not to the *zedders*.

Remember also H. W. Horwill's small dictionary of American usage.

The subject of the correct use of the English language is becoming every day more and more interesting, even exciting, to an increasingly large number of persons. This is as it should be. Although the English language is the easiest of all languages to learn to read, to write, and to understand—which is perhaps why it is becoming the world-language—it is the most difficult of all to pronounce. Since as a rule only those whose mother-tongue it is can pronounce it correctly, it should be their duty and their pleasure to speak it as well as possible.

In 1932 George Santayana delivered at The Hague the tercentenary address on Spinoza, who was born in 1632. I am particularly glad to find this included in the attractive volume called *Obiter Scripta,* consisting of prose pieces by Mr. Santayana selected from his works by two editors—Justus Buchler and Benjamin Schwartz, with a brief preface by the philosopher himself. All the essays are interesting and the one on Spinoza is inspiring. As Mr. Santayana said in a letter to me, 10 July 1933, "though physically every Zenith is at a hopelessly different point from every other, spiritually the nearer any one gets to his own Zenith, the nearer he is to every one else's."

Oscar Wilde Discovers America, by Lloyd Lewis and Henry Justin Smith, copiously illustrated, is a full description of Wilde's lecture tour in America in 1882. The opera *Patience* had made him a ridiculous figure; and as he had at that time written no important plays and seemed to be entitled to no intellectual respect, he was not taken seriously by the public and was regarded by most persons as something of an ass endeavoring to attract attention by affectations. I was in the High School when he visited Hartford and I remember in that city, where the level of culture was high, his visit was not thought to be a literary event. I have never ceased regretting that I did not attend. This interesting volume is not only an important contribution to the biography of a man of genius, it is an important chapter in the social history of the United States. When Mr. Wilde came to New Haven he was taken by some cultivated ladies to a masquerade ball—and three persons came dressed as Oscar Wilde!

Let the King Beware, by Honoré Morrow, is the best of her novels dealing with American history, and they are all good. This covers the period just before the American Revolution, and Benjamin Franklin is one of the leading characters. I have read her historical novels with enjoyment and with profit, for they are founded on research and are at the same time works of literary art; but this time she has surpassed herself.

Doctor Harvey Cushing is in the great line of distinguished physicians and surgeons, who combine research in science, skill in practice, culture in the humanities, and literary art; such men are as remarkable as they are rare. Sir Thomas Browne, Anton Chekhov, Weir Mitchell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sir William Osler, Robert Bridges, Arthur Schnitzler, are examples; and Harvey Cushing is the foremost living member of this illustrious order. His new book, *From a Surgeon's Journal,* being extracts from his Diary written during the World War, exhibits everything that we have a right to expect from a great personality.

The Fool Hath Said, by Beverley Nichols, is a sprightly and diverting and yet intensely sincere book describing how this vigorous young Englishman became a Christian. It is a spiritual autobiography, like Bunyan's *Grace Abounding,* but exhibiting the difference in writing on religious themes between men of the seventeenth and men of the twentieth century. This book by Mr. Nichols is as entertaining as if it had been written by P. G. Wodehouse; yet it is on the most serious of all subjects. To that large class of men and women who are asking, Can one rationally believe in the Christian religion? I should like to recommend three books—*The Sceptical Approach to Religion,* by Paul Elmer More, *The Return to Religion,* by Henry C. Link, and this latest contribution by Beverley Nichols. And if the inquirer can find a copy of Lord Charnwood's *According*

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to St. John, let him by all means add that to his list.

Films and Theatre, by Professor Allardyce Nicoll, is a book on an absorbingly interesting contemporary theme, written by a master. The five chapters are called Shakespeare and the Cinema, The Basis, The Methods of the Cinema, The Sound Film, Film Reality: the Cinema and the Theatre. Then follows a superb (no other word for it) bibliography, filling nearly fifty pages, which will prove to be immensely useful. A list of periodicals and an index complete this valuable and inexpensive book.

Among the new volumes of poetry, I call especial attention to *Flowers of Evil,* by Charles Beaudelaire, translated by George Dillon and Edna St. Vincent Millay. The translations make it almost an original work in English poetry, though the French of each poem is given on the left-hand page.

The *Collected Poems* of T. S. Eliot, 1909–1935, is an attractive volume of a little over 200 pages, and will be eagerly welcomed by an immense number of readers. To me Mr. Eliot's poems are interesting because they proceed from an interesting mind; I think I have more unalloyed enjoyment in reading his critical essays, but I may yet join the procession. Robert Frost, who is taking the professorship of poetry at Harvard occupied recently by Mr. Eliot, has brought out a new volume of poems (102 pages) called *A Further Range;* I like to use *farther* for space distance and *further* for time distance; but in this, as in most other matters, I don't care what other people do. Nearly all these poems are in rhyme and all are in conventional meters, which to me is refreshing; the thought is original and the language musical.

A terrific satire on things in general is by one of our ablest satirists-in-verse, Mr. Leonard Bacon. He has named the book *The Goose on the Capitol.*

From Robert and Elizabeth Browning is a "further selection of the family correspondence," consisting of some letters from Robert and Elizabeth written to her sisters. These are the letters sold at auction recently in New York. They are edited, with an excellent introduction, by the American poet William Rose Benét.

In connection with my review of St. John Ervine's biography of General Booth, I spoke of a slangy hymn, and in a later issue I printed some letters from persons who said they had heard it. I am glad to add to this correspondence two letters, the first from Commissioner Alexander M. Damon of the Salvation Army; his office is in the Territorial Headquarters at New York.

Please permit me, as the Chief Executive Officer of The Salvation Army in the eleven States comprising our Eastern Territory, to offer a few observations upon the strange comments passed upon an alleged chorus said to have been sung by The Salvation Army in Michigan forty years ago.

During the past forty-five years I have been an Officer in the ranks of The Salvation Army and in connection with my responsibility for several important appointments under our Flag, I have travelled throughout every part of the United States and also in a great many European countries. In all that time, I have never at any time heard of any song or chorus entitled "There are no flies on Jesus." Certainly there must be a mistake somewhere.

From the inception of our policy to adapt secular tunes to moral and spiritual truths, we have had a well-established and rigidly-enforced custom of ignoring any selection that has been associated with vulgar verse or chorus. Everything incorporated into our hymnology has to be approved and passed by an International Music Board. Our musicians, vocal and instrumental, now number more than 100,000 commissioned men and women, all sworn to handle only Salvation Army arrangements and instrumentations. The fact that we are today broadcasting our music and songs all over Europe and America is splendid testimony to the character of our Bands and Songster Brigades.

In order to find some clue to the allegations in question, I have had our "War Cry" files examined and also the Journals issued from our International center. I find no reference whatever to the "fly" chorus. An old Editor-in-Chief, who happens to be in our employment at the present time—a man familiar with the music conditions of the Army in all parts of the world—has been approached and asserts without hesitation that such a statement as that circulated concerning the chorus has no support whatever as to its veracity.

It is also rather coincidental that this very week I have been in personal conversation with General Edward J. Higgins, who recently retired as the International leader of The Salvation Army. I spoke to him on the subject of the supposed chorus and he, too, states emphatically that it is absolutely unknown to him. General Higgins speaks, of course, not from a local standpoint but from a lifetime's experience in The Salvation Army in all parts of the globe.

Another possibility in connection with the chorus has just occurred to me. During the years of our existence, The Salvation Army has had many imitators. Not a few of these have been very unworthy. At one time there were known to be as many as a dozen loosely-formed organizations which adopted names and uniforms as nearly as possible resembling ours. The Salvation Army suffered a great deal financially and in other respects through the representations made by these imitation organizations. Bills were incurred in the name of The Salvation Army and left unpaid, and certainly the conduct of some of the members of these outside bodies was most unenviable.

If the two or three persons who say they heard the chorus referred to actually did hear it sung, then without hesitation, I would say it was used by members of some of our imitation organizations and not by Officers or Soldiers of The Salvation Army.

As an organization, we are rather proud of the use we make of good secular tunes. We think that "Killarney" adds sublimity to the wording of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." "Way Down Upon the Swanee River" still has a popular response, our adaptation beginning with "All the World Can Ne'er Console Thee, Cannot Bring Thee Joy." The French national song provides a rousing march tune for our militant ideas of conquering men for God. Scottish airs are also favorites and make a mark, not only at the street corners, but in large auditoriums when occasion calls for them. I must state, however, that this story about "no flies" is altogether beyond our pale.

And here is a letter from the Reverend Doctor Frank G. Beardsley, of Minot, N. D., who writes:

. . . there is a quotation from your department "As I Like It" in the May SCRIBNER'S to the effect that Mrs. William P. Wyman of Santa Barbara, Calif. had written:

"Forty-five years ago I was living in the small city of Charlotte, Mich., and across the street was the Salvation Army 'Barracks.' Often I saw a band of happy Salvationists led by a man named Beardsley, march forth singing, "There are no flies on Jesus," etc., etc.

It so happens that Charlotte, Mich. was my boyhood home. My parents lived there many years, and I graduated from the Charlotte High School. It further happens that for five years during my 'teens, I was connected with the Salvation Army.

Since I was the only person by the name of Beardsley ever connected with the Salvation Army in Charlotte, it is evident that the reference is to myself. I wish, therefore, to disclaim ever having sung or ever having heard such a song sung at any Salvation Army meeting when I was present.

Probably no other organization was more maligned, misrepresented and misunderstood during its early years than the Salvation Army. Much misinformation was circulated about it. Before I had ever attended a meeting of the Salvation Army I had been told that they sang "There ain't no flies on Jesus." During the years of my connection with the organization I was tolerably familiar with their songs many of which, neither from a literary nor an ecclesiastical standpoint, would appeal to the fastidious, but I never heard any such monstrosity as the afore mentioned song.

With these statements from the Commissioner and from Doctor Beardsley I must close this discussion with thanks to all concerned. It should be remembered that St. John Ervine, who has read every number of the *War Cry,* says he never saw or heard the song.

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Among the expressions cursed by A. P. Herbert is the false use of the word "angle" and I have received the following letter from one who does not wish his name to be printed. I am with him with all my heart, but the ANGLERS are against us.

Baltimore, Maryland, April 5, 1936.

My dear Arbiter Elegantiarum Linguisticarum:

It will do no good, and yet one must protest against the wanton mutilation of our fine old English language. Just now what vexes your correspondent is the mania shown by even good writers for misusing and overworking a word once some one has had the wit to employ that word with unusual aptness in some special connection. For example, all will agree that *angle* is at present made to fill the place of a dozen or more terms far better fitted to express the intended meaning. The word's primary meaning is grossly violated in such phrases as viewed "from this angle." The line of vision may strike an object, like a brick wall, for instance, *at* a certain angle; but the wall is not viewed *from* an angle unless the beholder is standing, let us say, at the intersection of two streets. *Standpoint* or *point of view* would serve; or change the construction and say *in this aspect* or *thus considered*, or use any one of half a dozen other wordings. Why not? But no, it is easier to follow the path of least resistance and slap down the threadbare and meaningless *angle*. Let our language lose all vitality, all vividness; thoughts that breathe and words that burn—who cares any longer for such unprofitabilities? Plough them under and apply to the New Dealers for a bonus on literary restriction, or literary destruction.

Again, turning for a moment from geometry to algebra, we have that impenitent old offender, *the personal equation*. One need not be an expert mathematician to see that the expression, as commonly used, is nonsense. *Equation*, from the Latin *æquare*, to make equal, means, primarily, *equality*. But it is not the personal equality that is meant; rather is it the personal inequality or eccentricity or bias, or almost anything except equality. The personal square root or the personal parallelogram or the personal hypotenuse would be just as good, and almost as bad, as the personal equation.

Enough!

"Let the long contention cease!
Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
Let them have it how they will!
Thou art tired; best be still."

Yours gloomily,
Philologus Gradgrind, Ph.D.

From H. P. Goodwin, of Boston:

I know nothing about Worcester's Dictionary, as I can't afford 'em all, but if Miss Smith of Newington, Conn., will look in the Webster Collegiate (best small dictionary I've found) she will find under Stand, definition 13: *Naut.*—to hold a course at sea.

INVOCATIONS

In a recent public lecture I spoke of the use of Invocations, from Homer to Mr. Benét's *John Brown's Body*. I am highly pleased to have from Mr. George Hawkes of Newark an ancient Oriental Invocation.

REVERENCE TO THE EXALTED GANESH

Obstacle-rending, Most-famous, Elephant-faced, Resplendent-one
Grant pure diction and intellectual enjoyment.

Saraswati, Victorious Mother, at whose feet the World is worshipping day and night,
Grant me dexterity of speech.

NOTE:

Saraswati is regarded as the patroness of learning and the sciences, the source of the Vedic literature and incidentally, is the wife of Brahma.

NOTE:

The fore-going is the Invocation in the PREM SAGAR—the life of Krishna as related in the Bagavad Gita and translated into the classical Hindi by Lallu Lal who published the work early in the nineteenth century.

THE FAERIE QUEENE CLUB

Professor Claud Howard, Head of the English Department of Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas, sends in the name of one of his pupils, Wilbur J. Barnett, a Sophomore, who has spent some seventy pleasant hours in reading Spenser.

Ben Gray Lumpkin, Instructor in English at the University of Mississippi, and Miss Helen Patricia Maltby, an attorney at law in Brookhaven, Miss., have read the poem in the following interesting manner described in a letter from Mr. Lumpkin:

In order to make a careful search for short and extended similes, Miss Maltby and I read every word in the *Faerie Queene* during November and December, 1935. I read aloud from one edition to Miss Maltby, who used another edition to follow and help me watch for similes which might otherwise have escaped attention. If such a reading fulfills for both of us the requirements for membership in the Club, we shall greatly appreciate being enrolled as first-hand admirers of Spenser.

By reading aloud to one lady the 3,853 stanzas (34,677 lines), I may have out-Spensered Spenser; for he probably did not finish reading the first three books to Queen Elizabeth. Indeed, an unsympathetic reader might suppose that treasurer Burghley refused to honor the Queen's £100 check to Spenser because he thought the Queen was paying out too much hush money.

Miss Mary E. Knapp, Instructor in the High School of Hamden, Conn., has read the entire F. Q. through *six times!* Her comments are diverting:

. . . I noticed when I picked up my Spenser this evening that I have read the poem through not once but six times, for at the end of the Cantos of Mutabilitic, I have recorded the place and date of the reading. I dislike heartily most of the narrative, and I find the allegory hitched "thereto as cold and dreary as a snake," yet such is the fascination of "sweet words, dropping like honey dew" that "this is the dormative I take to bedward." Probably I shall never be able to say I have finished reading *The Faerie Queene*.

HEAVY BOOKS

I am appalled at the stupendous *weight* of the majority of the new books, both in America and in England. To read them is usually no strain on the intellect, but it is such a terrific gymnastic exercise, that one needs the wrists of an orang-outang to hold them. And they make travellers pay for excess baggage, while the price for sending them through the post is often staggering. I used to think one could tell whether a book were published in England or in America merely by "hefting" it; but the British books are now as bad as ours. There was a time a few years ago when there was a general improvement and books were lighter; we have relapsed. There is a charm in a light-weight volume; it invites perusal; it seems attractive and well-bred, a congenial guest in the house. But these heavy-weight elephantine tomes are as depressing as soggy porridge.

NAMES OF BOOKS MENTIONED, WITH PUBLISHERS

The American Language, by H. L. Mencken. Knopf. $5.

Obiter Scripta, by G. Santayana. Scribners. $2.50.

Oscar Wilde Discovers America, by Lewis and Smith. Harcourt Brace. $4.50.

Let the King Beware, by H. Morrow. Morrow. $2.50.

From a Surgeon's Journal, by H. Cushing. Little Brown. $5.

The Fool Hath Said, by B. Nichols. Doubleday Doran. $2.50.

The Sceptical Approach to Religion, by P. E. More. Princeton. $2.

The Return to Religion, by H. C. Link. Macmillan. $1.75.

According to St. John, by Lord Charnwood.

Films and Theatre, by A. Nicoll. Crowell. $2.50.

Flowers of Evil, by Beaudelaire. Translated. Harpers. $2.75.

Collected Poems, by T. S. Eliot. Harcourt Brace. $2.50.

A Further Range, by R. Frost. Holt. $2.50.

The Goose on the Capitol, by L. Bacon. Harpers. $2.

From Robert and Elizabeth Browning, ed. W. Benét. London: Murray. 6s.

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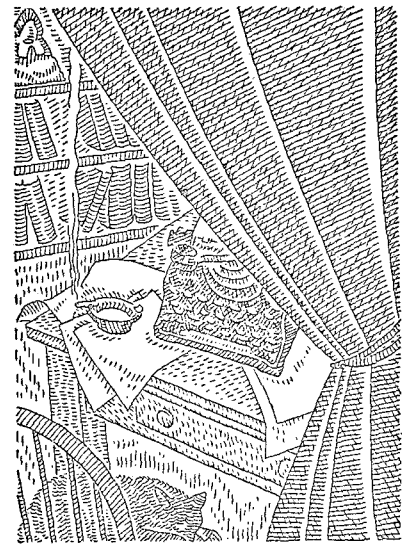
Behind the Scenes

About Scribner authors . . . What they say . . . Nash Buckingham in the field of sport . . . John O'Hara at Hollywood . . . Editorials over the country discuss Harvard's twenty-fifth reunion . . . Objections to "Enforced Gambling"



CAROLINE GORDON, wife of Allen Tate, poet and Southern Agrarian, is no stranger to the readers of SCRIBNER'S. Her stories of sport on field and stream are famous, as well as her novel, *Aleck Maury, Sportsman.* About "B from Bull's Foot" her comment is: "For me its chief virtue is the dope furnished by **Nash Buckingham.** I don't think any American magazine has ever published a story with more authentic bird-dog lore in it. Nash Buckingham," she says, "is known to the talent all over the country as a sportsman, field trial judge and writer of sporting stories. His *De Shootin'est Gent'man,* an anthology of sporting stories, was published last spring.

"He was born in Memphis in the heart of the bird country of a family of old-fashioned sportsmen. As a boy he lived neighbor to the great setter, *Gladstone.* (This is like saying you were dandled on Washington's knee or shot marbles with Benjamin Franklin. *Gladstone's* name will live as long as there are field trials.)

"Mr. Buckingham is a veteran field-trial judge, and was one of last year's judges in the National. He is an experienced angler as well as an excellent shot. He is known as one of the best high-duck shots in America. He is in fact such an accomplished person that it is hard for me to single out any one sport at which he is most proficient."

His own account hits the high spots. "Born Memphis. Harvard, Class '02. Tenn. Univ. Law School—Capt. Univ. Tenn football teams—four-letter man. Sports writer *Memphis Commercial Appeal* 1904–10, plus cow punching in the Rockies before the days of the 'gold-strike' in dude ranching. Considerable activity incog in the square circle but managed to turn amateur and win a Southern AAU boxing title mixed with Pro football in the 'concrete age.' Have shot big game over North America, and ducks and birds ditto, and yanked at everything from a tarpon to a tadpole. Director of the Western Cartridge Company's department of 'Game Restoration'; executive of the American Wild Fowlers. Contributor for years to American outdoor pubs. Have helped judge the National Field Trial Championships for the last three years."

"Report on Redfern II." In which **Desmond Holdridge** continues his hazardous journey on a quest that has captured the imaginations of two continents, and, by dint of his knowledge of the South American tribes among whom he has spent a large part of his adventurous life, comes to some astonishing conclusions.

From Oxford, Miss., and **William Faulkner,** well-known author of *Sanctuary* and *Light in August,* there comes no word, nor, at the date of writing, any proof sheets.

Janet Mabie, who writes "Common Sense About Infantile Paralysis," was educated in private schools, trained for music and switched over to newspaper work. There seems to be no particular reason for the switch, she says, "but upward of ten years on national and international assignments have been personally very agreeable.

"If there was any specific reason for writing this piece beyond the fact of knowing a little about advances in a disease which is much in the public thought (Miss Janet B. Merrill, of the Children's Hospital in Boston, is an intimate friend), it was probably that it seems a bad thing for people to absorb themselves in fear when there are sound reasons for a working measure of composure. And, all personal political persuasions aside, valor in combat with a singularly challenging disease—even, and perhaps particularly—in an individual who chances also to be a political leader, makes high human interest."

As a first step in writing a novel about Hollywood, **John O'Hara** is playing a bit in *The General Dies at Dawn* which he terms a "Lewis-Milestone-Clifford Odets-Gary Cooper-Madeleine Carroll epic." In the movie he is a grafting newspaper man in Shanghai. Mr. O'Hara, author of *Butterfield-8* and the present "Pretty Little Mrs. Harper," is living in West Los Angeles and will continue to do so for several months. He is writing a novelette called *So Far, So Good,* is also adapting John Steinbeck's *In Dubious Battle* as a play for fall production, but says, "so far I have resisted the temptation to take that beautiful money writing for the movies." So good.

Probably there is no trail whose markers are more obscured by a tangled underbrush of dissenting and divergent opinion, and which, when it is well marked, seems to lead in so many directions as that on which liberals today must take their way. "Path for Liberals" by **Nathaniel Peffer,** writer on international affairs, lecturer at Columbia University, author of many books, cuts away much of the confusing undergrowth.

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"The World's Most Famous Trick"—rope-climbing—came definitely back into the center of active dispute when **Arthur Train's** last article "Are You Psychic?" appeared in the magazine. Since then he has been collecting material on this subject which he presents in the article. Author-lawyer Train's latest book is *Manhattan Murder,* in which his training at the bar, particularly his lifelong familiarity with the administration of justice, the prosecution of criminals, and the workings of the police, has stood him in good stead.

Bernice Kenyon and her husband, Walter Gilkyson, have been spending the winter in Bermuda. They both love travel and, as writers, can wander pretty much as they list. They lived in Italy for two years, have a home in Southern Pines, spend some months in New York, and otherwise manage to get about. Miss Kenyon's poetry is well known and for several years she has been writing articles on sociological subjects, has had what she calls a "short and foolish career as a newspaper woman," has reviewed poetry for magazines and newspapers, and has written several short stories. She loves cats, orchestral music, sewing, swimming, gardening, the theater, sailing, and travel anywhere.

Stephen Clarke is a young author just starting his career, whose work we have watched for some time. "Father and Son—Two Lives" is the first story to be published.

Few people have observed the changing America of the past fifty years or so, from so prominent a vantage point as **Nicholas Murray Butler.** The Republican National Convention of recent memory is the first which he has missed in sixty years. He sailed for Europe three days before it began. His report of the fourteen Republican conventions which he did attend has been running in the magazine in a series of articles entitled "Across the Busy Years" and "Our American West" is a part of the same series.

ALTHOUGH there are some who view with alarm the record of the Harvard Class of 1911 as set forth in our June issue by John Tunis, there seem to be many in the country who believe that our standard of living and of success, based only on money and material values, is wearing a little thin, and who find nothing to criticize in a report which showed that those with least in the way of worldly goods have found the most content in the twenty-five years since graduation. Says *The New York Times:*

A College Class

Mr. John R. Tunis gives in SCRIBNER'S the results of his patient study of the biographies of 500 members of the Harvard class of 1911, written for its twenty-fifth anniversary. As in similar records of most colleges, the majority have gone into business. The present-day college might almost be called a preparatory school for business. What do you make? seems to be the most important question asked of the graduate. Thus the "insurance men make on an average $1200 a year." Taking thirty names at random, Mr. Tunis finds an average income of $4500, "certainly not a large sum for a preferred class with the supposed benefits of a college education." Since "everybody" goes to college nowadays, perhaps college graduates may fairly be registered as common stock.

Thirteen clergymen represent the purpose for which the college was founded, unless we add the twenty-five farmers. Both occupations were generally followed by country pastors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. "I keep busy and feel that my work counts," writes a Protestant minister. "I am Roman Catholic and work at it." These men are faithful to the Harvard of 1636. In spite of their ancient hostility, Catholics and Puritans had more in common than they knew. The class made a good war record. The married members have been able to stay happy. No heaven-born genius, no high distinction in the arts and sciences, no leadership in thought or public life, has come to any member. What of it?

College graduates are multitudinous. Genius is apt to turn up in unexpected places. Even the glories of "Who's Who" are often faint and ephemeral. "Apparently, we have contributed little to the world," writes Mr. Tunis, "beyond the fact that most of us have been good citizens, raised families and paid taxes, which does not distinguish us from the mass of good citizens throughout the nation."

Why should they expect to be distingushed? What they have done is enough. Each one entitled to the honor can be proud of being Billy Sumner's "Forgotten Man." Besides, there is nothing new in their status. The author of an old history of an old Massachusetts town lists a long row of Harvard graduates from 1642 to 1828 and a few graduates of other colleges. "Their life," he writes, "as well as that of scholars in general, has shown that the anticipations in reference to them have not been altogether realized." And most of them were godly and painful preachers.

OUR AUTHORS SAY:

"Don't let any one tell you that you might just as well quit if you get infantile paralysis. . . . The recoveries made by literally thousands, and the adapting of remaining powers, by those with some permanent mechanical handicap, to new combinations of usefulness, can put many of us to shame who have all our so-called faculties."

Janet Mabie. P. 87

"Intellectual freedom is the only freedom indispensable to a full inner life. . . . This is the freedom we feel we cannot give up, however great the compensation in social efficiency and material betterment."

Nathaniel Peffer. P. 94

"The dispute [over the rope-climbing trick] was of singular bitterness, since however you looked at it every witness was necessarily either a liar or a booby."

Arthur Train. P. 104

"There is no longer any West."

Nicholas Murray Butler. P. 114

And *The Portland Oregonian:*

Harvard's Farmers

. . . And way down at the bottom, under all the rest, are the farmers. Seven of the members of this class took to farming, and not one of them had an income in 1934 of more than $1000.

Yet, under the question on contentment, the most cheerful answers were from these very farmers. The doctors were fairly content; the teachers were reasonably so. The rest were on the average dissatisfied.

We do not pretend to give the explanation of this situation—that those receiving least money should be the happiest and that those receiving the most money should be next in order. Possibly the seven were content by nature, before they began farming. Or possibly there is something in the sense of the broad acres underfoot that no amount of cash can supply. Anyhow, there stand the results for the bepuzzlement of the moralist.

The Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) *Record,* after offering the income statistics, finds:

College Men and Income

The moral seems to be certain that Harvard men should not become farmers.

The picture generally has a brighter side. Thirty names picked at random reported an average income tax figure in 1930 of $4459. The author points out that this is above the nation-wide medium, for in 1929, the year showing the largest income, over 50 per cent of the population had incomes of less than $2000.

It is true, as Mr. Tunis points out, that $4500 is not a large sum for a preferred class with the supposed benefits of a college education. Nevertheless, over a period of years, the average Harvard man of the class taken

(*Continued in Advertising Section*

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